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T·L·S
THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT
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John de Witt and the Dutch Republic

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Arbiter of the Republic

By Charles Wilson

HERBERT H. ROWEN:
John de Witt, Grand Pensionary of Holland, 1625-1672
962 pp. Guildford: Princeton University Press. £26.70.

Seventeenth-century Europe witnessed two miracles. One was political and military, the other economic. The Dutch Republic was at the centre of both. With one arm it wore down the power of imperial Spain; with the other it seized the economic leadership of Europe. Miracles indeed—but they still left the Dutch facing agonizing problems at home and abroad. The traditional distrust of the Netherlands nobility and urban oligarchies for their sovereign overlords, Burgundian or Habsburg, was transferred to their new deliverers. William the Silent himself had to face their suspicion: his successors more so. The death of William II (1650) on the morrow of a drastic coup of the kind the anti-Orangists feared left his infant heir, the future William III of England, bearing the odium for his father's action. And given that Mary Stuart, the mother of this new "sprig of the Orange tree", was sister to Charles II, his political destiny was no small domestic matter: it touched a score of international problems too. What was worse, with the decline of Spain, the European scene again became a diplomatic kaleidoscope. The old allies who had seen the Republic through the darkest years of the rebellion against Spain now deserted. There were instead three costly and destructive wars with England. In the third, the naval power of England was placed at the disposal of France which simultaneously carried out a great invasion by land. The man to whom it fell to deal with these and a score of other problems is the subject of Herbert H. Rowen's imposing study: Johan (John) de Witt, councillor—often called "grand"—pensionary of Holland, arbiter, so far as an arbiter existed, of the fortunes of the Republic from 1655 to his assassination in 1672.

De Witt was born in 1625 at Dordrecht, an ancient town of trade now overshadowed by more dynamic rivals like Amsterdam, Leiden and Haarlem. His family were by tradition timber merchants, local notables of wealth and standing; not more. The chronicles of de Witt's early years, including his Grand Tour in the company of his brother Cornelius (who was to become his partner for life) are thin and dull. They throw little or no light on his character or abilities at the age of twenty: indeed neither brother appears to have uttered any remark or penned a sentence on any event of the slightest consequence. Later years were to prove how misleading this early evidence was. In common with many other great public figures, de Witt was a late developer, endowed with physical and moral courage, unirking diplomatic skill and patience and—the ultimate desideratum for political office—almost superhuman stamina. By contemporary standards he was also honest in his financial dealings and personal relations. In other respects he was less remarkable. His taste was commonplace. His bonhomie, reserved for suitable occasions ("talking and dancing, playing the violin and doing card tricks"), was not quite convincing enough to conceal a curious inner coldness and obduracy. At a critical moment in his unending feud against the young Prince and his mother and grandmother in particular, he could write with cold contempt of two other Dordrecht deputies (more sympathetic to the Orange cause than himself) that they had allowed themselves "to be intimidated by the vain sounds of a child's name and the dead letters of humble writing from two widows". His memory of the Orange coup was kept green against any possible repetition.

Attractive or otherwise, his qualities (and connections) swiftly raised him to public office. When he was twenty-five, he took the oath as pensionary representing Dordrecht in the States of Holland. By 1653, at the age of twenty-eight, he was councillor pensionary of Holland and the effective head of the Republic as far as it could be said to have one. He had already served thirteen arduous months as acting head, directing the great war with England in all its aspects, strategic, political, naval and financial. Now he faced the most difficult task of all—to wind up what Professor Rowen calls "War with Cromwell" with very few cards in his hand. Purists may object to the chapter title: by the time Cromwell got rid of Parliament, the war had already lasted nearly a year.) At about this point, Professor Rowen's narrative begins to mesh together. The new pensionary emerges as a convincing personality, not simply merchant or magnate but the first professional servant of the state, wielding a personal authority unknown since the days of Oldenbarneveldt. It was especially his firm grasp of the techniques of diplomacy which won him a European reputation. The relatively mild Treaty of Westminster (signed with Cromwell in 1654), by which he negotiated the Republic out of the catastrophes of the English war, was not the least of his triumphs.

Yet in retrospect even his triumphs contained the seeds of trouble. The consequences of the entanglement by marriage of Orange and Stuart have been brilliantly analysed by Pieter Geyl. To the diplomatic predicament was added a whole range of economic quarrels. Professor Rowen's narrative gains momentum as he builds up the complicated picture of de Witt's diplomatic game. In the 1654 peace negotiations he seemed to be the gainer by Cromwell's insistence that peace must be conditional on the exclusion of the young Prince of Orange from the hereditary right to the Stadtholderate of Holland. Yet this, though wholly palatable to de Witt, placed upon him the fearful responsibility of putting the exclusion policy into practicable form at home. Nothing was more calculated to add fuel to already smouldering fires of resentment among his opponents. Nor for the first or last time, a diplomatic success brought bitter conflict at home, especially with the ferocious feuds against the House of Orange. (The supreme irony that Protestant England's future saviour from French and Catholic absolutism was at this period of her history the prime target for Cromwell and the English radicals will not be lost on sensitive readers.)

Even more than in diplomatic history, Professor Rowen excels in his analysis of the delicate and always potentially explosive problems of Dutch domestic politics. Here he shows an impressive grasp not only of the major issues but also a score of minor ones. He elaborates to the truth urged for some years by Japikse, Geyl, Renier and others that the conflict of States party and Orangists cannot be simplified into a crudely class or religious issue. Like the war of Cortes and Roundheads it was a drama replete with nuances and complexities deriving from a score of local, family and personal alliances or feuds.

The point emerges as he analyses de Witt's relations with the nobility (*ridderschap*). Little now played a diminished but still influential role in the republican political system. De Witt's most important links in the nobility was Brederode, its marshal, heir to the old rebel tradition, relative by marriage of the Prince of Orange. None of this prevented de Witt from exploring with Brederode, a relationship of personal fondness and respect.

Even more critical for his power and ambitions was a sound working relationship with the great city of Amsterdam. Here a class of great merchants—the Bickers, Hoofts, Deurs, etc—dominated local policy-making and therefore, to an important extent, the policies of the Republic. The shortest way to deal with this was by a marriage: the solution presented itself in the shape of the very rich and affable Wendela Bicker, an heiress whose father was former burgomaster of Amsterdam and who was herself related by marriage to a number of the great moguls of trade and banking. The nuptials of Wendela and the pensionary were celebrated in a long and pompous ode by Vondel, the Milton of the Republic. The Bicker connection was important; with the Trips, de Geers and a handful of smaller merchants, they dominated the Baltic trade, the "spine" of the entire Dutch trading empire. This aspect of de Witt's political strategy could bear deeper exploration.

Equally crucial to the pensionary's office, so powerful yet so vulnerable, was patronage. Professor Rowen traces out his adroit manipulation of "the grease": jobs in the army and navy, civil appointments at home and abroad. Some went to friends, including several who were to survive him and become props of what Gustaf Renier used to call the "national synthesis" created by William III after de Witt's death. One (who perhaps deserves more overt credit than he receives) was Pieter de Groot, son of the great Grotius. Diplomat and ambassador of courage, sagacity and vision, his home truths were often too blunt for his patron. Without the power over such appointments, however, the pensionary's machinery of control could never have existed; when patronage failed, de Witt fell also.

Along with control of patronage went reform of the provincial finances. An ingenious applied mathematician, de Witt laid the foundations of a systematic public debt based on statistical data and calculations which made the Dutch annuities, Suitably adapted, this was the model for the developing trend of public debts first in England and later in other European states. The general recognition that successful and victorious wars could only be built on scientifically contrived and well-organized financial foundations (with all its implications for ill as well as good) owed much to de Witt.

Down to the settlement of Breda in 1667, the pensionary's remarkable combination of talents ensured his continued (if in certain cases precarious) success. Bourgeois though he was, he was still self-confident and shrewd enough to fox the representatives of the monarchical European powers, including Charles II's agent, George Downing, Cromwellian turncoat, bully and windbag, odious but highly capable, and a prime incubator of anti-Dutch hostility in England. After Breda, the winds of change were blowing and they did not favour the pensionary. From a cool English observer (Temple) and a loyal Dutch colleague (de Groot) came similar charges: the pensionary was still altogether too inclined to hanker after a French alliance directed against the English threat of support for Orange. The old obsession still ruled, even though de Witt seems himself to have conceded that in the last resort English help might prove the only external defence against mounting French ambition. The other half of the cleft stick was a total rejection of the evidence, growing daily, that the necessary reconstruction of the European system of alliances would be achieved only through the Prince of Orange. For de Witt, the political ideology of a lifetime was at stake; and it was too much. As the tide of Orangism rose, the pensionary's supporters edged away. The carefully nurtured loyalty of Amsterdam withered. A witchhunt aimed at opponents who wished to restore the Stadtholder's office failed. Problems crowded in upon a pensionary ever more distracted and hopelessly overburdened with administrative trivia. When the war broke in 1672 he was still master enough of the naval strategy to help de Ruyter keep the seas. But on land panic broke out among military and civilians, rulers and ruled alike. The first defences to crack were the famous IJssel forts, a seventeenth-century Maginot line that crumpled like paper against Louis's blitzkrieg.

Scapegoats were now indispensable. There was no doubt who they would be. A first attempt on the de Witt brothers' lives in June misfired. But the events of July, ending with Prince William's election to the Stadtholderate, made it clear that the reign of the de Witts was at an end. Pro-Orange sentiment rode high: so did animosity to France and to all those who could be regarded as pro-French. In August a long campaign of vilification (which William naturally did nothing to damp down) reached its climax: de Witt stepped down. The macabre sequence of horrors (vividly if inaccurately popularized in Dumas's *Tulipe Noire*) followed. Holland anticipated later English history by inventing its own Titus Oates in one Tichelaer, a Calvinist barber and convicted felon ready to perjure himself to get de Witt's brother, Cornelius, convicted on the Hague prison. Here Johan visited him. Both were brutally assassinated, Cornelius by torture, Johan by pistol shot. The bleeding corpses were then hanged, mangled and torn limb from limb, which each kept or sold the severed fragments as keepsakes. Since the Prince still declined to intervene, the malefactors went free. So ended one of the most horrific episodes in the grisly annals of that violent century.

After the 1688 revolution, William piously acknowledged that de Witt was "one of the greatest men of his century and had served the state loyally". It was (Professor Rowen comments) "a belated tribute which time the healer had permitted". Too gentle a curtain to the tragedy? Perhaps. Yet one not easy to reject. The drama had been played in a low key. Orange, if anything a cooler calculator than de Witt himself, had merely repaid cold, impersonal formality in the same coin, avenging a score of injuries rooted in patriotic, dogmatic principle without lifting a finger in anger. And out of the culminating horror was to come the "synthesis" of a Netherlands state, so long divided: a synthesis which de Witt had desired but to the achievement of which he had become an insuperable obstacle. Professor Rowen's objectivity makes it easier to understand how he goaded his opponents into baffled fury and finally defeated his own ends.

As a narrative of de Witt's times, his career, beliefs and policies, this is a major contribution to the understanding of the history of the Dutch Republic. Professor Rowen has squeezed a vast range of sources to produce an epic which corrects and supersedes the older accounts in Dutch, French and English (like Geddes and Lefèvre-Pontalis) now overdue for revision. The result is a piece of solid and meticulous scholarship which will certainly become the standard work of reference on the subject.

It will not satisfy everybody in every respect. For one thing it is very long. Even the professional reader may be daunted by the wealth of detail, not all of it incontrovertibly essential to the main theme. It may also seem (especially to readers interested in strategic, economic and social aspects of the Dutch Republic at its apogee) somewhat lacking in balance. Like Geyl, whose work he rightly admires, Professor Rowen seems to see history as first and foremost political and diplomatic. His meticulous treatment of the documentary political sources is hardly matched by comparable attention to the non-political aspects of the Republic. He keeps closely to his score, and it is overwhelmingly a political score. Dutch (as well as English and French) economic and maritime strategy comes second to diplomatic, political and dynastic problems. The Dutch Republic's problems were international and economic, yet the external framework of European affairs and power struggles, so vital in shaping Dutch policy, is relatively underexposed. The bibliography and references rely heavily on Dutch primary sources. The groundwork by scholars of past and present who have attended to the military, economic and European aspects of Dutch history (e.g. Gardiner, Atkinson, Boxer, van Dillen, Posthumus, Haley, Renier) are passed over in mentioned only *en passant*. The incautious reader might suppose that the economic, social and military influences were much less important than the political dynastic in determining the fate of the Republic. This is certainly a refreshing change from the currently modish contrary error: but it is—especially in the Dutch context—no less partial a view of history.

There is also the problem of history-as-biography. For readers who regard psychological analysis, positive verdicts and dramatic structure as the essence of historical biography, Professor Rowen's approach may seem less satisfying. As a conscientious research historian, he is reticent with subjective judgments. He prefers to allow the facts, people and sources to speak for themselves, though in fairness it must be said that we are left in no doubt of his admiration for de Witt's courage, honesty, tenacity and so on. For much of the time his scholarly intimacy serves him well. But in the last five years of de Witt's life, as the storm clouds gathered and the tensions grew between de Witt and his political environment, one feels the need for more positive questions and answers. Was the storm simply a meteorological disturbance of internal to the pensionary and to Holland? Was it simply the creation of the Sun King and his English satellite? Was it an Orangist plot? Or was it, after all, to some degree the inside consequence of de Witt's own obsessional obstinacy? Where, among those choices, does the author stand? It is not easy to know. At one point he seems to argue (page 633) that the peace of Breda was possible in 1667 "not only because of the Dutch exploit in the Medway, but because both countries [England and Holland] feared the advance of French power, already visible in the War of Devolution". But if this was true, why did the Third Anglo-Dutch War happen at all? It is not necessary to do more than read Pepys to infer that the English war effort had, for the time being, reached bottom by 1667. That English opinion was procuring for a matter shift towards the Dutch is true, but K. H. D. Haley has shown in his penetrating study of the Third War that the pro-Orange party in England still had a long haul before them in 1672.

We come back to Temple and de Groot. Professor Rowen sees de Witt as a pragmatist, not a dogmatist, in politics as in economics. He was committed to "no special theory and responsive only to felt needs and pressures". Up to a point this is certainly true, but does it explain his attitude to Orange and Orangism? In particular does it explain his political behaviour between 1667 and 1672? That year—the *rampjaar*—was rooted in bitter memories of the Orange coup of 1650, and earlier conflicts. These now played a psychological role that assumed the dimensions of an Elizabethan revenge tragedy. De Witt's irreconcilable enemies, the Calvinist preachers, were typically uncharitable when they accused him of being "the devil's creature whom God commanded pious men to destroy" (page 422) but their *sense* of nemesis was prophetic. Pragmatist, and non-philosopher, de Witt might be—in many things: in this, the heart of the political matter, he was the personification of immovable anti-Orangism—and anti-Orange being for him also anti-Stuart, all else seemed to follow.

But *did* it? If the differences between Orangists and anti-Orangists were so nuanced and unstructured as Geyl, Renier and Professor Rowen believe (and as indeed they proved to be after 1672) were de Witt's sacrificial policies in the crucial years between Breda and the French War really necessary? Or did he simply allow what was essentially a party programme to become an obsession that led to his political suicide and actual assassination? The question remains to be answered.

There are some lesser queries about presentation. Professor Rowen explains his decision to anglicize some (not all) of the Dutch names in his study. The guiding rule is "not strict logic but the command of my own ear". Arguable, certainly, but controversial. John, not Johan, de Witt? Possibly. Michael (not Michiel Adrianszoon) de Ruyter? I wonder. If Dutch names are to be anglicized, why not French or German? For a supposedly international age, the policy seems questionable.

The structure of the narrative gives rise to some repetitions: and the use of this very long book would be easier if the index were more detailed and differentiated. There are a few misprints, and a short English study of the Dutch Wars entitled *Profit and Power* is misnamed throughout as *Profits and Power*. These are minor blemishes. They do not seriously detract from Professor Rowen's achievement which must count as the most massive original contribution to Dutch political history studies by an American scholar since the days of John Lothrop Motley.

Window

When I was young his music was much loved—
A "closet reactionary" they call him now.

All closets were reactionary when I was young,
And many were outside.
Outside my bedroom window
Stood the closet of The George in George Street,
Whether Saint or King I can't remember,
Stinking of reaction.

I never thought to link the two.
The music struck me then as quite unlike
The closet.

Now, plagued by claustrophobia
And fear of crowds (no matter how well dressed),
I give myself to closet Shakespeare.
Though smaller than the National Theatre,
My closet is less cluttered.

Solitary vices seize us in our childhood,
They enter through the bedroom window.

D. J. Enright

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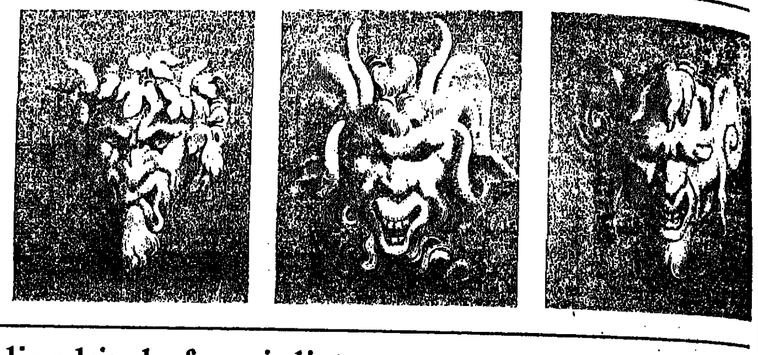
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A peculiar kind of socialist

By Peter Clarke

DUNCAN WILSON:
Leonard Woolf
A Political Biography
282pp. Hogarth Press. £9.95.

The association of Leonard Woolf with Bloomsbury seems inescapable. First, as he once noted, there was the curious topographical link that his maternal and paternal grandparents, his father and his mother, had all at various times lived in or around Tavistock Square. Then, by the time that he and his wife Virginia in turn went to live there, the name Bloomsbury was already acquiring those overtones which were to make it synonymous with either culture or, as some put it more shortly, cult. There is still no sign of a check to the voluminous publications concerning the leading figures of Bloomsbury. What has so far been remarkable is the sheer quality of much of the writing that has been inspired—in itself, perhaps, some sort of tribute. The warning sign that the bottom of this barrel has at last been reached will presumably come one day with the announcement of a two-volume life of Saxon Sydney-Turner. At any rate, Leonard Woolf is, as Sir Duncan Wilson's political biography shows, well worth writing about. Moreover, by restricting the scope of the work in this way, the author dispels any suspicion that this is the mere epiphenomenon of Bloomsbury, and it hardly impinges upon the territory masterfully annexed by Quentin Bell in his biography of Virginia Woolf.

It was, above all, Leonard Woolf's political interests which set him apart. Even so, a somewhat exaggerated impression of the extent to which Virginia Woolf was excluded—and Bloomsbury with her—may easily be conveyed. Her writings about the position of women demonstrate that she was by no means devoid of strong views about prevailing social conventions and arrangements. And both the Woolfs enjoyed the active friendship of Margaret Llewelyn Davies, who introduced them to the work of the women's cooperative movement. The diaries of Virginia Woolf, now in the course of publication, throw a surprising amount of light upon matters which might have been considered political in a rather broader sense. It may be recalled in this connection that Leonard Woolf himself put increasing emphasis upon "social standards of value" in analysing politics. A political biography is a convenient device so far as description goes, but a demarcation line is less easy to impose when it comes to explanation.

Woolf was born in 1880 into the professional middle class. His father's early death left the family short of money and, although Leonard went up to Cambridge, he was always conscious of the need to make his own way in the world, differentiating him, as the author suggests, from "the non-working class". The importance to Woolf of the friendships which he formed and the ideas which he imbibed at Cambridge is justifiably emphasized. It is generally agreed that G. E. Moore, whose *Principia Ethica* was published in 1903, exerted a strong influence over the young Bloomsbury set, including Lytton Strachey, Maynard Keynes and Woolf himself. Moore's ethical system was based upon the intuitionist assumption that "good" is a simple, indefinable, non-natural quality. Its influence upon Woolf was to be lasting, but it is difficult to see how it could have been otherwise. Moore's system was, in the words of Sir Isaiah Berlin, "a secular religion, a substitute for Christianity". Woolf himself described it as "the most important book that I ever read in my life". Moore's ethical system was based upon the intuitionist assumption that "good" is a simple, indefinable, non-natural quality. Its influence upon Woolf was to be lasting, but it is difficult to see how it could have been otherwise. Moore's system was, in the words of Sir Isaiah Berlin, "a secular religion, a substitute for Christianity". Woolf himself described it as "the most important book that I ever read in my life". The nature of that influence is less easily defined. To Keynes it later seemed that Moore's ethics had made their impression in a personal sense as a religion", not in a public context as "morals".

The usual conclusion is that the Cambridge undergraduates who later set the tone of Bloomsbury had little interest in politics, though Woolf's own dissent from this view should perhaps be allowed to carry more weight. In any case his own unfolding career more than compensated for any such deficiency when he went to Ceylon in 1904 as a civil servant. He later recalled that "for six and a half years I was an almost purely political animal"; likewise after returning to England in 1911, "I did not escape from politics; they have pursued me or I have pursued them ever since". Through journalism, through association with the cooperative movement and the Fabian Society, through the advisory committees of the Labour Party, and through his books, Leonard Woolf spent half a century in "political work as a socialist of a rather peculiar sort".

Like many of his generation, Woolf was self-consciously a rationalist. Not only did he exalt a belief in reason as the key to social and political phenomena but he also rejected the orthodoxies of religious belief, seeing religion as the paramount obstacle to clear and disinterested thought. This was doubtless a rebellion against rock-conscious Victorianism. But in some respects this more rationalism only involved, as it were, shaking the old clothes inside out. A faith in the efficacy of reason might, as Keynes wryly observed, be so strong as to warrant being described as irrational. Similarly, scorn for the dogmatism of religion might itself take on the odour of an anathema. Woolf rarely resisted the temptation for a jibe at religion. Sir Duncan Wilson notes his phrase about the "nasal drone" of Matthew Arnold and comments that "the higher-pitched drone of a rationalist sermon was too often heard in his own writings, and detracted from their force".

Yet this was, of course, more than an incidental mannerism; it was evidence of a profound conviction. Brought up as a Jew, Woolf had broken with the faith at the age of fourteen and manifestly found the Christianity of the society in which he lived equally unappealing. His atheism may therefore justifiably be described as double-dyed. He did not, however, as some did, transmute his rejection of religion into an acceptance of the objective certainties of a secularized faith. As he wrote in his autobiography: "Communists, Roman Catholics, Rosicrucians, Adventists, and all those sects which fanatically maintain as divine or absolute truth, monopolistically revealed to them, an elaborate spiderweb of dogmas and fantasies, fill me with melancholic misery." This helps indicate the general nature of Woolf's rationalism. It avoided, on the whole, a cocksure complacency about the way the world was going. He could not be called a callow optimist. Like Bertrand Russell, he repeatedly affirmed that civilization had been collapsing since 1914. His was a gloomy rationalism, for the profession of which he enjoyed undeniable physical advantages. Our picture of him is all of a piece. The long face, the deep-set eyes, the heavily-stitched lines spelling down the corners of the mouth, the jowls—this was a severe countenance and a mordant gaze to turn upon the world.

Sir Duncan Wilson has provided an admirable introduction which will, it is hoped, lead many readers on to Woolf's own five volumes of autobiography, which are his masterpiece. Though these are drawn upon frequently in this shorter account, they are not followed uncritically and there are several episodes which benefit from a more rigorous re-dating. The Woolf papers, too, have been of some help but they have been used illustratively rather than exhaustively. The sustained account of Woolf's more substantial writings is a welcome feature and this, together with the reconstruction of the work of the Labour Party advisory committees on international and imperial questions, gives the book much of its value.

The author's distinguished career in the diplomatic service is reflected in the attention given to foreign affairs. After 1914 Woolf was obsessed by the problem of preventing future wars. He was enough of a Fabian to conclude that his own part in the pressing task which faced mankind lay in mastering the workings of the Universal Postal Union, on the reasoning that the future edifice of international organization should be built upon such foundations as already existed. His work here brought him into contact with other radicals, notably those in the Bryce Group, like J. A. Hobson, who had been thinking along broadly similar lines. The author rightly draws attention to the significance of Hobson's analysis of imperialism upon Woolf's thought, though in his claims about the relative contributions of Woolf and the Bryce Group to the shaping of the League of Nations he ventures on rather precarious ground. After the war, Woolf sought to advise the Labour Party on a wide range of international problems, contributing to the role of the League and on the policy of colonial self-government.

Looking back in his autobiography, Woolf concluded that his efforts had constituted "between 150,000 and 200,000 hours of perfectly useless work". Sir Duncan Wilson is no doubt right to remark that this verdict was "partly determined by excessive modesty about what could be achieved from an advisory position, and that these hopes were coloured by his Cumberdge "expectance". It was not, however, a simple miscalculation as to where power lay or how it might be manipulated. Woolf's rationalism may have borne a Cambridge stamp, but his outlook seems more widely characteristic of many contemporaries who professed his kind of socialism—perhaps not such a "peculiar sort" after all. This may help explain the affinity with Hobson, for instance. Their faith in the power of ideas was certainly one aspect of their beliefs and it may have flattered their self-esteem as intellectuals. "Now it is a curious fact", wrote Woolf in 1916, "that the practical man of tomorrow almost invariably says exactly what the amiable crank is hanged or laughed at for saying by the practical man of today." Politics was not, however, perceived as turning upon the rationalistic dissemination of doctrine or theory. Instead, social psychology was crucial—the way, one might say, in which ideas functioned as ideology, whether wholly rationally or not. For this imperfect social consciousness was to be edified. To Keynes it later seemed that Moore's ethics had made their impression in a personal sense as a "religion", not in a public context as "morals".

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The voice of Courbevoie

By Patrick McCarthy

PHILIPPE ARIOTTI and PHILIPPE de COMES:
Arletty
208pp. Paris: Henry Veyrier. 65fr.

In *Les Enfants du paradis* the Count de Montray declares his love to Garance, played by Arletty: he offers her castles and diamonds, she will become a great lady, her existence will be transformed. At once Arletty flares up: "I like my little life just as it is", she bawls in the rasping accent of the Parisian working classes. Garance comes from poor, crowded Ménilmontant; Arletty herself grew up in the drab suburb of Courbevoie.

In this book Philippe Ariotti and Philippe de Comes present all of Arletty's plays and films: the casts, synopses of the plots and their critical reception. The illustrations include photographs of Arletty's most famous roles, drawings by Erté and theatre posters from the 1920s. Arletty herself comments on her performances. This book will delight everyone who admires her or who has any sense of period.

Arletty's people belong to Paris and to the first half of this century. They are not really a factory proletariat, for many were artisans or else worked in shops and offices. Only a few were crooks and prostitutes but most were educated on the streets. They were proud to be Parisians and perhaps they had more in common with Londoners of the same period than with other Frenchmen. They had a sense of caste rather than of class and, if they imitated the rich, they retained a slang and a humour of their own. They survived two wars but around 1950 increasing prosperity and urban renewal overcame them. Céline, who was also born at Courbevoie, was steeped in their culture, even if he turned it into a hell. Marcel Aymé caught their wit and Piaf their vigorous sentimentality. Arletty is their ideal: beautiful and curiously wise.

She began as a model and then went into the little revues, which were so fashionable in the supposedly gay 1920s. The theatres were tiny and the elegant spectators, often foreigners, came for catchy songs, clever dialogue and extravagant costumes. They also came to admire pretty girls. Arletty (at first she spelt her name with an i at the end, but then she decided the p was warrant looking more chic) learnt to sing but never to dance. She was "as thin as a runner bean", said an admirer. Often she appeared wearing only little else but, as she became a star, she was dressed by the great couturiers—Patou, Schiaparelli and Lanvin. The illustrations in this book show her in long flowing dresses with geometrical, art nouveau designs. Such flamboyance did not really contradict her working-class accent, for this was the Paris shop-girl's dream of elegance. But it did make Arletty seem remote: no mere flapper but a powerful woman who was conscious of her beauty.

As long as the cinema remained silent, it had no use for Arletty; she enjoyed because of her voice. Even then she made a string of unfinishedly forgettable films. Her reputation as a revue actress did her harm, for she played too many prostitutes and appeared in too many light comedies. Her fame rests on a handful of films, especially on three directed by Marcel Carné: *Hôtel du Nord* (1938), *Le jour se lève* (1939) and *Les Enfants du paradis* (1944). When she made *Les Enfants*, Arletty was forty-six years old.

In *Hôtel du Nord* she at last plays a prostitute who has some character. Madame Raymonde awaits her clients near the canal Saint-Martin but she grumbles much and she has her pride. When her man, Louis Jouvet, betrays her, she strikes back by denouncing him to his enemies. Colette had already perceived Arletty's "coldly imaginative". There was an energy about her, but she could break into tenderness or mockery or brutality. She could also demonstrate the wisdom of the Paris streets: the magician's waistress in *Le Jour se lève* she judges correctly the sentiments of the men around her; she may wish to be loved, but she knows she is not.

The violence and futility of *Le Jour se lève* reflect the failure of the Popular Front and the threat of war. Next year came defeat, the entry of the Nazis into Paris and, for Arletty, an affair with a high-ranking German officer. She became a queen in the "tout Paris" of the Occupation. She dined with Laval's henchman, Jean Luchaire; she formed a lasting tie with Céline; she was friendly with Lucien Rebatet, who took time off from his antisemitic pieces in *Je suis partout* to write excellent film criticism.

In 1943 Carné began making *Les Enfants du paradis*. The film was backed by Italian money and work was interrupted because the Allies inconsiderately chose this moment to conquer Italy. Robert le Vigan had been cast as Jericho, the clothes-seller and prophet of doom. The part suited his macabre sense of humour but he vanished in the middle. Next year he fled to Germany with Céline, and switching sides became a character in his later novels. Filming of *Les Enfants* continued in 1944 and Arletty had not long finished when Leclerc's troops arrived and she was thrown into Drancy prison. As if to continue the contrast between them, Maria Casarès, who plays Garance's rival, Nathalie, and whose family were Spanish Republicans, became a star in the Liberation theatre.

The Arletty of *Les Enfants* is different from Madame Raymonde. There is in Garance an enigmatic remoteness, which cannot be explained by the historical setting alone. Four men love her, but she belongs to none of them. Her beauty is the motor of their various artifices, whether mime or murder, so she stands at the centre of the film and her initial striptease is a parody of her creative power. She also possesses the power to destroy and, recognizing this, she leaves Barrault-Baptiste. Ultimately she finds herself alone.

Her earthy, Ménilmontant side enables her to enjoy her beauty, but it does her little good.

The key to Arletty's friendship with Céline may lie not merely in the Courbevoie connection, but in the cinema, knew Duvivier, Abel Gance and Carné and tried to introduce the film into his later novels, hence the importance of Le Vigan. Céline saw in the actress a sister to the ballet-dancer, a creature of beauty and a supreme artist; in *Féerie pour une autre fois* his dancer-wife Lucette is sometimes called Arlette. *Féerie* presents the world as an incessant artistic creation which revolves around the dancer, just as Barrault's mimes revolve around Garance. Yet Céline felt that creation is caught up with pain and destruction; it was quite logical, then, that Arletty should go to prison.

She was banned from the stage for three years, and, when she returned, she made another string of poor films. It was a matter, she says, of paying the taxman without making too many trips to the pawnshop. In the theatre she fared better. In 1950 she did a parody of Piaf, where she stooped her shoulders, curled her hair and wore one of Piaf's black dresses. In *The Hostage* (1962), she showed her usual verve in depicting a working-class Dublin woman. The organizers thought that Brendan Behan was coming to Paris and were afraid he would arrive at the theatre to boo his own play. In fact he never came, so he and Arletty never met, which seems a pity.

Arletty tells all this and much more in her own commentary in this book. Her memory is precise and her humour dry. Like Piaf, she regrets nothing. In her usual and now out-dated slang she tells story after story about the people she has known; their vices and follies are laid bare in flat, impersonal tones. There is a vigour about this monologue which is as striking as Garance's beauty. Luchaire was executed, Céline, Le Vigan and Piaf are all long dead, but Arletty is battling on.

Mother to the emperor

By John Eldred Howard

GILBERT MARTINEAU:
Madame Mère
Napoleon's Mother
Translated by Frances Partridge
207pp. John Murray. £5.95.

Gilbert Martineau has several good books to his credit, but these have dealt with Napoleon's last years and later, and with limited episodes calling for little evocation of character. Biography and the time-scale of Letizia Bonsparte's life have severely taxed his resources both as writer and historian. He relies uncritically on dubious as well as more reliable memoirs and he makes too many factual mistakes from the date of the battle of Marengo to the blowing up of the Kremlin, which still stands in all its bizarre glory; Napoleon did order its destruction, but Mortier rightly failed to obey. Cambacérès was hardly a "cold-hearted" man with little political sense", and M Martineau must be unique in confusing the Imperial guard with the National Guard—at Waterloo!

Even in a book obviously intended for middlebrow readers such lapses are unfortunate. Failure to portray his subject as a living personality is more excusable. Old though it be, Larrey's long book remains the historians' biography and it is rather dull; I have not read Peretti's work, but no other later study has added much to our understanding of Letizia. Dignified, withdrawn, miserly and, except for endless games of reversi, with no apparent interest beyond the well-being of her family, she is not easy to empathize with, at least after the dangerous early years in Corsica.

She was over forty when she left the island and M Martineau rightly draws attention to her very imperfect French as a cause of her social reticence. Napoleon could override that defect—in his case far slighter—but Letizia was not one to risk making a fool of herself in a society where she was ill at ease. More at home in Italy than in Paris, she yet wished to be at the hub of the family's affairs, and in any case "Nabulio" required her there. He ordered her about as he did everyone else but invariably treated her with great respect and graciously attributed his own best qualities to her.

That is not to say that Napoleon ever took any notice of what his mother said unless it suited him and that was seldom, her interventions being invariably concerned to smooth his quarrels with his siblings which, though often trivial, were to him always high politics. Letizia's position was a little dichotomous: she hated to see one of her children bullied by Big Brother, yet wanted them all to be loyal to the author of their good fortune. She never forgave Caroline's overt treachery and in the immense conflict with her favourite son Lucien she first tried to trick Napoleon into giving way, then vainly pressed the younger man to renounce the "unsuitable" wife to whom he was devoted.

Throughout the Consulate and Empire, Letizia seems a shadowy figure around whom swirl events she is unable to influence. More successful is Martineau's portrayal of the sad but indomitable old lady during her last years in Rome, doing her useless best to ease her son's lot, though briefly convinced by a religious maniac that angels had watched him away from St Helena—a belief oddly shared by her worldly half-brother, Cardinal Fesch. After Napoleon's death, beset by illness and other tragedies, she aided her family with money, advice and such papal protection as she could call on and strove to keep them united and loyal to his memory. Perceptive enough to see that the French would come round again to hero-worship of the Emperor, she died four years too soon to see that "return of the ashes" which M Martineau has well described in an earlier book. As usually, Frances Partridge has provided a competent and pleasing translation.

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THE JOHNS HOPKINS
1878 UNIVERSITY PRESS 1978
2-4 Brook St., London W.1

Thackeray's Thackeray

By J. I. M. Stewart

MARGARET FORSTER :
William Makepeace Thackeray
Memoirs of a Victorian Gentleman
399pp. Secker and Warburg. £8.75.

"I have no head above my eyes", Thackeray once said to an American journalist. He meant that (as Conrad believed of himself) he simply saw and was concerned to make us see. Hence that famous pair of spectacles which used to puzzle us as children on the spines of the Oxford Edition of his works. *He saw English society very clearly and—within certain limits—the inner life of all who passed his way in Vanity Fair.* But how did he see himself? This is the question to which Margaret Forster addresses herself in a highly original book. She is not concerned with how other people see him: Professor Gordon Ray, for example, who has edited Thackeray's letters and private papers in four volumes and written his biography in two. Miss Forster tells us, in a candid final note, that she consulted Ray's biography "briefly" and rejected it "quickly" since it was telling her a great deal she didn't wish to know. And she has "read no other life". All these books scan the records in search of an "objective" Thackeray, and Miss Forster acknowledges having "no desire whatever to know how far Thackeray was telling the truth about himself". She wants simply to *see* the Thackeray Thackeray *saw*. And the best way to do this is to fabricate the autobiography Thackeray happened not to write.

Initially, we may judge the proposal bizarre, but there is at least nothing frivolous about the manner in which Miss Forster addresses herself to it. "The research involved in this kind of book", she claims, "is considerably more taxing than in a straightforward biography." And I think one may go along with the spirit of this, although it is not very exactly expressed. So far as actual "research" goes, Miss Forster would appear to me to be less "taxed" than Ray, since she can largely ignore the whole business of what other people thought and said as Thackeray's career developed. On the other hand, she is adding a new dimension to her labour. She has to get inside, and unfalteringly stay inside, and at the same time project for us the power of, one of the most notable English imaginations of the mid-nineteenth century. And in bringing that imagination alive she feels that she must renounce—if I understand her aright—the use of fiction. "In no way have I invented anything", she says, adding that if her Thackeray records having admired some dressing-gowns in Paris or being present at a picnic at Watford there is authority for it in his actual letters or diaries. But this does not mean that she has anywhere consciously paraphrased his writings. "Decidedly not", she affirms.

Under these stringent and almost mysterious conditions Miss Forster has provided Thackeray with a colourable and entertaining autobiography on a gossamer scale. It is a remarkable performance, and persuasive as soon as we have accepted the novelist as a kind of relaxed Ancient Mariner, holding us button-holed by the hour, but in an agreeably modest and self-deprecatory way. The tone is undoubtedly Thackeray's—or is that one of his tones particularly adapted to Miss Forster's purpose—and it remains surprisingly verisimilar and convincing before a wide diversity of situations. The boy at Charterhouse, tortured even more by Dr Russell's ridicule than by the lictors with their rods; the author of *Vanity Fair* suspecting that the author of *David Copperfield* has learnt something from him; the same author, near the end of his days, comporting himself generously to the same author in the hull of the Athenaeum; penury and domestic muddle with a child-wife—that familiar Victorian scene; the fun of shocking a perfervid admirer in the person of Miss Charlotte Brontë: it is all present with the same identifiable voice telling us about it. Here and there come challenges—as when the child-wife finally announces her madness by jumping off the packet-boat into the Irish Sea. On this dreadful occasion the articulating of Thackeray's feelings and the description of his comportment owe something, I suspect, to the intuition of the experienced novelist who has turned her hand to this strange book. Whatever the underlying documentation, the facture is here very assured indeed.

At what point he termed a linguistic level, Miss Forster is not finical. Thackeray, although perpetually drawing his little caricatured figures on any piece of paper in front of him, would not, I think, have referred to them as *doodles*. He would not have taxed himself with *hindsight* or the production of *slapstick*, nor would he have spoken of attending a *prep school* or belonging to an *age-group* or possibly producing a *best-seller*. Although careless and inaccurate in a variety of ways, he took pains to avoid anachronism. The action of *Vanity Fair* is set in the period between his second and nineteenth years, it is replete with detail designed to appeal to readers of his own; he went wrong over the date of the invention of soda-water by about chronology he might well like being credited with an improbable prescience in the development of English vocabulary.

And so with grammatical solecism and the like. Miss Forster is right in remarking a difference between Thackeray's writing for print and his writing in notebooks and letters. It is with no large exaggeration that his devoted admirer Anthony Trollope declares his style in the former to be the purest and most harmonious to be found in English fiction. In the latter Thackeray is far from disdaining to appear *en pantoufles*, and it is this informal manner which Miss Forster catches and reproduces with considerable skill. But although Thackeray might, I suppose, have written of an early memory that therein "the Melanie I knew is preserved how I want her", or even of his marriage as being "between Isabella and I", there can be little doubt that given a second glance, he would have expunged these blemishes from his page. Miss Forster occasionally neglects a similar one but then her book, in addition to being notably odd, is notably long also: a taxing affair indeed, and a labour of love as well.



Mops, buckets, and clothespegs being put to work during an energetic bout of "Cleaning the Pictures at the National Gallery". Punch never entirely ceased to wage war on incompetence, pretensions, and vested interests, though from its early beginnings as a radical scourge of authority, as well as a refuge for destitute wit, asylum for orphan jokes and perishing puns", it soon became as solid an institution as the Albert Memorial. Over a hundred cartoon illustrations are included.

Lamb with all the trimmings

By William Haley

EDWIN W. MARRS, Jr (Editor) :
The Letters of Charles and Mary Anne Lamb
Volume 3 : 1809-1817
320pp. Cornell University Press. £24.50.

When Samuel Langford, the venerable and venerated music critic of the *Manchester Guardian*, arrived at a Free Trade Hall concert in Manchester over fifty years ago he found the hall packed and, by some blunder, no seat reserved for him. The best thing that could be done was to provide him with a chair almost next to one of the members of the orchestra. I do not remember which instrument the man played, but it was the only one to which Langford paid any attention. He explained in his notice in the next morning's paper that as he had been placed in a position where it was impossible for him to judge the orchestra as a whole, he must confine himself to Mr X's playing. Which he did.

In that case the effect was heightened by the player's notes being so few. The abiding impression of Edwin W. Marrs's third volume of *The Letters of Charles and Mary Anne Lamb* is that the notes are so many. At a rough computation the Lambs provide 129 pages of the book. Mr Marrs's total is 121 pages. And as the type in which his notes are set is smaller than that of the main text and the lines are unleaded, his wordage must considerably exceed theirs. An extreme example is Lamb's letter of February 23, 1815, informing William Sargus that as Lamb has sold Button Snap cottage, the rent Sargus has hitherto paid to him must henceforth go to Mr Grig. Including superscription and signature, the letter totals sixty-seven words. Mr Marrs's note on it runs to over 1,200 words. We are even told the name of the tenant of Button Snap cottage today, a fact that will matter little to future generations. Lamb's letter to Wordsworth on August 9, 1815, covers two and a half pages, Mr Marrs's notes on it fill nearly five.

His researching is tireless. The whole of the Lambs' circle and its outermost fringes are relentlessly explored. We meet acquaintances of acquaintances; are fully introduced to Hell Fire Dick, the stagecoach driver, and cannot be allowed to miss a watermark. Mention of one publication leads to another. Nothing is left out. Relevance is sometimes recondite. It is a remarkable, if exuberant, exhibition of scholarship. When the six volumes of this edition are done, it will be difficult to think of anything that can remain to be asked about Lamb.

It must be granted that this particular volume would have been rather thin without Mr Marrs's caparison. The 100 letters (Nos 232-331) run from the spring of 1809 to the autumn of 1817. They open with Lamb despondent over the dislocation of moving from Mitre Court to Inner Temple Lane. They end on the eve of the move to Great Russell Street, Covent Garden. These eight and a half years were in some ways an interlude. They brought Lamb the friendship of Neon Talfourd and Percy Fitzgerald, two architects of his enduring fame. They also contained the cruel attack on him by the *Quarterly Review*. But by and large little happened.

Fitzgerald wrote that the years Lamb passed in his chambers in Inner Temple Lane were, perhaps, the happiest of his life. The letters he wrote then do not give that impression. It is true that punning and humour are still ingredients of his correspondence. The puns are poor and the humour laboured. His letter on Christmas Day 1815 to Manning in Canton, with its reference to "a chopped missionary or two" as Lenten fare, is sick humour. As in other letters, the sparkle had gone. It must have been maddening to Manning to be told that all friends were dead when they were not, and other tarradiddles. (Mr Marrs's notes are valuable in sorting out the truths from the spoofs at all times.) Lamb would on occasion write a follow-up letter correcting his misstatements. There could be no guarantee it would arrive. His correspondents were caused sorrow or uncertainty in the meantime.

When Lamb was directly confronted by the misery of others he was a different man. His letter to Basil Montagu about Thomas White, a copying-clerk, subject to fits, supporting a wife and four children on twenty-five shillings a week, "the most broken down creature I ever saw", is movingly compassionate. And he was ultra-meticulous and never played the fool when privately commenting or advising on other people's writings. Whether he is writing to Wordsworth about the 1815 edition of the *Poems*, correcting the elder Charles Lloyd's translations of Homer, or supervising the printed text of Mary Botham's poems, he is a professional. At times, particularly when helping Mary Botham, he was deeply distressed by yet another illness of his sister. Proof-reading became too much for his tortured mind. Mary Lamb's letters are not so numerous in this volume as in its predecessor. One to Barbara Betham, then aged fourteen, makes us admire her yet once again as a correspondent.

That Lamb was often harassed in these years there is no doubt. The East India House was in trouble :

> Owing to the absence of some of my compeers, and to the deficient state of payments at E.I.H. owing to bad peace speculations in the Calico market . . . I go back & leave for this many days past in the evening work, generally at the rate of nine hours a day. The nature of my work too, mostly and hurrying, has so sunken my spirits, that my sleep is nothing but a succession of dreams of business I cannot do, of accounts that give me no acquittance, of terrible responsibilities.

That was written to Wordsworth in September 1814. In May or June 1817, he writes from the office "I steal a few minutes from a painful and laborious avocation" to send a letter to John Chambers, in the volume's closing pages he tells Barron Field "I am just to the same spot, doing the same thing (videlicet, little or nothing), as when you left me".

Brighter days were at hand. The year's end (December 28) would bring Haydon's "immortal dinner" for Keats to meet Wordsworth. Lamb "got exceedingly merry and exquisitely witty". In 1818 two volumes of his collected prose and verse would be published. Next year would come the birth of Effie. The first volume in the second half of this Cornell set promises a lively contents.

The catechumenical course

By C. H. Sisson

STANLEY FISH :
The Living Temple
George Herbert and Catechizing
201pp. University of California Press. £8.

It is fair enough to speak, as Stanley Fish does, of Walton's "tendency to hagiography", and it must be admitted that George Herbert is a figure whom those who find attractive at all are likely to love—a dangerous emotion at the best of times. It is not only those with a curious streak of Anglicanism who may be so inclined: one finds Ford Madox Ford, whose contribution to English literature was that of a man who has something to inject from outside the insular stream, so under the spell that he finds an analogy in Herbert for his own *persona* of Tietjens. Yet not everybody feels this spell, and indeed Herbert soon went out of literary fashion: neither Dryden nor Pope seem to have felt much sympathy for him and their sympathies were naturally transmitted to the eighteenth century at large. Johnson certainly knew his work, and Cowper felt its attraction before Coleridge came to put it back into circulation. All these three are suspect readers to anyone who prides himself on indifference to the subject-matter of *The Temple*.

Yet hagiography, in the strict sense, is not the only source of the benign light which plays over Walton's *Life*: something of the same sort reigns over *The Compleat Angler* and gives an idyllic sweetness—such as contemporary moralist might object to—to the milkmaid's song. In spite of these charms, sacred and profane, there does seem in fact to be a congruity between the outline of the figure Walton paints and the author who *is still* to be read in *The Temple* and *A Priest to The Temple*.

So alluring a figure has to be approached by the critic with circumspection, and Professor Fish is scrupulous and scholarly, and moreover writes in a workmanlike, unpretentious way. If he has a foible, it is an excessive preoccupation with his own method. After a final chapter on "The Mystery of *The Temple* Explained", there is a curious "Conclusion In Which It May Appear That Everything Is Taken Back". Either the mystery (if there is one) has been explained or it hasn't, and no invitation to admire the "strategies" of the book can alter that at this stage. Professor Fish's self-consciousness is such that he himself recognizes that "on one level" (blessed exculpatory phrase) his strategy is "a rhetorical ploy, designed to inspire confidence in an author so scrupulous that he repeatedly challenges the force of his own documentation".

It is as if there were more mystery in the critic's proceedings than in *The Temple* itself. The mystery with which Professor Fish begins his book is that of the apparent contradiction between two fashions of Herbert criticism. The first is that said to have prevailed between 1921 and the 1950s, and to be represented by Grierson, Williamson, Wedgwood and White. This school—if I may summarize a little recklessly—finds Herbert a very quiet sort of clergyman, unroubled and "beyond passion". The later and opposite school—Vendler, Poggi, Stein, Tuve, Monsarrat, Carnes, and Freer—in varying degrees offer us an uneasy poet of vacillations" and one of the virtues of his work becomes its extremely provisional quality." Professor Fish resolves his strife in the most statesmanlike manner by saying that he agrees with both parties.

If that were all, there would be nothing very remarkable about *The Living Temple*. After all, the confusion of "Criticism's Two Heroines" is only an Aunt Sally, whatever critical names it is decked out with. For the reader, as for Walton, there is one Herbert; so the reading into the super-refined of the "Conclusion"—Professor Fish concludes the two remarkable, by pointing to a body of literature which fits his problem to a tee.

It fits because it is the literature of a game with two players in a dialectical relationship—the catechism, specifically the Reformation catechism, which Professor Fish glosses further by some reference to Augustine and other sources of information about the catechumenate in the early church. This is illuminating, and the only doubt one has is whether Professor Fish does not seek to prove too much by it, a forgivable weakness in someone who has a good idea.

The thesis, which is presented with erudition and elegance, is that the temple of the title is that "into which the reader is growing in the course of catechistical instruction"; *The Living Temple*, therefore, of St Paul to the Corinthians: "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" As Professor Fish says, this primary reference does not exclude others—the whole body of believers or the temple of stones "in which . . . members are made and confirmed", or even "the body of poetry itself, which, in so far as it rests on the foundation of Christ, the cornerstone, rises into a temple". None of these meanings, except perhaps the last, will ever have been far from the mind of anyone who reads Herbert within a Christian, and specifically the Anglican, tradition.

Professor Fish's originality is in the extent to which he identifies the structure of Herbert's book, and of individual poems, with the stages of the catechumenate and the practice of catechizing. As to the former, he points to *The Church-Porch*, which is preliminary in more senses than one, and is the place of instruction for those not yet admitted to the Sacrament and to *The Church Militant*, which is placed last in the book and is the body into which the catechumen who has finished his course is finally admitted. In between there is the main body of poems which are, Professor Fish maintains, in their nature catechistical.

If this identification of the structure of the whole of Herbert's book with the phases of the catechumenate is the more striking part of Professor Fish's thesis, the more productive is, without doubt, his discovery of a catechistical content in the individual poems of the main body of the book—and here one may regret that the only index he gives us is one of the authors cited and referred to, not of the poems. In connection with this discovery, hypothesis or observation which we are tried to *A Priest to the Temple*, the prose book in which Herbert discourses on the duties of the country parson, as he conceives them. Chapter XXI is "The Parson Catechising". Herbert's parson "usesh and preferreth the ordinary Church-Catechism"—that which is to be found at the end of the *Book of Common Prayer*—"Partly for obedience to Authority, partly for uniformity sake, that the same common truth as may be everywhere professed".

This is not a side of the matter which interests Professor Fish. What interests him is the supplementary practice of informal catechizing; and here, I must say, I think he emphasizes a little strongly the "uniqueness" of Herbert's position. For even in those days when learning by rote very reasonably had a higher status than it enjoys today, one cannot believe that it was unusual that the order of questioning should "be varied according to the capacity of the individual"; it seems unnecessary to seek authority for such a proceeding in Augustine. Still, Herbert's chapter is worth considering in relation to the manner in which the poet speaks in the poems, and the reference to Socratic questioning is not to be missed. Professor Fish examines the poems "Love-joy" and "Jesu" in the light of Herbert's methods; "in one there are two characters, in the other only one speaker is heard . . . but as strategies, they are . . . much the same. Both work by inviting the reader into the super-refined . . . the "Conclusion"—Professor Fish concludes "the two lengthened, and then reinstated, but in such a way as to make it a vehicle of a deeper understanding; and in both, the reader plays the role assigned in *A Priest to the Temple* to the catechized".

One difficulty about pressing this point too far is that catechizing, whether formal or informal, is only a rhetorical form which is part of the larger habit of discourse among Christians. Moreover, as Professor Fish understands, the relationship of the catechizer and the catechized has its paradigm in the relationship between God and the catechizer, so that there is no absolute distinction between what the poet is saying to the reader and what (to put the matter cynically) he is saying to himself. Therefore while Professor Fish's book is much to be recommended as a contribution to the study of the rhetoric of Herbert's poetry, it might hide dangers as an *introduction* to the poet's work. The uninstructed student would do better to spend his time on *The Book of Common Prayer* itself, which certainly ought now to be part of any course in seventeenth-century literature, and perhaps the virtual abandonment of the book by the ecclesiastical authorities will make it respectable in this context.

It must be remarked that, in his claims for his rhetorical analysis, Professor Fish comes near to enunciating, even if he does not precisely enunciate, a theory of Herbert's poetic which raises questions outside its theological context. Having transferred "The division of labors in Herbert's catechistical theory to the writing and reading of his verse"—to the poet-catechist and the reader-catechized—he asserts that "the poetry is ordered from the perspective of the poet-Questionist who knows from the beginning where he is going". So we have an examination of the combination of "order" and "surprise" which Professor Fish finds in Herbert's poetry. But this combination of order and surprise is to be found in all poetry; it is the *sine qua non*. Professor Fish has therefore proved too much. And it can be asked: Does not the poet, in the act of composition, surprise himself first and his reader only secondarily and contingently? Are we really to believe that the "order" of a poem is something which the poet "knows from the beginning"? He has it in himself, in some sense, when the act of composition begins, but that is something very different from what is ordinarily meant by "knowing from the beginning". What Herbert "has from the beginning", consciously, is a developed sense of the inter-relationships of Christian meanings, and in this respect as in several others he has the upper hand of the reader.

This doubt about the poet's preknowledge of his intentions is not merely an excursus into general poetic theory. It can be reinforced from Herbert's own pages. In "Jordan (II)" Herbert relates how, when he first began to write religious poetry, he "sought out quaint words, and trim invention", "Thousands of notions" ran in his brain; he often worked on his poems to make them come right: "I often blotted what I had begun." "But", he says

> while I bustled, I might heare a friend
> Whisper, *How wide is all this long pretence!*
> *There is in love a sweetnesse readie penn'd;*
> *Copie out onely that, and save expense.*

The poem to be read with this is "The Quidditie", which makes an extraordinary claim, in the understanding of which must, surely, be one of the keys to Herbert's poetry, that "verse", which is "not a crown" a point of honour, nor a hawk, nor a sword, nor any of several other things—not a lute even, though Herbert was an accomplished musician—is that which while I use
I am with thee, and most take all.

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Panning Africa

By Lewis Nkosi

SHIVA NAIPAUL:

North of South
An African Journey

252pp. André Deutsch. £6.50.

Like his elder brother V.S., Shiva Naipaul has made his name as a novelist; and like his elder brother, when he is not writing fiction Shiva Naipaul travels and when he travels he writes about places and people he has seen. What could be more natural for a writer!

The elder Naipaul wrote about India which he called "An Area of Darkness" and infuriated the Indians and, yes, even some Africans who were not directly concerned in the matter. The younger Naipaul has travelled in Kenya, Tanzania and Zambia, and what he has written here will certainly infuriate the Africans—or what Robert Blake, reviewing the same book, has called "that tribe of Utopian socialists, virtuous Africanists and high-minded wafflers who drivel on in the media about decolonisation and the Third World". Perhaps we should avoid judging the book by the kind of people who praise it.

The value of the older Naipaul's travel books, principally *An Area of Darkness* and *The Middle Passage*, lies not so much in what they have to tell us about India or the Caribbean but what the author reveals about himself and the sad fate of exiled writers. The pessimism, the sour humour, and the calculating perplexity in the face of the second-rate, culturally impoverished "colonials", is done with such elegance of style that one feels only sorrow that the younger should have attempted to "mimic" the elder Naipaul.

The Naipaul brothers have made a virtue of "displacement". They are of the Third World but they write of it as outsiders, with a studied irony, using metropolitan standards to judge what they take to be the "inauthenticity" of these so-called "emerging" societies. Inauthentic these societies may be, of course, but what the two brothers never tell us, especially the younger Naipaul in *North of South*, is why after two decades of independence these societies remain "inauthentic". Why has Kenya become a meretricious haven for German, Scandinavian, British and American tourists of which one of its citizens says: "When a ship like this arrives, nearly every other woman in Kenya seems to become a whore for a day or two"? Why is Zaire, in spite of its immense wealth, unable, without the aid of Belgium or France, to generate sufficient native, productive skills to provide enough jobs and to feed its citizens? Is the answer not perhaps the one given by an American girl in Tanzania, quoted mockingly in this book, who blamed "a ruling middle-class oligarchy in alliance with foreign capital"? Not very surprisingly, in the absence of any proper ideological framework, the younger Naipaul tends to present the problem in racial terms, which is perhaps too easily explainable as revenge for the ill-use of Asians in post-independence Africa.

Shiva Naipaul's "Africans" are pathetic children; members of a financial delegation to Washington acquire cameras in Brussels (Naipaul significantly calls them "toys") in order to show off at Zaire airport by taking random snapshots of anything that moves. They also insist on photographing the author, though why they should want to is not made clear. Similarly, still pursuing his theme of their "childishness", Naipaul is eager to relate that in Africa "no bank clerk will deign to perform the simplest arithmetic without resort to his little calculator which lights up so prettily whenever he presses one of its buttons". One wonders: has Naipaul never been to any London High Street supermarket?

The author's prejudice becomes virulent when he has to put down the socialist pretences of leaders like Julius Nyerere: "Here, astonishing as it may seem, is an African leader with pretensions to intellectual respectability." And Naipaul explains why he manages to be even faintly credible: "He makes it possible to believe—if only for a little while—that Africa can be taken seriously." It is not that the picture Naipaul paints of Africa is totally unrecognizable; the question is one of perspective and standards used. In the post-Watergate era of large multi-national company corruption and pay-offs, what could it mean to say "West Africa is one of the most corrupt places in the world"?

The American girl in Tanzania told Shiva Naipaul: "Pessimism always descends on writers like yourself. Your bourgeois 'ego' reduces social reality to chaotic individual relations. You do not see what underlies these relations." Naipaul's venture into travel writing reminds this reviewer of Nadezhda Mandelstam's sagacious comment on Solzhenitsyn which is reported by Bruce Chatwin in a recent issue of *Bananas*: "When he thinks he is telling the truth, he tells the most terrible falsehoods. But when he thinks he is making a fiction, then, sometimes, he catches the truth."

Our man in the Republic

By Nicholas Mansergh

JOHN PECK:

Dublin from Downing Street

241pp. Dublin: Gill and Macmillan. £6.25.

"'Listen to this', I said, and held out the telephone for them to hear the din. 'Do you still want me to leave Dublin?'" The inquiry was from the then British ambassador; the day, Monday, January 31, 1972; the "din" was the noise of protest from those gathered outside the embassy as "a wave of fury" swept the Republic in reaction to the events of the previous day, Bloody Sunday, in Derry. The response from the Foreign and Commonwealth Office was an emphatic affirmative, with the result that the ambassador had journeyed as far as Holyhead before he learnt that his Embassy had been burned; the only one, as he wryly notes, to have suffered such a fate in western Europe. Anglo-Irish relations had once more reached a low ebb, certainly in terms of intergovernmental relations. Yet the formal estrangement, to the credit both of Taoiseach (Sir John Peck doubts if he ever succeeded in persuading Whitehall of Jack Lynch's tenacity and courage in keeping to what he believed to be the right course through domestic ministerial crises and external tensions) and of ambassador, was tempered by personal understanding, not least of psychological factors, that conditioned responses and limited freedom of action. There was later a touch of irony in the fact that the ambassador whose embassy had been burned should on retirement, and in the face of convention, decide to make his home in Dun Laoghaire. It testified, however, as do these memoirs, to the fact that here was a diplomat who had come to care about the Anglo-Irish relationship.

Sir John Peck's reminiscences opening, as they do, with the graphic account of conflagration quoted from above, are unusually but brilliantly contrived. Not chronology but theme determines their arrangement. The theme is Anglo-Irish relations in the early 1970s, as seen and interpreted with refreshing candour from the author's diplomatic vantage point in Dublin, as they moved into a period dominated by the Ulster question in its latest, most tortured and far from finished phase. He took up the assignment as someone with no Irish but a great deal of other experience, most of which he felt had been in a sense a preparation for his Dublin responsibilities. It is this that gives to his retrospect of official life its unity of theme at a price—that of subordinating earlier official experiences to the last, with one exception. The exception is, however, a notable one.

Sir John's recollections of his period of service in Churchill's private office, which began with his recruitment as additional Private Secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty in 1940 and continued at Number 10 till the 1945 election, despite all that has been written in the meantime, have the virtues of authenticity and anecdotal freshness. I liked the story of the author's taking a night call from Eisenhower in Germany, who was trying to find out whether the war was over or not.

More impressionistic are the accounts of what followed in service in the Foreign Office, Holland, the Middle East, Cyprus, New York at the time of Suez—a light touch here but a sense of Anglo-American tension none the less conveyed—and Strasbourg, which made the author begin to think of himself as an English-speaking European. As such he went to Dublin and this was important.

When Sir John took up his post in 1970, Northern Ireland was on the periphery of the British ambassador's preoccupations, its affairs departmentally being the jealously guarded preserve of the Home Office, and correspondingly remote from the interests of his own parent department, the Foreign and Commonwealth Office. One consequence of this was that the ambassador in Dublin was left to respond as best he might to Irish reactions to Northern policies, with little or no advance warning. The author's account of his mission is in part a commentary on how, as Britain's diplomatic representative to the Republic, he was drawn at one or more removes into questions of policy-making in Northern Ireland by virtue of being conveyor, interpreter, or forecaster of Irish views or likely reactions.

The reason was the developing Irish dimension, the existence of which was formally recognized at the Sunningdale conference, in the preliminaries to which Sir John would seem—the veil drops here—to have played no inconsiderable part. To Sunningdale principles in general he continues to pin his hopes, with the qualification that he feels the contemplated Council of Ireland should be firmly placed in the European Community with the British Government taking such steps as might be necessary to bring it into being, for example, by appointing members to represent Northern Irish interests in default of a Northern Irish authority being willing to do so.

In a concluding perspective view of Anglo-Irish relations, Sir John tends to over-emphasize the place of partition in the traumatic period of Treaty and Civil War and correspondingly to underestimate status and symbols which still have their importance. In thinking of the future, he would seem to place over-much reliance on arrangements fashioned at a higher and simplifying international level.

On the other hand his particular judgments are interesting and on occasion arresting, for example, following upon internment—"these who thought it an appalling error" when introduced were "absolutely right"—the action of Edward Heath, Leader of the Conservative and Unionist Party, in suspending Stormont, the instrument of half a century of Unionist domination "was one of the most courageous and honest political acts of the century".

There is also a warning grounded in the experience of 1970 and 1974: that general elections, with concomitant loss of assured government in Northern Ireland, are apt to bring disaster in their train. *Absit omen!*

Southeast Asian Affairs 1978 (324pp. Institute of Southeast Asian Studies/Heinemann Educational Books (Asia) Ltd. £10) is the fifth in a series reviewing significant political, economic, social and strategic developments in the region, in twenty-five articles by specialist contributors.

Paying cellarage

By Blake Morrison

IAN McEWAN:

The Cement Garden

138pp. Cape. £3.50.

It is customary to speak of Ian McEwan as a writer who is "out to shock". His two collections of short stories, *First Love, Last Rites* and *In Between the Sheets*, have been widely acclaimed, but reservations have been expressed about their author's intentions. Some readers have wondered why so many of the tales should be, in Mr McEwan's own phrase, "histories of perversions", and why the typical McEwan narrator is in some way "abnormal"—a child-molester, a man who lives in a cupboard, an academic who keeps a "beautifully preserved" penis in a jar. Other readers have worried over the seeming implausibility of such stories as "Dead as They Come" in which a man buys a shop dummy, and takes it home to be his mistress. What has proved most troubling of all, though, is some of the casual detail in the stories—green snot hanging from the ends of noses, boiling fat poured over someone's lap, a teenage gang preparing to roast a cat.

Ian McEwan is certainly aware that his work sometimes produces feelings of dismay and revulsion. A section from "To and Fro", one of the stories from his last collection, looks as if it may have been intended as a sort of apologia: "I claim waking status in my dreams. Nothing exaggerated but fine points of physical disgust and those exaggerated only appropriately." A more substantial answer to his critics is to be found in *The Cement Garden*, Mr McEwan's first novel, and one which, though it may at times shock, could not be accused of doing so gratuitously. There are waking dreams here, and not a little physical disgust (a frog is accidentally trodden on, "a creamy green substance . . . spilling out of its stomach"), but the overall impression of the book is not one of a writer revelling in the fantastic or the grotesque; it is, rather, an impression of care and restraint. *The Cement Garden* should make clearer that the characteristic quality of McEwan's writing is a tension between precise narration and preposterous narrative.

The novel examines the individual developments of, and interaction between, four children left alone following the death first of their father, and then, not long afterwards, of their mother. Worried that, as orphans, they may be separated and taken into care, the children decide to conceal the fact of their mother's death from the outside world. Her corpse is carried down into the cellar, put in a trunk, and covered over with cement. The children struggle to fend for themselves, but it seems only a matter of time before they are found out. As it turns out, they are betrayed by the one intruder into the family, Derek, snooker-playing boyfriend of the elder girl, Julie.

It is a short and devastatingly simple story. Several familiar McEwan elements are present—a teenage male narrator, a strong evocation of adolescent sexuality, an interest in confinement and liberation—but this is a more austere work than his earlier stories. The austerity is discernible not only in the style of the novel (metaphors are so rare that the few allowed into the text—the dead mother "frail and sad in her nightdress lying at our feet like a bird with a broken wing"—come over with real force), but in its tone. McEwan allows himself few jokes: only when Jack is warned about the dangers of masturbation ("Every time . . . you do that, it takes two pints of blood to replace it"), or when the prissy Derek is observed holding the steering wheel of his car "at arm's length and between finger and thumb as if the touch of it disgusted him", is there any clear invitation to laughter.

There is austerity, too, in McEwan's refusal of the more sensational possibilities which the narrative initially seems to offer. Jack's reaction to his mother's death is to feel, as well as loss, "a sense of adventure and freedom", and it seems likely for a time that the novel will develop into a 1970s version of Golding's *Lord of the Flies*, the children running amok in the urban wilderness surrounding their house. But the author imagines quieter and more subtle changes taking place, and concentrates attention on Julie's assumption of authority, on Jack's resentment and lassitude, on Sue's private grief, on the deterioration of the younger boy, Tom. So cool and accurate is this attention that the more disquieting elements in the story—Jack's feeling that he has contributed to his father's death (the death occurs while Jack is masturbating), the girls' habit of dressing Tom up in clothes of the opposite sex, the smell of mother drifting up from the cellar—seem entirely plausible. This is McEwan's art: flat narration of the absurd or grotesque, the morally extraordinary made ordinary by the indifference or perfunctoriness of the telling.

It may be said that the virtues of *The Cement Garden* are those of a short story: there is a compelling central image (the cement cracking to reveal the mother's corpse), but little relish for plot. Whatever its status as a text, however, it should consolidate Ian McEwan's reputation as one of the best young writers in Britain today.

On the agenda

By Susannah Clapp

BERNICE RUBENS:

A Five Year Sentence

186pp. W. H. Allen. £4.25.

The loneliness which comes from not having an audience for stories is more bearable than the feeling that there may not be a story at all. Bernice Rubens's new novel is convincing about the need for people to see plots in their lives; her solitary characters plan and list imaginatively and it is this which rescues them—just—from an ever-threatening pathos. It is also what enables *A Five Year Sentence* to begin with preparations for a suicide and to end with an accomplished murder.

Miss Jean Hawkins is a sixty-year-old orphan, a retired and friendless person complete with her own (small) flat and candlewick bedspread. Brian Watts is an elderly bachelor whose credentials for gloom include a mother who gives lavish demonstrations of incontinence on their cracked lino. They first meet each other in a public library: Brian is given to grinding his teeth, Miss Hawkins to clenching her fists, and one fears that the novel will unwind itself in a tale of unflinching sensitivity.

In fact, *A Five Year Sentence* has less to do with perceptions than with ploys. Bernice Rubens is over-generous in her use of the damaging detail—condemning Miss Hawkins to leaden sponge cakes as well as to sickly port and sad-looking slippers—but her novel is surprisingly spiky with incidents. Most of these spin from her heroine's devious strategy for survival, the energetic pursuit of which gives the novel its vigour.

For Miss Hawkins loiters in the library in hope neither of literature nor of love, but in obedience to the dictates of her diary. She was presented with the forbidding little volume on her retirement, and has come to see it as a command both to go on living (a contingency for which she had not planned) and to find things about living that might be worth itemizing. Accustomed to submission, she uses the book not as a record of experience but as an exhortation to experience, inscribing in it feats which have to be performed. The entries are proleptic: "met a man", reads an early example (hence the library), closely followed by "Brian kissed me", "Proposed to Brian" and, finally, "Kill".

What is cunning about Miss Hawkins's diary is its intertwining of horror and mundaneness: it has the snug, false positiveness of all list-making, and the bleakness of being a list about people not things; it is a scheme for going on which reads like one for getting on. Bernice Rubens's explanations of how her heroine arrived at her sexless, solitary condition are less tactful. For instance, on the day that her first period begins, she finds a co-inmate at the Sacred Heart Orphanage hanging from the bathroom ceiling: "The tongue lolled out of her mouth, and the big toe of one small white foot was upturned in a rigid and offended cramp." Her noose is made out of sanitary towels.

Brian, who in the funniest and nastiest part of the novel sets himself up as a servicing agent for lonely women (2p for hand-holding, £50 for the ultimate act), is also accorded a remorselessly explanatory biography: Miss Rubens's prose flattens as she traces his disasters from unappreciated arrival and deserting father to maternal vindictiveness; "gradually over the years, she made of him her surrogate husband and punished him as she would have done his prototype, had he been around". Neither biography is implausible; both produce memorable pictures. But too much accounting damages a wittily plotted novel.

Carry on coping

By John Ryle

CATHERINE HEATH:

Lady on the Burning Deck

218pp. Cape. £4.95.

Catherine Heath's middle-class mothers grew up in pre-war NW4 and still have the feeling that real life, life as it was lived in the 1920s, is waiting somewhere to be rediscovered. "We must be the last . . . women in England to believe in the marriage bond", reflects Frances, the narrator. "I see us waving the marriage bond cheerfully from our bedroom windows." Their children meanwhile, poised on the edge of adulthood, are blithely living out the fragmentation of traditional bourgeois morality as squatters, nude models, homosexual activists and suchlike. Frances's daughter, for example, at art school in Wolverhampton, is living à trois with her tutor and his wife. Frances, herself, widowed and of a certain age, is warden of Mathew Berwick's house in Fitzrovia where she shows visitors round and dusts the table at which this Victorian sage wrote his celebrated essays (and also his recently discovered secret diary).

The occupation of Mathew Berwick's house by squatters does not shock Frances quite as much as it should. Not that she is reconciled to these barbarians to whom "it does not seem to occur that the house is not meant to be lived in". She just copes with an engaging air of distraught irony, as she has been taught to do. Coping is what *Lady on the Burning Deck* is about: errant children, dying husbands, collapsing civilizations, all must be come to terms with somehow. There is a certain lack of differentiation between these various tribulations, a levelling out which is part of the import of Catherine Heath's novel.

For these mothers the shock of the new is transmitted through their children and confronts them in the heart of the family; porn on the drawing-room bookshelf, group sex in the country cottage. The children themselves embrace the present with incurious shrugs and no sense of loss. The past is as another country: they have broken their ties. "Our lovely children" muses Frances—but they are really rather unlovely and they do not love their parents much. What you make of their behaviour depends on your moral viewpoint (if, as Frances finds herself thinking, you are lucky enough still to have one). It seems unlikely that the children's callousness toward their parents is born of pure thoughtlessness, yet Mrs Heath's narrative does not allow us any glimpse of conflicting feelings in them: they are portrayed as guilt-free and meticulously unimaginative. Is this by way of excuse for their unnatural behaviour or could it be a subtle form of authorial revenge?

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Living at a tangent

By Anne Duchêne

LIAM HUDSON :
The Nympholepts
143pp. Cape. £4.50.

"Nympholepsy", Liam Hudson reminds us on a prefatory page, is "a state of desire or frenzy for the unattainable, once inspired in the male by young women or nymphs", and "nympholepts" are "ones so inspired". By the same token, presumably, Mr Hudson might be called a nympholept—someone moved towards the unattainable by the ecstatic impulse to tell a story. Mr Hudson teaches psychology at Brunel University and is the author of four books in that discipline and editor of a fifth (called *The Ecology of Human Intelligence*). His compulsion to write a novel, as so often with those whose spurs were won in other fields, is interesting; and his respect for the form has led him to choose a difficult theme and difficult convention, rather than to make it seem easy.

Thwarting, first naive assumptions that a psychologist might have a headstart in fiction by access to arcane understanding, he dedicates his book to the mild proposition that we can seldom know much about other people's lives. Next, he voluntarily restricts his field of vision by using a worldly-wise narrator, Dr John Bowen, who is "something in the City" that involves "dabbling round the edge of the arts" (a fine vagueness is shown throughout the book about the way people earn their living). Bowen is equally at home in his diary when writing about cricket, athletics, or opera; he remembers as "a moment to cherish for a lifetime" the "varsity match towards the end of the '40s when Kinlmouth had picked off the Cambridge winger in full flight" — from internal evidence, he must have been about ten at the time; he also knows that sycamore trees get sticky in the autumn; a temperate Francophile, he adores Trouville.

Bowen alludes frequently to his sexual achievements, and to his high imaginative ideal of womanhood, but is a cautious nympholept himself; when faced by an offer of marriage he lacks "the kernel of hope" to "launch anything as profoundly speculative". Bowen, in fact, against the reader's hopes and probably against the writer's intention, seems a kind of younger cousin, among narrators, to C. P. Snow's Lewis Eliot: neutered and neutering in his sagacity. Often, to be sure, very just and witty and perceptive; but in the end a doleful mouthpiece. "Perhaps all narrators are talking to themselves—addicted to glimpses of the sea caught over characters' shoulders and between trees". Mr Hudson somewhere makes him say, evidently aware of these self-regarding risks, but unable to save him. The dialogue, anyway, too often lies between the narrator and his mirror.

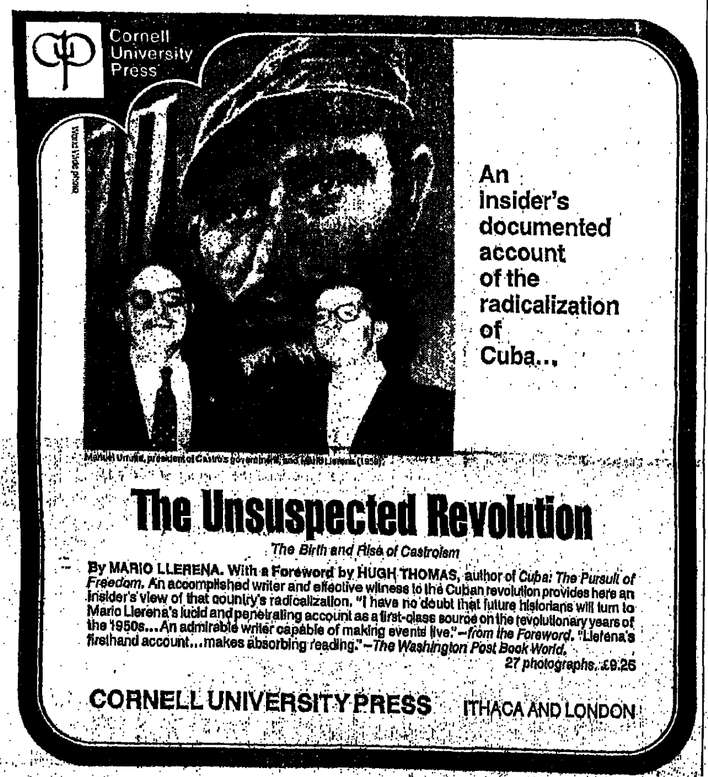
Further to complicate matters for himself, the author reflects, through Bowen, that "the pregnant moments in our lives are often those in which nothing happens. (And are as a consequence the novel of action is a special kind of fraud.)" The novel of inaction is a dangerously exposed cuspost for a tyro to invest, and though Mr Hudson occupies it bravely at first, shooting round him in all directions, he does rather scurry for cover in the end.

The exposition is promising. There is Bowen's sister Penny—a fine outline of a tense Hampstead man-eater, seeing men somewhat as potato crisps, to be crunched noisily in public. There is Perce, her husband, much rendered down by marriage, and by an advertising agency where he has to use his Scottish accent as an asset. There is Ess, Penny's closest woman friend, with remarkable red hair, a nice nature, very good clothes, and an unfortunate first marriage; and there is Bonner Molloy, Ess's second husband, who worships her, and feels himself doomed to failure and cowardice, though he often turns out to be successful.

The precipitating incident occurs when Perce kills himself and Ess by driving his car into a tree while driving one night from Sussex back to London. Why the tree? Why had Ess been drinking, but not Perce? What were they doing there anyway? Did a packet of unopened condoms in Perce's unopened suitcase show he didn't know that Ess's tubes were tied? And so on: Bowen embarks on inquiries with restraint but relish, Penny takes Boomer to her bed, Boomer has the guts to run away.

Kept in this focus, something might have been uncovered. Unfortunately, Mr Hudson calls in supporting characters, notably two forty-year-old nymphs called Beeb and Evie who remain, despite one's best endeavours, indistinguishable, and a young one, called Persephone, sharply drawn at first, to no subsequent purpose. Bowen, in short, tires of the inquiry: the tide of life moves in, and obliterates whatever was strangely written on the sand, before he has time to decipher it. The reader gets too; immediately before the end, five whole pages are devoted to Bowen's just and perceptive reflections on toplessness, prompted by a visit to Deauville from Trouville.

All this is executed with unflagging elegance. The writing is scrupulously groomed and polished, to restrain an exuberant pleasure in words for their own sake—a French woman, nonetheless, suffers from "endogenous jitteriness", the tailored suit and smile of Ess's female colleague are "a declaration of her own interstitial position in the spectrum of appetites"; but there is much that is sound, and funny, and just. Only, the nymphs are aging, and their thrill uncertain; if Ess, for instance, is the symbol of *la belle dame sans* (or even *avec*) *merci*, this is not communicated and wider implications, about the influence of the female form upon the male imagination, sink and gutter out amid the clever words and tangential reflections.



The big spender

By Paul Johnson

ANTHONY BLOND :
Family Business
430pp. André Deutsch. £5.95.

Anthony Blond is a very versatile and audacious fellow. He has been a literary agent. He is a publisher —not on a huge scale, but with a number of excellent titles to his credit. He was—is—a man about town, with an entry to several interesting milieux. He is an Old Etonian and whose heart is in the Old City (of Jerusalem) and a bit of a gambler with one eye on the Talmud. He is a director of *Private Eye* who would, no doubt, like to be a director of *The Times*. Now he has turned novelist, and not in a tentative, neophyte manner either. *Family Business* is 430 pages long. It covers the history of English Jewish immigrants from 1881 to 1967, and deals with, at a guess, over 100 characters. It is necessary, or so Mr Blond thinks, to include a genealogical tree of the family with which the book principally deals. And this is not an isolated novel, but the first of a three-volume series.

Writing Jewish family business history in fictional form is a great deal harder than it looks. The author has got to get the Jewish flavour right. He must make the wealthy bits sound real. And, perhaps most important of all, he must persuade readers that he is writing about an actual business making palpable products and coining bankable money, and not just a vaguely imagined construct, emerging occasionally from the dim background to keep the plot oiled. To add to the difficulties, the Jewish family saga is a pretty well-ploughed field. The terrific cohesion of the Jewish family, even today, the huge system of rules, religious and social, which surround it, and whose fracture and maintenance positively invite fictional treatment, makes it the very stuff of which big, messy novels are fashioned.

The Sterling family of the book, who came to Britain in the 1880s, and built up a multi-million electronic empire under the patriarchal figure of Sir Ezra (later Lord Sterling, are already partly Anglicized when the story proper gets going. The Jewish vision, then, is seen through Etonian-tinted spectacles, and sometimes the Jewish element in the story breaks down completely. I cannot believe that Lord Sterling and his wife would have reacted to the death of their only son in Israel in 1948 in the weird manner Mr Blond describes. Nor do I find convincing the conversion, as it is described here, of Lord Sterling from a non-Zionist position to enthusiastic, or at least generous, Zionism, which plays a big role in the final stages of the book. The business side, too, is weak. We do not really see the process whereby the money is generated. There is no smell of factory or workshop, and not much more than a whiff of boardroom. Mr Blond is much better at showing how money is spent than how it is made.

But on spending money he is often superb. He has a very sharp eye for details. He knows how the rich, or a section of the rich, live, and how they manage to amuse and make idiots of themselves. He keeps the plot moving with a succession of family messes and near-messes, business scandals and scheming over A (voting) shares (I dare say it is all very unlike the life of our own dear Marks and Spencer, but Lord Sterling is a solid and plausible figure and one or two members of his family stand out with memorable awfulness. It is not a first-class novel but it is good enough for one to encourage Mr Blond to complete his saga.

If the cap fits

By Jane Miller

FRANCIS KING :
The Action
249pp. Hutchinson. £4.95.

In Francis King's new novel there is a novelist called Hazel, who besides being proud and generous to a fault, is generally "big" in person. She creates in *her* latest novel a character called Major Charles, whom she deems essential to her novel's structure for his "smallness". Martha, the tiresome sister of one of Hazel's old lovers, uncharacteristically reads the novel and recognizes her own portrait in the Major. For she is "small", too, and, it turns out, litigious. It is absurd of her, of course, to see herself in a male character, just as it would be absurd to see Mr King in his female novelist; but Martha is absurd. For this as for her tenacity she is shown no mercy, by either Hazel or Mr King. She has the body of a dachshund, a "cumbersome old-fashioned corset of perforated rubber" and teeth which grin beside her at night in a jokey container labelled "strychnine". She is also a fat, philistine virgin and an exceptionally bad cook given to rancorous explosions in the kitchen and elsewhere.

Britain's libel laws can seem bitterly constraining to authors; they have certainly seemed so to Mr King, one of whose novels was snatched, on their account, from reviewers at the eleventh hour. Martha's vindictive campaign to suppress the novel, as well as the cruel account it gives of her, is meant by Mr King to admonish the laws themselves, the cowardice of publishers which they encourage, and any generally held view that an individual could matter as much as a work of art. "She called herself a novelist and novelists were supposed to *invent*, weren't they?" Martha shrieks, and this might have been the nub of it. In fact, it is a point of view that is never explicitly countered, just left to stand as a naive opinion to have about fiction and the creative imagination. Mr King himself makes it very hard to answer for Hazel's novel (a ludicrously graphical, important to her for being so and not, anyway, made to seem like a book that anyone who did not know its author would have much interest in reading.

Mr King has been made angry and sorry for himself. He even extends his compassion to the frustrated reviewers of the novel that was withdrawn. He has mustered his arguments and reduced the enemy. It is impossible not to feel some sympathy for him, since the book which was suppressed was a very much better novel than the one he has now written about it. Not that *The Action* was inspired only by a need to retaliate. It is a study in kinds of demoralization, the kinds which are urged on by age, failure and loneliness. By the end of the novel Hazel has ceased to be sure of her novel's worth and sanity. It is no longer a truthful picture of her own recent life, but prophetic, in its evasions and self-indulgence, of how she and her friends would feel when the book had been written.

The failure to give life to the moral, or legal, dilemma at its centre has not destroyed everything in the novel, for if it is true to say that the reader is unlikely to be deceived it is also true that Mr King is not himself deceived. He is also a fair, philistine virgin and an exceptionally bad cook given to rancorous explosions in the kitchen and elsewhere.

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Heinrich Böll's *Und sagte kein einziges Wort* has appeared in a new translation by Leila Vennewitz with the title *And Never Said a Word* (195pp, Secker and Warburg, £4.50).

The authoritarian type

By Brian Bond

ROGER PARKINSON :
Tormented Warrior
Ludendorff and the Supreme Command
251pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £7.50.

Since the success of his popular biography of Clausewitz in 1970 Roger Parkinson had lived by his pen, producing a stream of books including five further biographies and several works of military history. *Tormented Warrior* will, alas, complete his truly prodigious output, for he died earlier this year while still under the age of forty. This final volume provides a good example of his considerable merits as a military historian.

As the author remarks in his introduction, Ludendorff's appearance has been a handicap to his reputation: he seemed the archetypal Prussian officer closely resembling cartoons of the "Hun".

> Close-cropped hair undulated on the rolls of fat at the nape of his neck beneath his *Pickelhaube* helmet; his jowls hung slack beside his grim, thin-lipped mouth; his eyes were harsh, arrogant, staring; the belt of his tunic failed to restrain his paunch; his rages flushed his face first to crimson and then to purple.

Yet few military commanders have wielded greater power than did General Ludendorff in the last two years of the First World War. Not only did he direct armies totalling some 5 million men but he also enjoyed almost dictatorial authority over Germany's domestic politics and war economy. Neither his political nor his military authority, however, were based on solid foundations of office (he was nominally First Quartermaster General under *Hindenburg*), political support or popular esteem. Within weeks of the Armistice he was a shabby, dispirited exile fleeing for his life like a petty criminal.

Erich Ludendorff came from comparatively humble origins as the son of a small Pomeranian landowner, but he rose steadily in his profession thanks to his intelligence and single-minded dedication to work. By 1911 he had attained the rank of colonel and held a key position on the General Staff under his patron, the younger von Moltke, when political intrigue on behalf of a larger army temporarily cast a shadow on his prospects. He recouped his position by his prominent, if somewhat fortuitous, role in the capture of Liège in 1914, and ensured promotion to the pinnacle of his profession by his part as Hindenburg's chief of staff in the great victories of Tannenburg and the Masurian Lakes. Some historians believe that the Chief of Operations, Max Hoffmann, was chiefly responsible for the brilliant planning of these battles, but Mr Parkinson argues persuasively that Ludendorff's role was also crucial. For the next two years he engaged in a bitter controversy with the Chief of Staff Falkenhayn, nominally about the priority of the Eastern Front, but really concerning control of the Central Powers' strategy.

Falkenhayn was discredited by his failure in the West in 1916 and the team of Hindenburg and Ludendorff became virtual dictators, playing a dominant role not only in matters of strategy and war production but also determining policy through their control of ministers. Ludendorff proved willing to take enormous strategic gambles, notably in pressing for the resumption of unrestricted submarine warfare in 1917, and then in staking everything on a dramatic breakthrough in the West in March 1918. He was also in some respects progressive tactically, quickly realizing the importance of new weapons such as gas and new methods based on surprise and infiltration, yet he displayed a curious blind spot in his unenthusiastic attitude to tanks. As defeat began to seem ever more likely in 1918 he proved politically inflexible, stressing that Germany must retain conquered territories in both East and West sufficient to safeguard her against a future two-front war. He also displayed an unendearing tendency to blame everyone but himself for military failure, quarrelling with Hoffmann and publicly insulting his old partner, Hindenburg.

Mr Parkinson gives a brisk and clear account of these great events but he has not entirely solved the military biographer's problem of how to portray his subject's character without describing battles in detail. One does not have to be a military Tolstoyan to question whether the movement of 10th Corps here and 20th Division there necessarily tells us much about the character of the directing chief of staff. Moreover, the maps are inadequate to cover the complex operations described. However, once the author is freed from this dilemma by Ludendorff's fall from power the biographical interest rises considerably.

Ludendorff's character is surely of greater interest now than the familiar landmarks of his outward career, for he seems to represent a near-perfect model of the authoritarian personality in the military profession. From his youth he was obsessive about cleanliness, tidiness and punctuality; his daily routine was run with machine-like precision. He displayed a mania for work which grew worse with age, sacrificing to it nearly all outlets such as hobbies and friendships. Though devoted to his wife and stepchildren he forced them to adapt to his gruelling routine of paper work. As Hoffmann noted in 1915, "This restlessness—work for work's sake—is extremely uncomfortable for everybody." He paid a high price for his refusal to relax or seek diversions. Though Mr Parkinson does not bring these characteristics into focus or build any behavioural theory upon them, his pages are full of references to Ludendorff's attacks of nerves and his rages which both got worse in proportion to his greater responsibilities.

By mid-1918 it was obvious to his staff that he was nearing breaking point. "Serious question about the nervousness of His Excellency" an anxious staff officer noted. "His Excellency is working himself into the ground—he bothers too much about details. This situation is really serious."

Unlike more phlegmatic temperaments, such as Hindenburg or Haig, Ludendorff could not stand the strain of high command. Although this book contests the accepted belief that he actually suffered a nervous breakdown after August 8, 1918 ("The black day of the German Army" as he called it), he was so close to it that a medical friend was emboldened to speak to him frankly. Dr Hochheimer told him sadly that for years he had neglected his own spirit: "Always only work, worry, straining his body and mind recreation, no joy, rushing food, not breathing, laughing, not seeing anything of nature and art, nor hearing the rustle of the forest, nor the splashing of the brook." Ludendorff accepted this diagnosis with great docility and began a rest-cure. As Hochheimer acutely perceived, "the man is utterly lonely; he has become married to his work".

German victory might have been Ludendorff's personal salvation, but instead he had to face the bitterness of defeat with the sudden loss, through dismissal, made all the more unbearable by Hindenburg's desertion as he saw it, of almost all that he had lived for. He sought an outlet for his rage and frustration in the notorious "stab in the back" myth—the phrase was apparently coined by General Sir Neill Malcolm in a conversation with him—and he found scapegoats in the Jews, Catholics, Socialists and Communists whom he collectively held responsible for the national degradation of 1918 and the subsequent Treaty of Versailles. Mr Parkinson suggests that Ludendorff's flight from reason was greatly accelerated about this time by the malign influence of Dr Mathilde von Kemnitz, whom he eventually married in 1926, immediately after divorcing his long-suffering and loyal wife Margarethe.

No his not working with" characteristically frenetic speed and single-mindedness. He then returned to Germany to await the call of a right-wing political adventurer who would restore him to military power—he never seems to have envisaged himself as the leader but always as the right-hand man. He proved hesitant and politically inept, linking his fortunes first with the incompetent Kapp in Berlin and then with Hitler in Bavaria. Hitler, though he genuinely admired Ludendorff, used him as a convenient figurehead during the abortive Munich putsch and later encouraged him to run as a presidential candidate, only to drop him in favour of Hindenburg when he finished bottom of the poll with a derisory number of votes.

Mr Parkinson mercifully draws a veil over his last bitter years until his death in 1937, which were devoted to a prolific output of polemical books and pamphlets displaying an increasingly unbalanced mind ranting against the men of 1918 and the evil forces that were ruining Germany. Hitler made one interesting attempt at reconciliation but was snubbed by the general as an upstart. Surprisingly Mr Parkinson finds a return to sanity in Ludendorff's prediction of the coming total war in which, turning Clausewitz's dictum upside down, he argued that the military arm must dominate the political to ensure survival. The author's suggestion that Roosevelt and Churchill actually bore out the truth of the prophecy in the Second World War is surely wide of the mark. For all their dictatorial tendencies, both remained politicians subject to political pressures. Though both interfered in strategic matters neither usurped the role of military leadership; that was left to ex-corporal Hitler, and his performance as a warlord bore out Clausewitz's warning rather than demonstrated the soundness of Ludendorff's prediction.

This book certainly succeeds in its main aim of making British readers better acquainted with Ludendorff both as a man and a military leader. His unique responsibilities in 1916-18 are well brought out, though whether he was the greatest of all chiefs of staff may be disputed. Mr Parkinson also provides a glimpse of the military culture in which his subject rose to prominence, though there is surely scope here for a more wide-ranging study analogous to Peter Paret's magisterial *Clausewitz and the State* (1976). Whether Ludendorff himself requires such extended scholarly treatment as his great Prussian predecessor is doubtful. Mr Parkinson's very readable biography, despite its lively portrayal of Ludendorff's abilities and shortcomings, may in the end serve to confirm the traditional view of its subject rather than to revise it in any radical way.

The Scottish share of the additional funds made available by the Government to aid in the purchase of objects considered to be preeminent and part of the national heritage is to be administered by a committee set up by the Scottish Education Department.

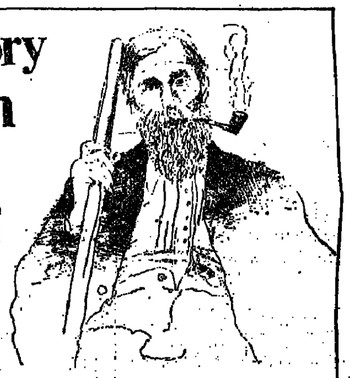
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TLS Commentary

Like a duck to vodka

"Our England is a garden that is full of stately views": but the booze has thoroughly permeated the views in David Mercer's enthusiastically jaundiced play *Cousin Vladimir* which opened at the Aldwych last week. The first scene is set in a garden, and—just as Kipling described it—"along the thin red wall, you find the tool and potting-sheds which are the heart of all". But in this post-Imperial garden (and we are told that our interned rage comes from not having any subject races to kick around any more) the wall of the potting-shed swings open and it turns out to be a walk-in fridge, crammed with drink and ice and glasses and—for the apprentice sots—mixers. "I wouldn't say no to a bitter lemon", says Pringle, the helpful civil servant who has assisted the garden's near-paralytic owner out of his taxi, thereby clearly identifying himself as a counter-intelligence nark.

The garden belongs to Austin Proctor (George Baker), a physicist retired from research to devote himself to full-time drinking. "I like it, I can afford it, and I haven't ruined anyone else's life with it. Could you say the same about work?" On the garden settle also "the hard core", six of the snideest no-hopers you could find in a month's pub-crawling. "Thank you, God, for sending us Austin, with drink and a garden for us to get lost in" they intone, in their only collective act before settling down to a serious day's supping, back-biting and despair.

Proctor has just returned from Vienna, with Katya (Susan Engel), a Russian fugitive whom he has met and married in what he will never admit is more than a fit of alcoholic irresponsibility. With her is his old colleague, Vladimir (Mark Dignam), ex-physicist, ex-prisoner, ex-blackmarketeer, who has engineered the escape and perhaps also Katya's rapid acquisition of a British passport. Vladimir is more of a decaying Tsarist gentleman than a Soviet citizen. There is a reference, no doubt, to *Uncle Vanya* in the title but the image is ironically inverted, for Vladimir is the unwelcome guest and it is not work and reviving but self-regarding decay which he disturbs.

The Russians find themselves abused for being Russians, for being bad Russian citizens, and above all for not being active dissidents. Even Proctor can stir himself from his stupor sufficiently to admire Solzhenitsyn for his moral stature, "even if he does write like a monkey that has just read *War and Peace*". Though he resents being expected to perform glamorous acts of martyrdom for the passive entertainment of the British ("in the Thirties the silence from the British left was deafening"), Vladimir's self-protective cynicism stands him in good stead, and he takes to the habits of the hard core like a duck to vodka. Not so Katya, still vulnerable to the shame of discovering that the whole world knows what her generation is labouring to discover. Under pressure—Proctor's old boss attempts to blackmail him back to work with the threat of sending the fugitives back home—Proctor shows a wholly expected inability to do or say anything whatever. (He has a habit of dropping into diplomatic cautionin from time to time—"nothing can ruffle my huge sense of inadequacy".) Katya, and less convincingly Vladimir, decide to go back home, and leave the English intelligentsia to its own massive defection.

The junction between Proctor's personal inadequacies and his political discontent with society ruled by "meanness, rancour and mindless violence" is confused, but by that token the more convincing. Though his part requires considerable passivity, he dominates the stage, with among other felicities, an extraordinary ability to make his eyes but his entire face resemble a pouched egg. Mark Dignam's Vladimir is supple, albeit mannered, though there are curious non-Slavisms, such as "Shtalin". It is the ensemble playing of the supporting drunks (notably Glen Walford, Julian Glover, and Geoffrey Chater) which is most gripping, even though as individuals—failed architect, failed actress, furtively gay ex-army officer, failed private eye and so on—they too pointedly allegorize our civilization and its discontents.

There is a limit to the accuracy with which drunks can be portrayed on the stage for the two most obvious consequences of the alcoholic's damaged self-critical faculty (and hence damaged identity) are perseveration in speech and emotional lability. And characters who are boring and inconsistent do not make good theatre. David Mercer has made his creatures unrealistically articulate, but the shrewdness of his wit never obscures their hellish predicament: in a time of anomie, temperance becomes the only clear positive political option.

Eric Korn

The days she knew

Sometimes in my mind's ear comes the droning voice of the Man Who Was Always There: who mafficked on Mafeking Night, saw Halley's Comet, the angels at Mons, the Russians with snow on their boots, the zeppelin falling in flames on to Cuffley, Chaliapin ever at Lord's: who waited outside the school, or railway station, bookshop for the next issue of the *Strand Magazine* when Sherlock Holmes was about his business, and who wore a black armband when Holmes plummeted, with Moriarty, into the Reichenbach Falls. He, also, inevitably, saw people stand on chairs in Hyde Park when Lillie Langtry went by in her brougham.

I find, on a surreptitious reading of *The Days I Knew*, by Lillie Langtry (Lady de Bathe), with a foreword and verse postscript by Richard La Gallienne, that Lillie herself claimed, in America, to have seen the zeppelin come down on to Essex. But there is no mention by her, as far as I can see, of people standing on chairs to see her pass by. I do not know what London Weekend Television has in store for us in the twelve episodes of *Lillie* that are to come. So far they have established that she (Francesca Annis) was a tomboy in a family of (otherwise) boys: that her father, Dean of Jersey, had an illegitimate son on the island and a good pulpit voice: that, after a short taste of London, Lillie longs to go there again: that she is magnetic to men: that she has learnt to waltz and that she has married Edward Langtry (Anton Rodgers), owner of yachts and strongly opposed to votes at any price. Nothing in the script, yet, about people standing on chairs to see the Jersey Lily go by. But the blurb on the series in *TV Times* says, sure enough, that "Society ladies stood on chairs to catch a glimpse of her." It will come.

Homer, we were told at school, never tried to describe Helen's beauty feature by feature. He just had a few old Trojans seeing her on the battlements, say "No wonder we're fighting this war". Film, theatre and television are harder taskmasters. Not only has Helen, or Lillie, got to be beautiful herself. She has got to act ravishing beauty from the inside out, and no amount of people climbing on chairs will give the effect if you see the girl they are straining to see and if, then, you *don't* say "No wonder . . .". Well, so far Francesca Annis hasn't had a chance. They are clearing the way for her from Jersey towards London, and the grand life (I quote from Ernest Dudley's *The Gilded Lily*):

> There were six or seven bedrooms, all sumptuously furnished. Lillie's bedroom was by far the largest and most ornate, a bathroom leading off, with the silver bath in which she reputedly bathed in champagne. On the enormous four-poster bed was the royal purple and gold bedspread, with E.R. and the crown inscribed on it in gold, and, on one of the two dressing tables, Bertie's gold-backed brushes and combs and lotion-bottles.

"His Nibs" she called him, and in those days they were both content that she should have a husband in tow. It was when she wanted to marry this or that rich man, His Nibs having other favourites, that Edward Langtry's stubbornness in not agreeing to a divorce became infuriating. But she shed her husband in the end. He went bankrupt and died in an asylum, and she became Lady de Bathe. She made a name on the stage, though a fairly bad actress, and she made plenty of money, especially in America, in management. She also seems to have made money as a racehorse owner. She kept her jewels, employed the dictaphone hugely, invested wisely in real estate and, though deserted and lonely at the end (Somerset Maugham says he saw her dancing with gigolos in a Chicago dance-hall during the First World War: "rather pathetic"), she left nearly £50,000 in her will. She had a daughter, Jeanne Marie, supposed by all to be of royal blood, and that daughter's daughter was one of the first of television's announcers. Her husband wrote a play about her fabled grandma. One of Lillie's lovers had been Prince Louis of Battenberg, a friend of His Nibs (Ernest Dudley suggests that Prince Louis may have been the father of Jeanne Marie). Prince Louis, First Sea Lord, had to resign in 1914 because the papers were yapping about his being a spy, in the Kaiser's pay. Lillie's grandson-in-law's play brought his heroine secretly to the Admiralty to say goodbye to the Prince as he rid ed his desk and prepared to leave his high office. It was long since their love affair had been set aside, but Lillie was almost all of her ex-lovers as good friends.

In Max Beerbohm's *Savonarola Brown*, Brown's play contains a stage direction (I quote from memory, inaccurately): *Historical characters cross the stage, making historical remarks.* All the action of the 1890s sought Lillie as a star, and Chapter 3 of *The Days I Knew* starts: "A great deal of my time, and perhaps the most interesting part of it, was now taken up with sitting to painters." We shall sure have a Chelsea salon scene or two in London Weekend Television's *Lillie*. Among her early adorers were Oscar Wilde and James Whistler. I am nervous, too, that this series may be a trifle on the *Sunnarole* side when it gets going with historical characters, and that we shall hear Jimmy Whistler say "You will, Oscar, you will", followed by too-instant laughter from circumstantial Café Royalites, Aubrey Beardsley, Beale, Max, Rothenstein, Burne-Jones, Ruskin, Millnie and assorted stunners in long white gloves.

Lillie had many lovers, mostly rich, and she must have been much more beautiful than any paintings or photographs that I have ever seen can show. I shall sit in front of the box on Sunday nights for the next twelve weeks and hope, without much confidence, that they do not show the people standing on chairs and that Lillie's beauty comes over to justify the lovers, the diamonds, the fuss and the legend.

Richard Usborne

The fields of biometrical, population and evolutionary genetics owe more to Sewall Wright than to any other living person. (These) volumes represent the culmination of an exceptionally rich and productive career.—James F. Crow, American Scientist.

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TLS Children's books

A view from the steeple

By Margaret Meek

ALAN GARNER:
The Aimer Gate
Illustrated by Michael Foreman
Collins. £2.95. (00 184067 3.)

With the publication of *The Aimer Gate* Alan Garner's Stone Book Quartet is complete. The earlier volumes, *The Stone Book*, *Tom Fobble's Day* and *Granny Reardun*, have appeared at intervals since 1976 and been greeted with critical acclaim. In the historical sequence of the lives of the characters, *The Aimer Gate* is the third story, so while the book is to be considered in its own right, it also fits into the structure of the quartet and completes the work, which is both one book and four. It must be said at once that Michael Foreman's etchings, the design and production of the volumes, complement the writing to earn what must surely be the hall-mark in our day of whatever we deem to be "children's literature".

Ten years ago, in June 1968, Alan Garner wrote in this journal an article called "A Bit More Practice". Speaking of his readers he said:

> the age of the individual does not necessarily relate to the maturity. Therefore, in order to connect, the book must be written for all levels of experience. This means that any given piece of text must work at simple plot level, so that the reader feels compelled to turn the page, if only to find out what happens next; and it must also work for me, and for every stage between. . . . I try to *write* onions.

This last phrase is now well known and is sometimes used to explain the "difficulty" of the books. Garner does not acknowledge (did he really not know?) his link with Barbies in this image, but the clue for the reader is in the idea of layers, the interplay of surfaces and meanings in the text. Because so much of our and our children's reading of prose is for the retrieval of information, the grasp of a linear meaning, we forget that the young also need experience in this kind of competence once they can deal confidently with "what happens next". Garner's bond with his younger readers is to show them what fiction can do.

In his earlier books he often moved the emblems, mythologies, symbols and modes of writing just slightly out of the reach of his readers, hence the complaints about incomprehensibility. The allegoric fragments in *Elidor* are carried by the traditional shape of the plot, which the young reader recognizes. But in order to engage in the play of the text in *The Owl Service* the reader needs other expectations if he is not to be tantalized to exasperation. The narrator has disappeared, the reader is shown, not told. So in the opening sequence of *Red Shift*, the familiar tropes are missing. For those who can tolerate the uncertainty long enough to see fear in the handful of dust that Jan puts down Tom's shirt, and to hear overtones of *King Lear* in the opening conversation, it is a vertiginous experience. But it is opaque, boring, for the reader who, when presented with a picture of cosmic uncertainty, expects "once upon a time".

In the Stone Book Quartet the complications of showing-not-telling have been resolved with a confidence that is nothing short of breath-taking, a simplicity that engages everyone who can hear the voices of the characters on the page. The youngest readers (of nine or ten, I guess) may need the help of reading aloud and knowledge of the historical setting. That done, the episodes in each book stand out clear against the sky and the landscape of Garner's north-east Cheshire; a place where history is now and England. Mary, the heroine of *The Stone Book* and the only visible girl in the story, climbs the tower of St Philips where her father, Robert the stonemason, is finishing the steeple. Sitting astride the weathercock and swinging round, Mary (and the reader who has gone every vertiginous step of the way) sees schools and churches rising in towns and villages where the railway has come. All England is changing under her, while at home her bachelor uncle William weaves silk on his cottage loom. To leave stone-picking and boys' tasks, to go to school and learn to read like her father, or at least to have a prayer book to press flowers in, as her friends do, are Mary's ambitions. So her father takes her down the tunnel quarried into the hillside, and sets her off, like Theseus, with a bobbin of silk and a candle to find her way by following the seam of malachite till she comes to the cave with her father's mark and the picture of the bull on the wall. On her return she has a hook made of stone, "that had in it all the stories of the world and the flowers of the flood".

As the first movement, establishing the tonality and the themes, *The Stone Book* is still the most prodigious tour de force in Garner's writing. It is also the least elegiac. Robert's story continues in *Granny Reardun*. He is now old, building a wall with the reluctant help of his grandson Joseph, for whom stone means also the threatening weight of Robert's skill. The supply of good stone is running out. The house of the Allman family is the last source, and as the house is demolished to make a garden, the stone goes to Robert's wall. Suddenly, Joseph sees his future in the weathercock, the chapel clock, the bell and the lightning conductor—"they were all the smith". As "a granny reardun" Joseph has to make his own way with his own skill. His half-brother, Charlie, has to do the same. Charlie, a baby in Joseph's book, reappears in *The Aimer Gate*, with Joseph's son, young Robert. We are now at the time of Kaiser Bill's war. Joseph's great skill at the forge has been brought down to making horseshoes for army horses. The Allman in this story is Faddock, a legless Boer War veteran, who breaks up stones for roadmending. Robert's secret place is under the pinnacle of the chapel steeple. On the last day of Charlie's leave from the front, and eye, block forge and loom to the hill and all that he owned, he sledged, sledged sledged for the black and glittering night and the sky flying on fire and the expectation of snow.

So much for what happens next. But even at this simplest plot reading there are resonances, themes, recapitulations and developments, perspectives and meanings conveyed by the text itself. The author is exploring at different levels, differentially focused, the significance for each character in his own time and in relation to past and future. Each time is crucial: Mary's, as the railways shorten distances and time; Charlie's, as men slaughter each other in wheatfields; William's, as the sledges fly like bombers. The way into this multi-consciousness is by means of the speech of the characters, a direct vernacular, with its own vocabulary and information.



One of Michael Foreman's etchings for The Aimer Gate.

Robert climbs to the highest point and finds his name, left there by his great-grandfather, under the capstone. His father explains how the clock works, by "escapement", and wonders about Robert's future. "I don't know what there is for you to get aback of, yonder." Charlie, who spends his day reaping the field where once the house was, polishing his rifle, says, "Get aback of me", as with a sniper's accuracy he shoots the rabbits cornered in the last standing corn. This is the most searing moment in all four books.

No more is heard of Robert, but Joseph and his grandson, another William, appear in *Tom Fobble's Day*. The time is the Second World War. Bombers are overhead on a starry night as William and Stewart Allman sledge down the familiar hill. It is Joseph's last day at the forge. With wood remaining from Old William's loom, the iron from Charlie's pram and the handle of the forge bellows, he makes for William a sledge that runs fast and true—the last of its kind and an epitome of skilled craftsmanship. In the talk that accompanies the work, Joseph, in the oral tradition of genealogy, tells William of his forebears. The first Robert's clay pipe is found in the potato hoggin. That night Joseph dies. William "Tom Fobbles" the wedding horse-shoes in the chimney-piece and puts them, together with the pipe and his grandfather's apprentice-made key, in scraps of silk woven by the first William.

The line did hold. Through hand

In *The Aimer Gate* Charlie adds soldiers' slang to the dialect of his tribe:

> "Right youth", said Faddock Allman, "I've been waiting to get at that devil all year".
> "What", said Robert.
> "Yonder", said Faddock Allman.
> "Where", said Robert.
> "Go up past them kiwvers", said Faddock Allman, "and just inside top field, against the corn, you'll see a little jackacre of land, by itself".
> "I know", said Robert.
> "Ay, well, if you have a good feckaning in there, you'll see the best stone for road flints there is in the Hough".

Garner links the continuity of the oral tradition with the modulations of a classical style of great clarity. This counterpoint produces the reverbation of meanings. Without ever intruding as the omniscient narrator, he shows that he is adopting a significant attitude to large problems that are social, moral and artistic.

For example, what Raymond Williams calls "the long revolution" is apparent throughout. For Garner it is the depreciation of human strength and skill, decline in the craftsmanship that comes from working elemental materials into artifacts of use and beauty. Mary's father makes stones into jewels. Joseph holds time in intimate adjustments of a pendulum. Knowledge grows as strength increases in the smith's grip, and is measured in learning to hoist anvils and ladders. In writing about what, one guesses, has roots in his personal history, Garner makes us all re-create our own past. This gives the reader a freedom which extends beyond the text.

As the stories grow into one story, so one's awareness of the emblems and symbols deepens. Mary astride the weathercock is matched by Robert "wearing the steeple all the way to the earth". These unforgettable scenes act as metaphors which condense meaning into an image that defies linear description and resists explanation. Garner's quite definite moral and political stance is offered, not as a series of propositions, but as a pattern of images. Mary's father teaches her geology—a kind of reading that reveals creation beyond the prayer book. The church, "the prints of chisels in the sky", is built "Lord Stanley" and only a bit of stone round a lot of air. Music and hymnody, cornet and ophicleide, soothe anger and pain and rejoice the heart, linking a variety of voices and languages to the cry of the summer fields that goes with cap waving. Mary swings aloft, Joseph declares himself, and Charlie sights his rifle at the rabbits in the cornfield. Then it is heard no more.

As we read, this use of metaphor, a characteristic of all Garner's writing, becomes clearer. Where once it was a stumbling block (at the end of *The Owl Service*, for example), now it has a diamond-like quality that makes us read his text as an exciting exploration of writing. He binds the reader to him and he shows us the author working with language to make the book as the characters worked with stone and iron. Not a word is wasted. As the reader sees the structure, the thematic unity, so it becomes impossible to say any more what the work is "about", because the story is also "about" the author's relation to what he has made and the reader's response to it. *In this way the reading of the child who looks for "what happens next" is linked to interpretative reading of the most experienced adult.*

In the Stone Book Quartet we have moved away from a kind of nineteenth-century writing which is still found in books for twentieth-century children. This is a book of our day, for all its Victorian and Edwardian settings. Its conventions and codes derive not from the time of the events, but from our world of television dialogue and the experimental forms of adult fiction. Only thus can books for children be genuinely continuous with adult literature, where the story is not delivered to the reader but is re-created by him. Garner, who has always written out of a deep realization of mythic re-creative force, now invites his readers to see themselves "as the intersection of the timeless with time". The experience of this kind of reading makes readers of passion and power. To match this experience with a comparable literary competence is the challenge to all writers.

Breaktime

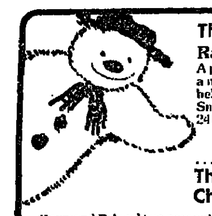
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CHILDREN'S BOOKS

Chills and thrills

K. M. PEYTON:
A Midsummer Night's Death
Oxford University Press. £2.95. (19 271422 8)

JOAN PHIPSON:
Keep Calm
Macmillan. £3.50. (333 23840 0)

A Midsummer Night's Death is mainstream K. M. Peyton with no history and no fantasy. Surprisingly there are no horses this time either, apart from a brief mention of recuperative rides on Florestan at the end. The hero is Jonathan Meredith again, still scarred from the shooting incident at the end of *Prove Yourself a Hero*. After the extravagant excitements of that book it would have perhaps been tame to return to the show ring, and Mrs Peyton's subject this time, as Jonathan himself realizes, seeing the early morning police cars through the school windows, is death, no less.

The death is that of a young poet, employed by Jonathan's expensive school which likes to appoint teachers "who have made their mark in the world". Robinson "looked like a poet and acted like a poet, appearing at times to inhabit a different plane from his humble classes, which is why his humble classes didn't like him". One has a sneaking feeling that Mrs Peyton doesn't really care much for poets herself. Certainly Robinson is seen with little sympathy. Not only can he not handle unimaginative boys, offering to read Titania, the Queen of the Fairies, in appropriate voices, he is shown as totally self-absorbed.

His death is the beginning of the story, and the question is whether it is indeed suicide, as it appears, or murder. Jonathan knows more than it is safe for him to know, and the scenes where he is at the mercy of his beloved suspect—first on a rock face in Wales and later in the dangerous river where the poet drowned—show Mrs Peyton writing at her best. It has been pointed out before how good she is at physical action, at evoking the sheer physical effort involved in riding, sailing, flying, playing the piano. But the struggles are never only physical, through pity to liking and love. We are shown those unspoken yet accurately observed customs that govern school conduct: the children sedulously shield their parents' shortcomings from one another, so that Leslie should never have admitted that they have no television, and Janice never cries in the toilet, not because her father beats her, but because her best friends have been sneaking to the others about it. The climax of the story, Leslie's sudden death, is very carefully built up, and vividly portrays the succession of feelings such an experience may bring—disbelief, numbness, violent distress. In the end Jess comes to terms with this event, so deeply fraught with guilt for him, with a sweet reasonableness that most adults would be hard put to achieve. At moments Jess's behaviour convincingly includes the irrational, aggressive and perverse impulses so characteristic of childhood, yet by making him also the first person narrator Katherine Paterson has associated him a little too closely with her own fine moral discriminations, and has thus weakened him, ultimately, as a character. But this is a small flaw in a book that has so much excellence about it.

Julia Briggs

A Midsummer Night's Death is just an exciting thriller, with a background more relevant to readers than those of say, Agatha Christie; it is also a compelling story about people. The two most abiding virtues in compassion and Hugo, the Himalayan climbing turned maths master, whom he loves and fears. Less sympathetic and convincing is Iris, one of Mrs Peyton's weeping girls. Jonathan finds her mourning Robin—"curled in a damp, diaphanous ball". It may irritate the girl reader that all the girls at the school are useless (either terrifyingly poised or giggly and secretive) but it would be a sad result of the campaign against sexism in books if girls were to deprive themselves of the pleasures and tensions of the story.

If Mrs Peyton chooses to follow the kidnapping in *Prove Yourself a Hero* with murder, Joan Phipson, the Australian writer, chooses to follow her treatment of kidnapping in *The Cats* with an even more chilling subject: the total breakdown of society. At the end of *Keep Calm*, the thirteen-year-old hero, Nick, reflects: "I'll admit I know it's nothing but an egg—but we're living on it". What brings him to this frightening conclusion is a strike, the result of a proposal by the Australian government to build a nuclear reactor at Botany Bay.

The strike in the end is effective—services are resumed and the government promises a referendum. But the story concentrates on the collapse of the normal things we all take for granted, and in particular the effect of the strike on Nick and his younger sister. Their mother is involved in a car accident, their father is abroad. The two children have to cope alone with the fridge that don't work in their tower block, the purrifying food in the refrigerator, the wild dogs in the streets, the police who are no use and busy to help them find their mother.

The first section of the book is very well done; so long as it concentrates on the city are the children and the fears, the sense of isolation and the unreasoning terror of the dogs are strongly conveyed. But from the time the children join up with others and start their trek out of the city it becomes a more commonplace odyssey. It is an interesting story, but not the high achievement it gave promise of being.

Ann Thwaite

Know thyself

KATHERINE PATERSON:
Bridge to Terabithia
Illustrated by Donna Diamond
Collancz. £3.75. (575 02550 6)

American children's fiction, from Huck and Tom onwards, has been strong on dream kingdoms, and their sourcing into the reality of home or school demands. Yet in dreams begin responsibilities, and one of play may evolve complex and important relationships whose outcome may be an increase in self-knowledge. Katherine Paterson's *Bridge to Terabithia* belongs firmly to this tradition, to which it makes a distinguished, if not absolutely original contribution. A trendy couple and their only daughter, Leslie, go back to nature to live in a poor and remote rural community where Leslie quickly makes friends with Jess, the odd, artistic son of a local truck-driver. Leslie's stories, derived from her own wide reading, fire Jess's graphic imagination and together they invent Terabithia, a magic kingdom inspired by the Narnia books.

The story is related with considerable psychological insight as Jess's initial resentment changes

Brightening up their lives

JAN NEEDLE:
My Mate Shofiq
André Deutsch. £3.50. (233 96987 X)

GODFREY GOODWIN:
There Ain't No Angels No More
Collins. £2.50. (00 184837 2)
Paperback, 50p. (00 671502 8)

Jan Needle in *My Mate Shofiq* shows how an exciting story can be written around the problems of racial integration. Shofiq, a Pakistani boy, arouses the wrath of the local gang by attacking them in order to defend his little sisters. Bernard, who is English, is unwillingly drawn into the quarrel on Shofiq's side and comes to understand the problems of the Pakistani boy's family, learning eventually that Shofiq is a good friend to have in a tight corner. The complicated story is excellently told and moves at a fast, exciting pace.

It is not, always, however, entirely convincing. It is hard to believe that Bernard would not have known Shofiq's name, when the two of them are in the same class. Nor is it easy to accept the crude portrait of Mr Burke, the obtuse and authoritarian social worker. Nevertheless, the book is a conscientious study of a tense situation and, commendably, eschews facile solutions.

To turn from *My Mate Shofiq* to *There Ain't No Angels No More*, by Godfrey Goodwin, however, is to turn from the conscientious to the distinguished. Mr Goodwin's book, which won the Collins Award for Children's Books for a Multi-Ethnic Britain, is an example of how a mixture of cultures can enrich our fiction. It is the story of a derelict, dead-end street inhabited by people of various races, who are all at the bottom of the social ladder. Into this despairing environment bursts Joe, a black "poet" who makes his poetry out of life rather than words. He begins by making friends with the coloured boy who tells the story and by painting his own house in bright, joyful colours. Gradually the joy and the colour spread outwards to involve everyone in the street, galvanizing the hopeless slum into a carnival of life and friendship. Then, at the climax, the story is given a further twist which changes it from a pleasant fancy into a powerful fable, squashing unreal optimism while leaving a small, exciting seed of hope.

Viewed technically, the book is not perfect. Of its short length—less than a hundred pages—too much is taken up with describing the initial dreary situation, so that the story gets off to a slow start. But once this is past, the action gathers speed and the development of attitudes and relationships is finely sketched in with immense delicacy and humour.

This is not a book about race relations. It is about despair and about people's ability to overcome it and make something good out of a depressing situation. But at every turn it gains power and depth from its multi-cultural setting, which is not observed from without but experienced from within. The book could not have been written in the same way about a purely English street. It is rare and exciting to find a children's book which has such originality and opens up so many possibilities for the future.

Gillian Cross

Dog beneath the skin

TOM FAIRLEY:
The Dog Days of Arthur Cane
Macmillan. £3.95. (333 24454 0)

Fine novels sometimes can take a little time to warm up, but even so it is rare to find good writing after a whole first chapter which is little more than boringly facetious. Such is the case with this finally engaging American novel which is about a boy who changes into a dog. The first thirty pages are given over to a mercilessly prolonged description of some of the technical difficulties to be found in such a situation, and when the transformed adolescent hero Arthur finally takes a whole page to describe urinating over his father's tennis racket, readers who are themselves past the first stages of playground humour may then feel that they have had enough. Against all expectation, *The Dog Days of Arthur Cane* develops into a genuinely funny, and the sustained device of the reversed viewpoint of an animal to make comments about humans that do not always make for comforting reading. New York may be a fairly frightening place for people, but it seems even worse for stray dogs, with the death wagon and gas chamber as an ever-constant threat. How Arthur finally escapes this fate, and the way in which he leaves him feeling about the society in which he lives, is both movingly and convincingly told, so that it is impossible, by the end, not to feel more than a little doggish oneself. The good people that Arthur meets in his adventures may not always be quite as convincing as some of the bad ones, but this does not really detract from the total effect of this serious but never solemn book which well deserves to be read.

Nicholas Tucker

She's leaving home

JOSEPHINE KAMM:
Runaways
Hodder and Stoughton. £3.50. (340 20972 0)

JILL CHANEY:
Canary Yellow
Dobson. £3.50. (234 72076 X)

JEAN SAUNDERS:
Roses all the Way
Heinemann. £2.40. (434 95822 0)

All three of these novels for teenagers have as a common theme a child who runs away from home, and indeed so popular is this idea with writers these days that one begins to wonder what is the nature of the attraction; the number of books dealing with the subject is out of all proportion to the small number of teenagers who actually run away from home or seriously contemplate doing so. Is it simply a useful "social conscience" theme, or does it come from the inner needs of the author? These three books provide some of the answers, and also neatly illustrate a few of the dangers the writer may inadvertently encounter when exploring ideas for realistic teenage fiction. Indeed, *Runaways* by Josephine Kamm gives some cause for alarm. It tells the story of two sixteen-year-old girls from unhappy home backgrounds who disappear to London and recounts their subsequent adventures. One of them (admittedly, a good piece of characterization) falls so easily on her feet that the book might well encourage adolescents to abscond; the other gets herself pregnant and is quite happy to do so. Very little of the heart-ache and hardship that runaways actually have to face is suggested; it's all far too cosy and entirely unreal. Put into the hands of the wrong child at the wrong moment this book could be positively dangerous.

Jill Chaney's new novel is perhaps a slighter piece than her other books for young people, certainly not in the same class as *Half a Candle* and *Mattram Park*. The child who leaves home is an idea she has used before, in *Mattram Park* and *The Buttercup Field*, and there is some feeling in *Canary Yellow* that she is unnecessarily repeating herself. But she is exceptionally good at conveying to the reader the feelings of boredom, loneliness and guilt which the young runaway usually experiences, also how the attraction and excitement of new experience can rapidly turn to fear and pain. Nothing much, in a narrative sense, happens, but that is how life often is for the moody introverted youngster who is alone. This is the kind of book one would want to put into the hands of a mixed-up kid: it might, perhaps, be exactly what is needed.

In *Roses All the Way* it is not a teenager who vanishes but a young boy who is being looked after by his elder sister while Mum is out. The authors of Pyramid Books are often complimented on the way they are able to suggest so much in such a short space, and how they manage to avoid, in writing for a series that has certain narrow well-defined limits, churning out stuff written to a formula. *Roses All the Way* is no exception; confused but hopeful relationships in a difficult family are not only portrayed well, but allowed, even in such a brief work, to develop and move on. Sally, experiencing the double shock of her brother's disappearance and her mother's intended second marriage, nearly goes under but manages to cope and learn something about growing up; a nice irony, too, is that it is her boy-friend, who is much less involved in the immediate drama than she is, who is unable to assist at the moment his help is most needed.

One slightly disquieting note, certainly about *Runaways* and *Roses all the Way*, is the quality of the English. The prose style in both novels is flat, unpoetic, and perhaps too simple, as if the authors feel that the teenage reader can't take in a complex sentence or images other than the obvious. No such inhibitions mar the best novels written for younger children, and it is not helpful to the adolescent to suggest that he or she cannot absorb any thought and feeling that is original or unusual or imaginative. Jill Chaney's prose is also, on the surface, flat and simple, but she has this ability to convey, underneath, shifting moods and emotions through the imagery and the rhythms of the sentences, frequently and successfully by marrying vocabulary and landscape to the thought processes of her central character.

David Rees

Troubles in times past

BARBARA C. FREEMAN:
The Summer Travellers
Macmillan. £3.95. (333 23034 6)

ELISABETH MACE:
The Rushton Inheritance
André Deutsch. £3.50. (233 96969 1)

Fifty, forty, thirty years ago, the world of children's literature was not small enough to be familiar and well-charted. Nesbit, Ransome, Alcott, Lofting, Milne stood out as well-known authors to be read and re-read, each time with fresh delight. Today, for every memorable book there are literally *hundreds* which, though agreeable enough, are unlikely to last for posterity.

Two such books, *The Summer Travellers*, by Barbara C. Freeman and *The Rushton Inheritance*, by Elisabeth Mace, would make light weekend reading for almost any eleven-year-old with time on his or her hands. Both stories are set in the nineteenth century, the first in the London of 1827, where three children, orphaned and friendless, are taken under the wing of a kindly but impecunious painter of portrait miniatures whom they call Uncle Farfield. When they overhear a rich client referring to them as parasites who are delving their guardian into penury and putting his career in jeopardy, they decide to run away and seek their own fortune. The story of their flight and of their search for the mysterious village of Maidbrook St Anne is a tortuous one and the final outcome is difficult to credit, but some good characters emerge from the confusion, notably old Jess Stone, "the Rhyming Snipper" (a travelling silhouette cutter), and Sue, self-appointed leader of the three children.

The Rushton Inheritance, though it lacks the gentle, romantic appeal of the first, is arguably the better book. It is a ghost story turned inside out—a late eighteenth-century setting with a present-day ghost (a device which is only partially successful). Fourteen-year-old Tom Rushton is "haunted" by Steve, great-grandson of his baby brother, who brings news of treasure to be found in the Rushton family. A search begins which leads to a tense feud between Tom's family and their rivals in the village. The plot is well controlled and tightly knit and the dialogue is pungent, but the climax could well be a let-down to young readers, whose preconceived ideas of treasure are hardly likely to coincide with those of the author.

Ann Evans

Holiday happenings

GERALDINE SYMONS:
Second Cousins Once Removed
Macmillan. £3.95. (333 23261 5)

JOHN TULLY:
Johnny and the Yank
Methuen. £3.75. (416 86170 9)

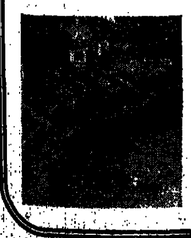
Geraldine Symons's new novel contains many familiar ingredients: the solitary child enthralled by the prospect of a visit to boisterous and eccentric relatives; the dark old house in Cornwall whose occupants provide much food for speculation; the moment of danger for the central characters. However, as readers of her "Pansy and Atalanta" stories will know, there is nothing dull or played-out about the author's conception of character or her method of presenting an apparently traditional theme. *Second Cousins Once Removed* is set in 1936, and occasionally the narrative approaches deliberate parody, with the holiday adventures of that era as its target. But the book can also be read as a straightforward contribution to the genre; distinguished by its lucid and vigorous prose. It is imaginative without being coy, exciting without being implausible.

The cousins of the title with their extravagant names — Hamlet, Orpheus, Persephone, Rameses and Ariadne — are no more enchanting than spirited and responsive Annie, from the other, the more respectable, branch of the family tree. Annie has an oddly literal way of reacting to a cliché: when the amateur detective among the cousins talks grandly about a red herring, the young visitor sees it being rushed up the lane on a string. Persephone—Seph—is the embryo actress whose talents include an ability to remain stately even when she is crouching behind a gorse bush; even the odd but benevolent ghost, a stock figure in this type of fiction, is imbued with a truly original quality of strangeness. An excellent and enjoyable story.

John Tully is less successful with his stock figures in *Johnny and the Yank*. Among these are an American millionaire who started life as a newsboy; a mercenary; a vulgar stepmother; and a moronic bodyguard named Dirk. The narrator is Johnny Harrison, a clever and engaging young hoodlum who is less tough than he imagines. The plot is centred on the loss and recovery of a diamond necklace and the action is incessant. The story has some moments of genuine comedy, a free-and-easy tone and a totally undemanding narrative.

Patricia Craig

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DENT

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ALAN WILDSMITH:
The Northern Phantom
André Deutsch. £3.95. (233 97002 9)

ADELE GERAS:
The Girls in the Velvet Frame
Hamish Hamilton. £3.75. (241 10011 9)

There is an inauspicious beginning to Mr Hatchett's reign as headmaster of St Bede's in *The Northern Phantom*. It is bad enough that a "great big 'ole" should appear in his playground. Injury is heaped on injury when a flood of homebound juniors sweeps him off his feet and down the 'ole.

Comedy is uppermost in the early pages of *The Northern Phantom*. The accident-prone headmaster, striving to match his southern philosophy to the mores and language of the West Riding, is often very funny. So too is the aptly-named Mrs O'Hellion, who guides the young into the paths of righteousness with vivid stories of hell-fire. Poor Mrs O'Hellion! The devil, released from bondage and escaping up the old ventilation shaft into the playground of St Bede's, makes straight for her bicycle and bewitches it. In a subsequent theological argument Mr Hatchett is utterly pronounced by this formidable female and left, "in a trance, overcome by the smell of brimstone". Alan Wildsmith devotes some of his happiest inventions to Mrs O'Hellion. Having overslept on the morning of the children's first Communion, she leaped out of bed, cursed and ran to the bathroom, flannel nightie flapping around her heels like a winding sheet 'on a freshly risen corpse".

At the same time, from the early stages of the book onwards a more serious note is sounded. Bob and Fred, loutish teenagers in the top class, are not altogether funny in their quest of maturity, and their sensitive courtship of two nice shopgirls is affecting not only for its pathos. Then suddenly the story changes gear and turns into high drama concerning a disaster at the pit. The reconciliation is neatly worked out and the last word is left with Mrs O'Hellion, her faith miraculously restored.

Mr Wildsmith has so far been best known for his short, naive stories of Canada. Here, remembering his own Yorkshire childhood, he moves into an altogether higher league.

Poverty and foul language notwithstanding, life in a post-war Yorkshire town is happy enough, thanks to the survival of the family. Family is the key to happiness in the genteel poverty of Jerusalem in 1913 where Sarah Bernstein and her five daughters—*The Girls in the Velvet Frame*—keep up appearances while awaiting news from the first-born, Isaac, who has gone to America to make his fortune (and to avoid marrying Ruth Gluckmann). Compared with Yorkshire, life in Jerusalem is uneventful. For the babies, spice is added to life by a daily battle with the boy next door over the welfare of his rabbits. The elder girls get their thrills by visiting their aunt Mimi who is, perhaps, no better than she ought to be. The eldest, Rifka, is almost betrothed at thirteen to David, whose parents are rich and proud; all except grandfather whose eyes still twinkle.

This gentle small story is built around a photograph of the five girls. Photography is only for the rich in pre-war Jerusalem, but Mimi gets this one done for nothing—her relationship with the photographer will not bear investigation—and through it the children trace their errant brother.

That is all there is of plot. Adèle Geras avoids drama. When David leaves Palestine for college in Germany, at the time is summer, 1914, but she drops no hint of what is to come on the world stage to prolong the separation of the young lovers. The appeal of this charming book comes, instead, from the accurate, pone-rending and quite unsentimental portraits of the five children and of their elders.

Marcus Crouch

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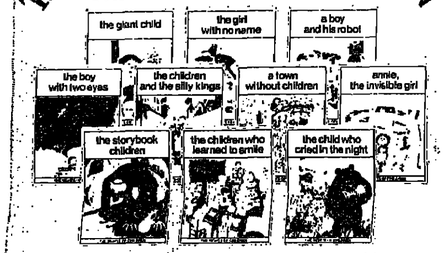


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Basil Blackwell, Publisher 5 Alfred Street, Oxford

Word-hoard

MICHAEL HARRISON and CHRISTOPHER STUART-CLARKE (Editors) :
The New Dragon Book of Verse
Oxford University Press. £2.95. (19 831240 7)

This is a wholesome anthology, not so much a bun-fight as a picnic hamper thoroughly packed in an excellent kitchen. Adult readers will anticipate many of its delights, particularly if they are familiar with the original *Dragon Book of Verse* (first published in 1935), while the nine to fifteen year olds for whom it has been designed will receive excellent nourishment in the fresh air of imagination, although they may have some difficulty reading the 10pt typeface and the even more diminutive lettering of the authors' names.

The poems are worked into eight reliable themes—Landscapes, Seascapes, Creatures, Childhood, People, War, Mystery, Reflections—and each section is preceded by a double-page illustration, the first of which (by Jacqueline Atkinson) cleverly positions a spreading tree in the centre so that it frames a richly various rural landscape on one side and a smoking city on the other. What is most interesting, though, and indicative of the anthology's traditional bias, is the ensuing section's emphasis on a scenic view determined by the elements and the seasons. The nearest one gets to a sustained look at a relatively modern city is Robert Bridges's "London Snow". This, of course, is fair enough and, like all the other sections, "Landscapes" contains a selection of fine poems, but it is all very English, mellow, and miles from Terry Street—just a little too exclusive in its poetic respectability.

The War section seems to play safe and decent in a similar way. Again, the illustration promises a range which is not fulfilled. Gallantry, heroics, compassion, irony are there but, with a very few exceptions, a bait is called at 1918. Apart from the mandatory "Naming of Parts", Alan Ross's "Night Patrol" is the only poem to deal with the immediate experience of the Second World War. There is no Keith Douglas, Alun Lewis, Randall Jarrell—and Jon Stallworthy's "A Poem about Poems about Vietnam" seems, implicitly, to write off all poetry about that particular war as being the ineffectual, even irresponsible, anger of non-participants. It was a poor choice to end the section with this piece; at least it might have been paired with a poem by Adrian Mitchell or Denise Levertov.

In fact, as one reads more deeply into *The New Dragon Book of Verse* it begins to appear that the editors have a rather limited appreciation of contemporary verse. Ted Hughes (deservedly) gets his six, Spender once more is kept from rough children, Timothy Winters is prayed for, and Man is killed in five ways; but there is nothing much that a glimpse at a few recent school anthologies would not have suggested. The book is announced as containing "a balanced selection of poems old and new" but it is a half-hearted balance to say the least: or, rather, it seems only too clear where the editors' hearts lie, and that is firmly among the traditional fare, much of which has been taken from the 1935 anthology. Here, there can be no grumbles. Everything is generously provided: narratives, odes, solemn music, magic, mystery and humour. Within the traditions, where little risk need be involved, the balance is excellent, and if I seem unduly concerned about the contemporary it is only because this very attractive, sensibly priced book's Oxford imprint is likely to guarantee it a circulation (not least across the Headmaster's table at Prizegiving) denied to most other anthologies. Whether through loss of nerve or lack of interest, its energy lies mainly in the backward look.

John Mole

Fully versed

NORMAN LINDSAY :
Puddin' Poems
Angus and Robertson. £2.95. (207 13528 2)

At seven or thereabouts I first devoured *The Magic Pudding*, loving both the story and Norman Lindsay's illustrations, but with a slight feeling that the poems, some of which are rather long, had been more entertaining to him then they were to me. Thirty-five years later, after much study of Victoriana, they seem a good deal funnier.

The story is of a strangely gifted pudding, equipped with spindly arms and legs and wearing its bowl as a hat, which is befriended, defended and devoured by some amiable and hungry wanderers in the Australian bush. The Pudding is an irascible little beast with a high sense of its own value: which is considerable, because it spontaneously renews itself as soon as it is eaten. There are forays by pudding thieves, which its patrons frustrate. The Pudding is not a bit grateful:

I wouldn't be a puddin'
If I could be a bird,
If I could be a wooden
Doll, I wouldn't say a word.
Yes, I have often heard
It's grand to be a bird,
But as I am a puddin',
A puddin' in a pot,
I hope you get the stomachache
For eatin' me a lot.
I hope you get it hot,
You puddin'-eatin' lot!

Lindsay wrote the book, very quickly, to "prove" that children are as interested in food as in fairies. The book was published in 1918, but Lindsay (b 1879) was in many ways a Victorian, a fact which shows in the literary echoes in the poems. Looking at them again, I understood a mischievous remark once made by Colin McInnes, to the effect that these bush-roving Australians (one a koala bear) were really Pommies in disguise. In a sense that is true, for Lindsay's models were English. There are memories of Gilbert's *Bab Ballads* ("'Twas on the Saucy *Soup Tureen*"), and the following stanza has a line which Lewis Carroll might not have disowned:

It's worse than kerosene to bonse,
It's worse than ginger hair,
It's worse than anything to lose
A Puddin' rich and rare.

Best of all are the echoes of the blacker, more boisterous Dickens, who invented Sam Weller's talk of the sausage-maker who may have rashly converted himself into sausages, and the rumour that Mr Pa Aunt had sold her body to a pie-shop, and then tried to welsh on the deal. My favourite is "Sam's Love for the Magic Pudding", beginning "That Puddin', sir, of me have sailed the seas" and ending "I've knowed that Puddin' since he were a boy". This is pure Uncle Pumblechook, and what goes between sounds like Captain Cuttle in Bedlam, or perhaps an impression of the sailor's life composed jointly by Mr Micawber, Flora Finchley and Mrs Mortlib.

A book, then, which, if uneven, is great fun. But why the poems should have been prised from their matrix is not clear to me, since the same publishers have two editions of the complete work to offer, and surely that is what everyone should have.

Randolph Stow

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Abelard

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When they're bad they're horrid

The Balloon that Brought Luck is a nice, wholesome story about life in a village community. What makes it unusual is that it is told partly from an old lady's point of view. Mrs Pratt is a retired but quite energetic person who has come to live in a village where the school is trying to raise the money to build a swimming pool. The story is about her friendship with a boy called Weedy Gurden: Mary Cockett has managed to convey the way these two see each other and gradually come to be friends by telling the story alternately from the point of view of first one and then the other. Mrs Pratt is a gentle, balanced soul who is slightly lonely without being pathetic.

The story begins with Weedy going from door to door collecting sponsors for his brother who is going to take part in a swim to raise money for the new pool (the dismal nature of this job is well conveyed). The old lady is glad to talk to him, but hesitates to agree to be a sponsor. Suddenly she offers to swim herself, and even to raise her own sponsors. This causes a sensation, and the rest of the book is about her heroic approach to the grandest house in the village and even more heroic record swim.

The publishers claim that the book is "printed in large type to make reading easier". In fact the type is too large for the spacing and the margins, and the overall effect is more tiring to the eyes than a smaller size of type would have been. This is even more important for children than for the rest of us.

Mary Cockett is a very professional writer of children's books, but there is some quality of mass-production about the book which is not true of the fresher, livelier *The Minister's Naughty Grandchildren*. One of the pleasures in this book is the way in which both the over-sixties and the under-tens are described with equal interest. The minister is a miserable old cross-patch, Granny his wife is cheerful and contented. Granny is always nice to Carl and Anton, and always expects the best from them. The minister always expects the worst, and is usually right.

Carl and Anton come to stay for a few weeks one summer to interrupt the minister's peaceful, self-indulgent retirement and within hours Anton has cut off the top of his finger and the old man has to get out his car and drive them, frantically, to the hospital. The episodes are delightfully awful. There is great wit in the way they are told. Eva Bexell gets all the relationships just right and then gets them across very simply. The key to the minister is his selfishness. He does not like the boys, partly because they break his belongings and interrupt his naps, but mostly because when Granny has to attend to their reasonable, childishness she doesn't have time to attend to his, totally unreasonable, childishness. The boys too are described with great skill. There is a marvellous scene in a café when Carl skilfully whips Anton into a rage by collecting three out of the five flags off the top of the ice-creams and then refusing to negotiate. Anton surely attains a higher level of ingenious naughtiness than the average child, but each fearsome act has an authentic ring. Part of the pleasure is in this authenticity, part in the sheer wickedness of it all. Gerald Rose's drawings go with these escapades very well: his manic bespectacled little boys are particularly good.

Denise Hill's *The Birthday Surprise* is the same kind of story as *The Balloon that Brought Luck*, but it does not try anything unusual. Similarly wholesome and unthreatening, the story is narrated by the eldest of a family of three whose mum has gone away for a few weeks and whose schoolteacher dad helps them get birthday presents ready for when she returns. The atmosphere of summer holidays in a sultry English village is caught well; the children drift through part of one day, spend a few hours on something feverishly active and then suddenly stop again. The book reads easily and would be just right for a ten-year-old in need of an escape from a more complicated real world. In the end mum comes home to a perfect birthday: the chest of drawers, the silky dressing gown, even the colour television works, and the surprise of the title surprises.

Ruth Hawthorn

Mary Cockett: *The Balloon that Brought Luck*. Illustrated by Mary Dinsdale. Kaye and Ward. £2.50. (7182 1029 8).
Eva Bexell: *The Minister's Naughty Grandchildren*. Illustrated by Gerald Rose. Translated by Joan Tate. Hamish Hamilton. £2.50. (370 30106 4)
Denise Hill: *The Birthday Surprise*. Illustrated by Maureen Bradley. Hamish Hamilton. £1.75. (241 899605)

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RUTH AINSWORTH :
Mr Jumble's Toy Shop
Illustrated by Paul Wrigley
Lutterworth Press. £3.50. (7188 2345 1)

It is fourteen years since Stephen and Sara Corrin's first collection *Stories for Seven Year Olds* appeared, and this new addition to their praiseworthy collection of anthologies reflects a shift of emphasis in our selection of stories for young children. Whereas Hans Andersen, the Grimms and De La Mare featured strongly in the earlier edition, we now have a wider thematic and geographical range so that the sixteen stories in the book include tales from Ireland, Greece, Russia, Italy and Canada. We are also given examples from the best of modern story-telling ranging from the *Just So Stories*, through James Reeves to Joan Aiken's enchanting *A Necklace of Raindrops*. Legend, folk tale and myth dominate the selection, revealing to the younger child areas of experience that can be realized in no other way than in story.

The best stories in this collection are those retold by skilled and responsive narrators. Philippa Pearce's "Cave of the Cyclops" is a fine example: the power and excitement of the Odyssey is conveyed with simplicity and economy yet nothing is lost of the original's spirit of quest, danger and triumph. Stephen Corrin's own contributions, too, are an object lesson in the storyteller's art. The hilarious "Boffy and the Teacher Eater" by M. Stuart-Barry represents the rumbustious, irreverent story which is vital to a post-Python generation of readers. This is essentially a collection to be shared. The stories, and Shirley Hughes's illustrations, if introduced by caring, appreciative tellers of tales, will become childhood friends.

Ruth Ainsworth's stories also work best when read aloud, hence her success as a radio writer. She deals with secure, familiar settings into which the fantastic is introduced. The characters in *Mr Jumble's Toy Shop* inhabit a world in which the frightened and lonely are comforted; predators (horrid children with names like Basil and Edwina) are kept at bay and problems are shared and solved, all under the benevolent paternalism of the proprietor. There is a timeless camaraderie about the story, reminiscent of the writer's earlier Rufty Tufty books and *The Ten Tales of Shelf-over*. Miss Ainsworth can still spin a direct, involving and unpatronizing narrative and the depiction of character and situation, like the best of the Corrins' selections, is accessible to the youngest child. The book's eleven chapters are of uniform length and each contain an independent episode, making it ideal for bedtime reading.

Colin Mills

Dreamers and doers

DAVID HENRY WILSON :
The Fastest Gun Alive and Other Night Adventures
Illustrated by Anne Mieke
Chatto and Windus. £2.95. (7011 2353 2)

GOSCINNY and SEMPÉ :
Nicholas and the Gang
Illustrated by Sempé
Translated by Anthea Bell
Abelard-Schuman. £2.95. (200 72563 7)

The publishers describe the stories in David Henry Wilson's new collection as "hilarious"—which they certainly are—and "thought-provoking". This, it turns out, is simply their word for what is nothing more nor less than the Cautionary Tale, reborn with a ruthlessness and panache that Belloc himself would have approved.

In their dreams—the twelve children of Miss Arnold's class at Wimpleford Junior School pursue their daytime preoccupations to their logical conclusions, and a rich mine of absurdity they provide. There is the bully, who finds his fear growing uncontrollably huge, the suck-a-thumb, the television addict, the girl who despises punctuation and the boy who thinks it might be fun to be an orphan. Not all are free of stereotype however. For the fat boy there is consolation and there is pathos as well in the tales of the old boot and of the boy who went to the moon. While for little Melvin Woolaway, the smallest boy in the class, and those ten housepoints so unjustly taken away—not for nothing is Big Mel the Fastest Gun Alive.

David Henry Wilson's style is as witty and inventive as his ideas and for the most part he keeps his bubbles of fantasy in the air with ease and aplomb. But behind the laughter there is a gentle understanding which makes these stories endearing as well as moral.

Moral is hardly the word to describe Goscinny's incorrigible schoolboy, Nicholas. He and his gang rampage through life, fighting and yelling and turning somersaults, circled warily by helplessly despairing parents and teachers. Nicholas, like William, always means well and can never understand why all his best ideas seem to turn disastrous in the cold adult world. Unlike William, however, he seems to have been written with one eye on those very adults and may well, therefore, lack instant entrée into the hearts of his contemporaries. The innocent observations smack a little too much of archness, even in Anthea Bell's admirably colloquial translation, and the humour of the visit to Mr Barlow's weekend cottage or of Mary Jane's presence at the gang's tea party is likely to be lost on the young. Sempé's illustrations add a good deal of charm.

Anne Carter

Special powers

JIM SLATER :
Goldenrod
Illustrated by Christopher Chamberlain
Cape. £2.95. (224 01629 6)

It is easy to feel a faint antagonism towards public figures who produce a book for children, a "so they think anyone can do it" resentment, and it is often justified; but Jim Slater has done this job competently. William Rod (the nickname that gives the book its title seems forced), blind for the first few years of his life, has three uncommon powers; at the climax of the book he uses them to foil a plane hijack. The action is kept going briskly, if with little subtlety, and though the characters are only outlines, they are firm ones. The worst flaw of the book is in its stock villains—the thin dark one with too much hair oil, the stupid shabby, heavyweight. A lesser failing is the occasional air of anxious explanation, and the glossary is a mistake.

Goldenrod is set chiefly in India and Slater handles his exotic background well; a foreign setting can deter the young reader, but the familiar ease with which it is treated here should avoid that. It is refreshing to find among the Indian characters not only an ayah and a fakir, but a vet, a police dog handler, and an ophthalmic surgeon. The book ends with a hint of more stories to come; if they are as neat as this, they will be welcome.

Joy Chant

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K. M. Peyton



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1478 1978 **Oxford University Press**

Familiar images

JAMES RIORDAN (Editor) :
Tales from Tartary
Illustrated by Anthony Colbert
Kestrel. £3.95. (7226 5362 X)

CAROL KENDALL and YAO-WEN LI (Editors) :
Sweet and Sour
Tales from China
Illustrated by Shirley Felts
Bodley Head. £2.95. (370 30120 X)

BARBARA KER WILSON (Editor) :
The Turtle and the Island
Folk Tales from Papua, New Guinea
Illustrated by Tony Oliver
Hodder and Stoughton. £4.50.
(340 20929 1)

The folk stories of other societies than our own serve two good purposes at least—they stretch the mind with curious detail, unfamiliar and perhaps enticing names and landscapes and exteriors, while leaving the fundamentals and the form satisfactorily familiar. From China to Peru they live metaphorically in recognizably similar ways, and the child surveying mankind at several removes can hardly fail to savour the ritualistic richness of this.

So folk stories from Tartary, China and Papua New Guinea overlap, being human rather than national. But as in all things folkloristic (a word that raises smiles in this country, though used quite straightfacedly elsewhere) presentation counts enormously. The lumpishly told folk tale is about as soggy as a tale can be.

No fear of this in James Riordan's lively *Tales from Tartary*. He sets his stories in a modern context by explaining how an Irishman came to collect specifically Tartar stories for his second volume of Russian tales. The Irishman married a Tartar who turned up at his Moscow flat looking for her Kirgiz cousin, its previous occupant, and, from her relations in their Tartar *auls* (which means groups of tents, or tents in a group, I am not clear which) he heard stories still told in the eight hundred-year-old oral tradition. Some are embroideries upon historical facts, some illustrate hoary proverbs, which we meet in a new image ("Today's egg is better than tomorrow's chicken" sounds crisper than our familiar tag about the hand and the bush). There are the usual outwittings (of wolf, fox, giant and similar nasties), the usual sharp practices (by the sharpwitted weak in dealing with the powerful), and a story involving Genghis Khan that is much like the Thousand and One Nights. Some have a wily hero called Abdurkase, who turns up all over the place in Tartar folklore. Some reflect the harshness of nomadic life: the killing of infants, the old and the sick. Some involve Aladdin, direct ancestor of the present Aga Khan, whom Marco Polo described; some Genghis there called Chingis) Khan, grandfather of Coleridge's Kubla, the first Tartar to rule China. This is a keepable book, full of riches, and any child who thrills, as children once did, to the roll-call of Tartar names in *Sohrab and Rustum*:

Those wilder hordes
Who roam o'er Kipchak and the northern waste,
Kalmuks and unkempt Kuzzaks, tribes who stray
Nearest the Pole, and wandering Kirghizzes . . .

—will find a satisfyingly sonorous familiarity in many used here.

Sweet and Sour moves into China, with some very ancient stories and some fairly recent ones, but most of the rest in between, some overlapping with Tartar ones. Yao-Wen Li, who left China thirty years ago, went back for a visit in 1973 and collected the stories which Carol Kendall has rewritten and fleshed out, since the originals were spare and skinny, and immensely compressed. They are attractive and attractively told, with suitably spare and delicate line drawings by Shirley Felts; less adventurous on the whole than the Tartar ones, more inclined to introspection and small smiles and an almost private sense of humour. Again, the powerful and clever and wolfish get their comeuppance, the simple and poor inherit the earth—or at least marry the princess. Some contain philosophical propositions like the one about the irresistible force and the immovable object (a spear irresistibly sharp and a shield impenetrably strong), some illustrate Taoist ideas, some are spooky, some are plain jokes.

There are no jokes or anecdotes or sophisticated philosophical trifles in *The Turtle and the Island*, which contains folk stories from Papua New Guinea collected by a university teacher from his pupils and rewritten by Barbara Ker Wilson. These are all directly mythical: explanations of the physical world in metaphysical terms or moral lessons to teach virtue and wisdom. The students who brought them along to Mr Stokes remembered them vividly from childhood, though the culture they had been exposed to for years at school was entirely different from theirs. They are not stories to illustrate a saying or a joke or—except in the broadest sense—an event in history; but tales to tell people how to live by understanding how they came to live in that particular place, in those particular circumstances. They tell how the island of Goinan was formed in the Pacific (by a turtle), how fire was brought to the people (by a cockatoo in one story, by witches in another), how volcanoes were formed, how crocodiles and dolphins began, how coconut, betelnut, banana, breadfruit, cacao, papaya and sugar-cane appeared on the islands (growing from the bodies of the dead). They also teach how to behave in life, why people must die (there is a Fall from original innocence which is less anthropomorphic than ours in Eden), what death means and what immortality involves. One of the stories, "Why there is death", explains in strangely platonic terms the idea of death. The New Guineans do not (or did not, until recently) move about; they live (or lived) tribally, in the presence of their ancestors. Knowing their descendants would do the same. This (perhaps enviable) sedentariness has produced a religious folklore that is comparable not so much to the stories of Tartary or China or the familiar fairy tales of Europe as to didactic books, religiously inspired. Curious illustrations printed in sepia add to the text's air of mystery and of a sort of densely local universality.

Isabel Quigly



Perfect pitch

The James Reeves Story Book
Illustrated by Edward Ardizzone
Heinemann £3.95. (434 95897 2)

Since the death of Walter de la Mare in 1956, no British poet or writer of stories has made a more valuable contribution to children's literature in English than the late James Reeves. In this field, he directed his attention mainly towards the younger reader, and perhaps partly because of this his writing for children seems rooted not so much in the tangled darknesses of the folk and fairy tradition of northern and eastern Europe as in a simpler, sweeter world of fantasy and comedy that is also the domain of Shakespeare's rustics in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Throughout his writing life Reeves remained true to his own declaration that its technique and style as a poet were based on a personal concept of the English tradition: something based, in its turn, on "the nature and genius of the language". In a revealing comment on the nineteen stories contained in *The James Reeves Story Book*, the author remarks that the style here is also influenced by his bad eyesight: that the tales are "done, as it were, not by eye but by ear". But this, of course, is one of the book's major strengths. To savour its quality fully, one must read it aloud. Only then are its finest qualities revealed in their full and proper glory: the musicality and precision of language, the skilful construction of dramatic narrative, the unfailing ability of the writer to produce, in parallel with a simple-seeming text, the resonances and reverberations appropriate to the folk idiom.

Some of the stories here collected and reprinted are original; others are re-tellings of traditional tales. Always, Reeves is unerringly in tune with the tastes, needs, and secret expectations of his audience. Who could fail to warm to the human touch he gives, for example, and almost with the air of an aside, to "Eleven White Pigeons" as the story approaches its climax?

> The Queen wept for joy; so busy was she embracing the Princes and hugging her only daughter that she could hardly eat. As for the King, he was too busy eating to embrace anyone until there was no more food. Afterwards, he made up for it.

Again, in "The Old Woman and the Four Nuisses", Reeves demonstrates consummately all that is best in the oral tale: plainness of language, musical phrasing—"But the squeaking of the door, and the creaking of the floor and the rattling of the window were not the only sounds to be heard in the old woman's cottage"—the subtle repetition of phrase and motif, the continuous twist of a story-line that holds the reader firmly to the last word.

This collection also celebrates the long and fruitful collaboration of Reeves with Edward Ardizzone, an artist who shows himself as acutely sensitive and individually responsive to the variant qualities of sunlight and shadow in the work of James Reeves as he has to the rather different writings for children of Robert Graves and de la Mare. This variation of approach made by Ardizzone to the work of such distinctive writers has always seemed to me worthy of close study: the altogether broader and more open style adopted for the Graves of *Anne at Highwood Hall* for instance, and the darkly incisive, miniaturist quality with which the illustrations for de la Mare's *Peacock Pie* are invested. With the Reeves pictures, on the other hand, the mutual understanding between Reeves and Ardizzone seems to have been complete.

Some of the present narratives were evidently conceived originally as tales with pictures. In his introduction, Reeves tells us that Ardizzone prefers a text "in which the author avoids purely descriptive writing and leaves it to the artist to bring the action, the person or the scene to life". The demands of such a precept on writer and illustrator are delicate and dangerous but are here met with extraordinary success. At the same time, Reeves's word (like Ardizzone's line) is perfectly capable of standing triumphantly and tellingly by itself alone. The point about a poet and storyteller of James Reeves's gifts and range is that, literally from one's earliest years he becomes a companion for life. Unquestionably, many more than the merely young will see to it that his work will not have died with him.

Charles Causley

Going to the pictures

[illegible] exactly ten years since [illegible] Meyer's wordless picture [illegible] Vicki was published; it seems [illegible] now, but timely, to recall the [illegible] events it engendered about the [illegible] use of a book. Could a picture [illegible] story be however eloquent, be called [illegible] book" if there was no text? In the case of *Vicki*, the story of an [illegible] child gradually making a [illegible] friendship, the silent medium [illegible] was arguably, the heart of the [illegible] matter. But what no one in 1968 [illegible] could have expected, was that by [illegible] 1978 not only should we have had [illegible] numerous wordless picture books, [illegible] but that educationists should be [illegible] using them as the great levellers [illegible] of mixed ability classes: the child [illegible] who does not read text easily tends [illegible] to see more in pictures than does [illegible] the literate peer.

[illegible] the pendulum has swung to [illegible] the extreme limit—given impetus, [illegible] no doubt, by the ease with which [illegible] wordless picture books can be sold [illegible] in the international publishing [illegible] market. *The Snowman*, a new picture book by Raymond Briggs, can [illegible] be translated into any language [illegible] under the sun in the time it takes [illegible] to locate the relevant dictionary. [illegible] Briggs's style adopted for the [illegible] Graves of *Anne at Highwood Hall* [illegible] for instance, and the darkly incisive, miniaturist quality with which [illegible] the illustrations for de la Mare's *Peacock Pie* are invested. With the [illegible] Reeves pictures, on the other hand, [illegible] the mutual understanding between [illegible] Reeves and Ardizzone seems to [illegible] have been complete.

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Charles Causley

The combination of Roald Dahl as storyteller with Quentin Blake as illustrator must be the recipe for a bestseller. You have only to open *The Enormous Crocodile* and lay the book flat on its stomach (something no bibliophile would ever do) to see Quentin Blake at his best—for to the Crocodile's great, toothy mouth on the front cover is joined his long body with its vicious swishing tail on the back. The Crocodile is a crafty, hungry beast: "The sort of things I'm going to eat/Have fingers, toenails, arms and legs and feet." Roald Dahl's snapping verses do not scan but they do scare. He tells how the Crocodile's determination ("Ho ho") to eat at least three juicy little children is foiled by the scandalized birds and beasts of the jungle; but not before Crocodile has had fun pretending to be a date palm, a sunbathing roundboat, animal. Roald Dahl's verbal relish in cruelty-to-come is both matched and made bearable by Quentin Blake's pictures of the Enormous Crocodile contorting itself, eyes agleam, into come-hither disguises. The end is never in doubt, yet the story will be asked for again and again because the vicarious thrill of *almost* being eaten by a crocodile is infinitely desirable.

There is no such delicious fear in Philippe Dumas's *The Little Giant*, an elegant tale about a small girl who is the "little giant" to her dolls and who shrinks to their size at night. Together they sally forth to seashore and fields, woodland and pond—and get home in time for breakfast. The night-time pictures in pen-and-ink and watercolour are delicate and detailed. The book has considerable charm, a reflection of the small safe world of the French bourgeoisie.

Ostentatiously vulgar by comparison is *Albert Herbert Hawkins and the Space Rocket* by Frank Dickens, a cartoonist whose style has an open appeal. Here "the Naughtiest Boy in the World" does an experiment with white mice at Cape Canaveral to prove that even astronauts have phobias.

White mice are the main characters in *Pippin and Pod* by Michelle Cartlidge, a new author artist who draws and paints on a diminutive scale. Flowers, fruit, cranes, lorries, swings, fishernice and a host of other tiny objects are here for the observant to identify in these clear watercolour pictures.

Many picture books are published for the sheer joy they will bring to children; but others, while entertaining their readers have a serious underlying social or political message, or are published with a view to meeting an identified need. *Happy Bears Day* (sic) by Joanna Stubbs, though based on a sales-boosting pun, is an exploration of how an outsider unwittingly accepts help and therefore celebrates his birthday (he hates other bears and loathes birthday parties) in company with bears of his own age. He has run away to a secluded river bank where he begins to dam the stream to make a pool. But he needs assistance. . . . Joanna Stubbs is a careful writer; her colour paintings are boldly bearish; the pencil work on alternate openings also has strength.

Tusk Tusk by David McKee is a humorous treatment of race antagonism and its cure. "Once all elephants in the world were black or white. They loved all creatures but hated each other." Like Michael Foreman, David McKee can use humour and his considerable talents as an artist to make young people think about current issues. Militant black-and-white elephants gun for each other with their trunks—while peaceable black-and-white elephants go deep into the jungle, their progeny emerging grey.

Joan Solomon's *Berron's Tooth* and *A Day by the Sea* adopt the direct rather than the oblique approach to racial harmony by simply showing it in existence. In these photographic picture books she and photographer Richard Harvey tell simple stories about a group of Asian, black, and white children's small adventures: a loose tooth gets lost, and found again, in the course of a school day; during an outing to the seaside Berron discovers that white horses do not have four legs.

Errol Lloyd's *Nini at Carnival* is all black—a happy picture book about suspended disbelief: Nini is carried away by the "magic spell" that her friend, who is dressed as a fairy, casts over her. Wrapped in a strip of coloured cotton, Nini becomes Queen of the Carnival.

The Bodley Head pioneered British-originated picture books centring on black children. Now they are trying a new experiment for other ethnic minorities: the reissue of books like Ezra Jack Keats's *Hi, Cat!* with the English text *and* an Italian (*Ciao, Micetto!*) or Greek (Γεια σου, Γατε!) translation on the same page. This interesting idea has possible advantages for everyone other than the young reader in any language who has been encouraged to scan line after line, and may not easily recognize that the slight change in the size and colour of the type indicates the beginning of a different language.

Folk tales are the real common coin, and picture book versions continue to flourish. Peter Edwards has produced no less than six "traditional" tales for Macmillan this year, admitting frankly that he has "benr" the material to give himself better opportunities for visual fun: *Simply Size* (each book has "Simply" as the first word of the title) is a happy Indian extravaganza. It is the most successful of this rather strange group, possibly because the story is the least familiar.

Mirra Ginsburg's *Little Rystu* is a Central Asian folk tale about nature and the creative genius of a peasant boy: he can play a reed pipe to perfection in freedom but is incapable of making music on a silver pipe to entertain the Khan's children. Tony Chen's beige, sepia and blue paintings of children and animals have their own magic.

Alice Boden's quiet talent has blossomed into a bright burlesque of medieval chivalry in *The Four Sons of Amon*, an old French tale of courage that leads to death—and immortality.

With all the clever picture books and the original ideas embodied in them, with the response to demands for reflection of this or that cultural need, one could easily neglect simple books for the toddler: reassuring, clearly illustrated, straightforward books like Wendy Watson's *Lollipop* and Eve Rice's *Sam Who Never Forgets*. *Lollipop* is about a mother rabbit who says "No" to constant demands for one, but finally, when Bunny has been lost for longer than usual, says "Yes", an much to comfort herself as to appease him. *Sam Who Never Forgets* is a colourful Zoo excursion about the keeper who remembers—*at last*—to feed the baby elephant. Could it be that there is a moral for us here?

Elaine Moss

RAYMOND BRIGGS: *The Snowman*. Hamish Hamilton. £2.95. (241 100004 6)

MARK STERN: *It's a Dog's Life*. Cape. £2.95. (224 01568 0)

ROALD DAHL: *The Enormous Crocodile*. Illustrated by Quentin Blake. Cape. £2.95. (224 01579 6)

PHILIPPE DUMAS: *The Little Giant*. Dent. £3.50. (460 06854 7)

FRANK DICKENS: *Albert Herbert Hawkins and the Space Rocket*. Benn. £2.50. (510 22507 1)

MICHELLE CARTLIDGE: *Pippin and Pod*. Heinemann. £2.40. (434 93140 3)

JOANNA STUBBS: *Happy Bears Day*. Deutsch. £3.25. (233 96999 3)

DAVID MCKEE: *Tusk Tusk*. Andersen Press. £3. (903 47827 4)

JOAN SOLOMON: *Berron's Tooth* (241 89783 1). *A Day by the Sea* (241 89782 3). Photographs by Richard Harvey Hamish Hamilton. £2.25 each.

ERROL LLOYD: *Nini at Carnival*. Bodley Head. £2.95. (370 30023 8)

EZRA JACK KEATS: *Hi Cat!* Bodley Head. £2.95. (370 30115 3)

PETER EDWARDS: *Simply Size*. Macmillan. £1.95. (333 21593 1)

MIRRA GINSBURG: *Little Rystu* Illustrated by Tony Chen. Hamish Hamilton. £3.25. (241 10012 7)

ALICE BODEN: *The Four Sons of Amon*. Hamish Hamilton. £3.50. (241 89775 0)

WENDY WATSON: *Lollilop*. Heinemann. £2.10. (434 97167 7)

EVE RICE: *Sam Who Never Forgets*. Bodley Head. £2.75. (370 30103 X)



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FOR YOUNGER CHILDREN



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Marvellously illustrated by Babette Cole, the engaging Orkney pony Mr Mendelson and his devoted musical mice will quickly find their way into the hearts of many children.

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Laurence Housman
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Moonlight and Fairyland is a timeless collection of stories, dating from 1894, by the author of *Victoria Regina*.

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Thomas Keneally's thoroughly delightful story, captured in the striking illustrations of Stephen Ryan, will not only bring children hours of entertainment, but will probably teach them more about how bees live and work than many a science lesson.

Jim Slater
Goldenrod
Illustrated by Christopher Chamberlain
D8 128pp £4.95 ISBN 0 224 01629 6

William Rod was born in India where strange and mystical things happen. Although he was blind at birth, William's Indian nurse foretold the time when he would be able to see, and see 'better than all of us'.
All of this was to prove vital to the young boy's survival in a battle of wills in the Saudi Arabian desert, where the lives of more than one hundred people were at stake.





John Burningham
Would You Rather...
11¼" x 10½" 32pp £3.50 October
In full colour throughout
ISBN 0 224 01635 0 (XUSA)

Would you rather know a monkey you could tickle, a bear you could read to or a cat you could box with? If that one was easy, you decide whether you would rather jump in the nettles for £5, swallow a dead frog for £20 or stay the night in a creepy house for £50.

Roald Dahl & Quentin Blake
The Enormous Crocodile
10½" x 8½" 32pp £4.95
In full colour throughout
ISBN 0 224 01579 6 (XUSA)

The jungle animals, who liked little children, all hoped something dreadful would happen to him—crocodile soup for example—and as anyone who has read *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* will realize, curious surprises often lie in store for those who are greedy in a Roald Dahl story.



Children's Book Banners
Ann Oxenbury & Helen Maschler
D8 32pp 4 October
In full colour throughout
ISBN 0 224 [illegible]

The Long Dive
Mr and Mrs Smith
8" x 10½" 32pp £2.95 October
In full colour throughout
ISBN 0 224 01614 8 (XUSA)

When Ray and Catriona Smith's first book, *The Long Slide*, appeared the *Observer* proclaimed it 'magnificent' and *The Times Educational Supplement* called it 'one of those rare books that stands right out from the rest'.

Alice and Martin Provensen
The Year at Maple Hill Farm
12¼" x 9¼" 32pp £2.95
In full colour throughout
ISBN 0 224 01550 8

FOR OLDER CHILDREN

Joan Aiken
Go Saddle the Sea
Line decorations by Pat Marriott
LC8 304pp £3.95
ISBN 0 224 01546 X

The trials for a lad making his way across Spain in the early nineteenth century were many.
From the precipitous Spanish coast to the port of Falmouth, the journey proceeds as only Joan Aiken's rare sense of adventure could make it. *Go Saddle the Sea* is a story to take gripping hold of the imagination until the last superbly unpredictable page.

Rachel Anderson
Moffatt's Road
Illustrated by Pat Marriott
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Mary Treadgold
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Written almost forty years ago in an air-raid shelter at the height of the blitz, *We Couldn't Leave Dinah* was Mary Treadgold's first book, and it won her the Carnegie Medal for the most outstanding



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WORLD'S WORK LTD

Of mice and men

JOHNNY MORRIS (Editor) :
The Faber Book of Animal Stories
Faber. £3.50. (571 11221 8)

GREGORY HARRISON :
Daniel
Illustrated by Francis Scholes
Oxford University Press. £2.95. (19 271421 X)

GLYN PREWER :
Tyto
The Odyssey of an Owl
Dent. £3.50. (460 06865 2)

Animals (like servants, children, the working poor, and for much the same reasons) took long to reach a lead position in English fiction. Brought into prominence by *Black Beauty* (1877), given prestige by *Tarka the Otter* (Hawthornden prize-winner for 1928), the animal story fast became a genre of its own with an acknowledged place in literature. The best books tend to be of that most difficult kind to write well, an animal's life traced from an animal's view (*Red Fox* by C. D. G. Roberts, *Abandoned* by C. D. Griffiths). But they also include some human-based novels which illuminate animal understanding; of this sort *Julie and the Wolves* by J. Craighead George and *An American Ghost* by Chester Anrom must be among the best recent books for the young.

Yet it is a more particular genre than many anthologists and cataloguers suppose. It does not, or should not, take in traditional fables (Aesop, La Fontaine); with a few exceptions these merely use an animal cast to act out human weaknesses. (This objection holds for all those myths or tales about how a leopard obtained its spots or a hare its ears.) It does not take in the yarns of the big-game hunter. Even a "nature" book such as *Revis* has no place in the list. Look under the reputation and the insidious writing and you find one of the most disturbing prestige classics in the calendar. Revis, the bland, pink hero boy, whose detestable behaviour to servants is outside our theme, starts his holidays by attempting to beat a donkey to death; he has by the end more success (armed with gun, trap, harpoon, whip, snare, rod) with the otter and other woodland creatures. A piece of human observation, yes: an animal story, no.

What of the new books here? They could hardly illustrate these various points more aptly. Johnny Morris's *Faber Book of Animal Stories* takes in all the main kinds of tale (as well as some outlying ones) and represents most of the leading names: Roberts, Seton, Hudson, Williamson, Batten, Mowat among them—not G. D. Griffiths though, or Fabre, for that matter: masters both. He has chosen rather well from Durrell and Attenborough, avoiding the over-comic note that flaws so much of Durrell; but then well, I think, from Herriot. Animals are not "funny". Popular veterinary casebook tales rarely promote a serious interest in animals; they do promote an interest in the vet and his mystique. W. J. Long's North American wood-mouse story (the mouse has to be taught to fear man when the author learns) and Clarelike fineness. In its totally different way Seton's Outlaw horse (which finally wins its freedom) is another shining tale, none the worse for underplaying the sadism that almost always goes with this theme. Two legends—one on a sentiment, one on the Final Day—are reverberatingly told by Masefield. Suki slips in with "Laura". Joyce Stranger's story touches, none too strongly, on what is usually left unsaid in press reports on forest fires. And Farley Mowat's "Who was watching whom?" describes an experience which led him to discard (at first with an odd feeling of guilt) "all the accepted concepts of wolf nature". A significant piece, for no creature has suffered more or has been brought nearer to total extinction through myth and nursery story. A moratorium on *Clever Polly and the Stupid Wolf* and *The Seven Little Kids*, for a start, is not as absurd an idea as some may think.

Johnny Morris provides an agreeable foreword, but neither dates nor the briefest of commentaries, and these are real omissions. How, without clues, can a reader sense period attitudes? Is the inclusion of, say, Major George Bruce's "Natuk" quite guileless? In this tale the narrator finds a female husky dog dead in a trap:

> The trap had been set for wolves and wolverines, pestilent brutes both, and it was clearly right that I should set it again. I forced down the spring till I could open the powerful spiked jaws.

With the mother he finds a living pup. It becomes his personal dog, Natuk. "Perhaps because he was never treated as harshly as one has to treat sledge dogs, he showed a sensitive nature such as I have known in no other husky." Presently, the narrator falls into one of the numerous bear-traps left around, camouflaged pits filled with sharp stakes. Caught on a branch he misses being impaled (being lighter than a bear) but still knows that without help he will "starve to death miserably in that tangle of dead sticks and branches". He is saved by Natuk, at the cost of the dog's own life. The wooden headstone over his grave says: NATUK, MY SHADOW.

Good slave, kind master, and the rest nowhere. Perhaps, after all, Johnny Morris, who is no simpleton, should be congratulated on his find —a real collector's piece.

Daniel is sure to be handed out as an animal book, but mistakenly; it could be about any amiable fugitive. A seaside donkey, still too young to be of much use, decides to escape being sold to the "junkyard" and make for the distant lighthouse. He goes there after a grim encounter with a gang of louts on motorbikes who try to run him down in a quarry (the book's most convincing episode). The friendly family cannot accommodate donkeys and on he moves, blundering into a circus tent and fleeing once more—this time from wicked Signor Bellini, who sees in him a likely animal clown. Village manoeuvres directed by the formidable Miss Jessica rout the ringmaster's hirelings, and Daniel reaches home. Yet the book ends on a bitter-sweet note. Daniel, the author takes pleasure in working out his tale has the improvised air of a serial told in impromptu episodes to indulgent listeners. Sixteen years apart, the author has a complaint about circuses: Daniel is in charge of the "big cats". He has rated an ally. The big cats, like the other seaside donkeys, have a story.

Tyto by contrast is a good addition to the genre. Tyto (*Tyto alba*) is a Barn Owl, one of 15,000 or so still surviving in Britain today. Born on the Northumberland borders, he is driven by nature far into the bleak Welsh hills before he finds again the friendly farmlands of his infancy. *Tyto*, besides the gamekeeper's snare, has its share of hazards: the hiker's cigarette that burns down the nesting tree, the farmland heavily treated with dieldrin and DDT that adds poison all insect and rodent creatures. Tyto's mates among them. A belfry seems a haven—until Sunday bellringing, which sends not only at his ears but also very nerve centres, parches his throat and almost to the point of death. An obsolete concrete water-tower is disused, is found to be the ideal nesting site and is wired over; young chicks are carried off as "children's pets". Marauding photographers kill off a further brood, frightening the parent birds off the nest.

But Tyto is a survivor, fundamental but not unmoving, in his view of life and landscape common to human readers not only in fact but its strange excitement, its fear and ranging space. Tyto also, like Spoare's Screech-Owl, Yeroushka's White Owl, is a notable character, splendid to see, commendable in behaviour, mating for life, hunting the barn and farm free of rats. Rats? Well, to be fair, the author tells their story too: the superb *Frisby and the Rats of NIMH* is again in print in Puffin.

Naomi Lewis

JAMES W. LANCE :
The Golden Trout
Illustrated by Chris Riordan
Hamish Hamilton. £1.95.
(241 89913 3)

The Golden Trout with its straightforward plot is for young children. The basis of the action has something of the simplicity of folklore: the Australian valley where the Brindawindi flows remains beautiful and fertile so long as the Golden Trout and his offspring live undisturbed in the river—but if one of the local lout removes a precious trout and disaster follows. There are no twists to the story, and little depth to it or to the characters, and really the plot could have been resolved, the trout returned, without the intervention of Flash, Alexander Underwater, although he makes an agreeable deus ex machina. No psychological nuances here, nor pretension to it: a lightweight book, slight but pleasant.



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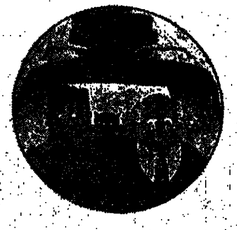
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The future shook us

MARY HARRIS :
Quest for Orion
Faber. £3.50. (571 11203 X)

M. ROOYER :
The Delikon
Gollancz. £3.25. (416 86220 9)

MONICA HUGHES :
The Tomorrow City
Hamish Hamilton. £3.50.
(241 89887 0)

[illegible] ninety-nine. Western [illegible] is largely occupied by a [illegible]Stalinist" regime; there are [illegible]-labour camps and resistance [illegible]. London is a no-go area run [illegible] street gangs; America, [illegible], is neutral. And in this [illegible]derful setting, we find a [illegible]nally excellent book. Rosemary Harris's *A Quest for Orion* starts at first to be just a well-[illegible]ten adventure story, sharply [illegible] and well-plotted. A group of [illegible]dle-class adolescents joins up [illegible] a gang of London toughs, [illegible] the occupation forces, and [illegible]s to the Northumberland hills. [illegible] escapes from a Bavarian slave [illegible], passes through the hands of [illegible]man resistance groups, and [illegible]s his way back to England. The [illegible] that he carries Charlemagne's [illegible] and talisman with him may [illegible] an out of key with this bald [illegible]nary; in the context of the [illegible], it is both natural and inevitable.

These protective symbols are one [illegible] ways in which Rosemary [illegible] escapes that most paradoxical [illegible] failing of writers of books set [illegible] the future, that of not convincing us that their characters inhabit a complete world. Here they exist [illegible] the more profound continuum of [illegible]s and time. Underlying the [illegible]ds, and often justifying the coincidences which hold it together, is a [illegible] texture of symbol and allusion, an awareness of historic [illegible]currence, of the re-enactment of [illegible]s, and an implication of cosmic [illegible] intervention. It is an ambitious [illegible]ucture, *but*, as with some of her earlier books, Miss Harris more or [illegible] brings it off by using skilful [illegible]logy and characterizations, and [illegible] avoiding over explanations. [illegible] the characters carry their [illegible]ple roles with surprising ease, [illegible]ir may have the insight of a [illegible] but he remains a puzzled, [illegible]pastic boy: Wolf takes on a [illegible]heroic role, but he is still at [illegible] a shrewd wide-boy.

[illegible] the first of two linked books, *Quest for Orion* has no real [illegible]ution, and it will be interesting to see whether the author [illegible] her major problem, that of [illegible]nic or magic clashing with [illegible]alistic and scientific. So far, [illegible], because she has wisely [illegible]ed too much futuristic hardware, the trick works. Although not [illegible]ss, this book deserves a good [illegible] of attention.

[illegible]s partly the lack of such [illegible]ure donth which makes H. M. [illegible]'s *The Delikon* so disappointing. After her fairly promising *Children of Morrow* she has [illegible] into a slack style of coy [illegible]isms and modern American which swamps an interesting, if unpalatable, idea. Far in the future, Earth has been colonized by the Delikon, a race from a distant star. In the face of decay and rebellion, they prepare to leave; not simply because man is incorrigibly barbaric, but, more prosaically, because the planet is a financial liability. It is not so much that the adventures of Varina, a Delikon teacher "restructured" with a human child's body, are extemporized and inconsistent; what really undercuts the book is the constant feeling that the starships, motor cars, lasers and horses are just painted on a backdrop, and that behind it there is no fully imagined world at all.

The problem in Monica Hughes's *The Tomorrow City* is one which many people don't need to imagine but she has taken a limited premise and attacked it with great enthusiasm. The town planners of an apparently mid-Atlantic city, in their quest for a perfect futuro for the children, have designed a computer (named, with what one hopes is conscious irony, C-Three) to run things. The children, Caro and David, watch with progressive horror as C-Three's efficiency first sweeps away the rubbish, then the tramps, the old, and, inevitably, freedom. By the time the whole city has been brainwashed by television, Miss Hughes has created a very strong claustrophobia, although fear is constantly muted, as if to keep the nightmare within bounds. The ending, making a gesture towards a more profound moral point, sits rather uncomfortably on the tail of an excellent thriller; but, on the whole *The Tomorrow City* operates literally and metaphorically within well defined boundaries. The writing is lively, and the levels of action and discussion are as logical, contentious, and thought-stimulating as C-Three itself.

Peter Hunt

An object of desire

LORNA BAXTER :
The Eggchild
Faber. £3.50. (571 11205 6)

There is a tendency among fantasy writers to give invention the upper hand. Plot, character and narrative flow give way to ingenious detail and the high fantastical scene. Lorna Baxter almost succumbs. Her opening is confusing, her pace breakneck and her style workaday; but her imagination transcends all. For sheer energy of invention her story is a joy to read.

The eponymous Eggchild is an extraordinary golden object, sometimes a crystalline egg that sings, sometimes a baby. Hunted by desperate Night Raiders, it is protected by Rosemary, a child with power over plants, and Jasper, a son of earth from the castle of Quarrine. On their journey to a place of safety they acquire two companions: Shrimp, a troubled small boy who changes shape when upset; and Hawk, a terribly wounded man who has lost his identity and knows only that he must pursue and kill an enemy who will not die.

The enemy is Doppel, a night raider who absorbs more of Hawk's power and personality each time he dies. In a magnificent final scene the powers of the Four Houses, earth, plants, sun and moon—are combined to defeat Doppel through the medium of a fifth and new power, that of the birds and beasts, which is realised from Hawk and his family. In a last flourish of the plot the Eggchild hatches and its very special qualities are revealed.

The originality of this book lies not so much in its creation of evil, although the Doppel idea is peculiarly menacing, as in the detail of its good forces: the use of plants for communication and subtle warfare; the capacity of nature to delight and terrify; the fusing of powers to create a net to snare enchantment.

Sarah Hayes

Smaller and smaller scales

MARGARET CARTER :
The Two-Sided Dream
Illustrated by Cynthia Pickard
Dent. £3.50. (460 06356 3)

RAY POPE :
The Model-Railway Men in America
Illustrated by Gareth Floyd
Macdonald and Jane's. £3.25.
(354 08045 8)

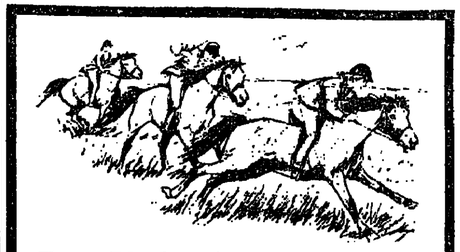
These two stories both deal with miniature people, in quite different ways. The idea has always appealed to children from Gulliver and Tom Thumb through the years to *The Borrowers*. In *The Two-Sided Dream* Margaret Carter has imaginatively taken an episode from *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* as the basis for her story. The magic bottle of liquid labelled "Drink Me" has effectively reduced a whole village community to miniature size, fixing them not only in stature but in the Victorian era too. Over one hundred years later twelve-year-old Alec finds them at the bottom of the bank in his large garden, where they pursue a self-sufficient way of life as they knew it, but at the same time feeling that their mode of existence is doomed. The villagers call on Alec's help in integrate them into twentieth-century living and eventually, with the help of his madcap cousin Charlie, he succeeds in the transformation; nor only changing their life-styles and comprehension, but making them normal human size as well. The way in which their growth is accomplished is the least convincing part of the book but Margaret Carter has written a witty and inventive story, with good Victorian-style illustrations and some humorous observation of a child's perception of the adult world.

The Model-Railway Men in America is the latest in the series by Ray Pope which has already won considerable acclaim for originality and good story-telling, coupled with nostalgia for the golden age of steam railways. This contribution is well up to the mark, although it starts slowly—like most old trains. The story concerns the model-railway men, a group of tiny train enthusiasts, and their owner Mark, a boy both knowledgeable and keen. The author makes few concessions to new readers of the series, who must turn to the dustjacket in order to find out the relationship in size between the railway people and Mark. Although they are really just a part of his model railway, they have personalities and wills of their own, which cannot be suppressed. These characters are convincing, but younger readers might find some difficulty with the speech of Telford the dominant railway man, because of his broad dialect.

Mark takes some of his Gay railway crew to America to visit a rich friend of his parents. There they see the derailment of a normal sized train, in which the driver is killed; watched by a lonely boy and miniature railway men. Excitement mounts as Mark is placed in a predicament about his evidence as a witness of the accident. Most young boys could identify with Mark, and the dilemma he finds himself in.

The background details of the world of steam locomotives are lovingly observed, and the technical jargon is relayed with expertise which should appeal to all who are fascinated by trains.

Brian Baumfield



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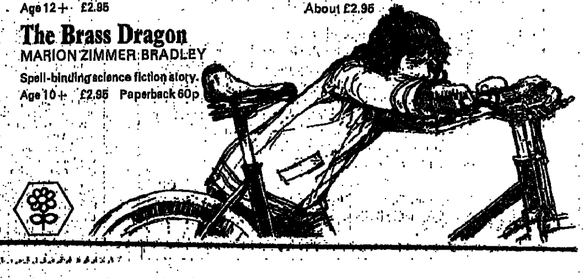
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Methuen Children's Books

Dogs' lives

C. EVERARD PALMER:
A Dog Called Houdini
Illustrated by Maurice Wilson
André Deutsch. £3.25. (233 96985 3)

TERRY ROCHE:
Brum
Illustrated by Beryl Sanders
Dobson. £3.50. (234 72029 8)

These two books would be dog stories if there were such things. There aren't, of course. A dog's life (many canine puns are available: "dog-tired", "dogsbody", and so on) is a series of disconnected incidents. In order to write a story about a dog, you have to write about the people who associate with the brute: in most cases, you can actually do without the dog altogether. The conventional formula, used in both these books, is Lonely Adolescent Meets Dog: Mutual Rescue. Perhaps you have to be a dog-person to believe in it, but I find literary dogs incredible. They are always knocking over fruit stalls (Have you ever seen a real dog do that?) and turning up, or getting away, just in time.

C. Everard Palmer's dog dominates his book, mainly because people cannot catch it; the people occupy more space and some of them are quite well characterized. They live in a small town in Canada, a change from Mr Palmer's previous Caribbean settings. Small boys will enjoy the liveliness and local colour of the book, but do not give it to them if you want them to learn decent English. Canadian slang is fair enough but there is no excuse for such sentences as "The mayor's choler turned to glitter" and "His wife kept her place and her mouth shut". It's not good enough, either, to bring the story to a juddering halt in order to insert one chapter about the town like a tourist brochure and another equally irrelevant one about the dog's previous history. One suspects deliberate padding.

Brum is a more workmanlike job. The blurb says Terry Roche has a deep commitment to poetry and a basic belief in people, and certainly Brum does all the right middle-class things; he takes refuge in a canal boat from nasty, dirty Birmingham, sets the fruit rolling in Chirk and leads his new owners to the country cottage of their dreams. The dog incidents are part of the story of a canal journey and the heroine's recovery from sudden orphanhood. The canal and the recovery I find more interesting than the dog. The souls voyage from ugliness to peace does not need canine diversions; poetry and people would have emerged more satisfyingly without Brum's interference. But I am not sure Terry Roche could have handled that; her weakness for the adverb "incredibly" and for exclamation marks is only partly excusable as indications of the young heroine's style and suggests an insensitivity to words that might prove fatal in a really serious book.

Dominic Hibberd

Hail to the hero

BJORN KARLSTROM:
Biggles and the Sargasso Triangle
(340 22608 0)
Biggles and the Golden Bird
(340 23081 9)
Hodder and Stoughton. 95p each.

Squadron Leader James Bigglesworth, like Sexton Blake, Billy Bunter and other heroes of the old boys' story papers, has gone into picture strip. *Biggles and the Sargasso Triangle* and *Biggles and the Golden Bird* are the first books in this new series of cartoon adventures. They have been devised and vigorously illustrated by Björn Karlstrom, and English translations of the captions are by Peter James.

Several of the original Biggles stories by the late Captain W. E. Johns are still available in book form. The series was prolific (about ninety titles) and Johns's extroverted fighter-pilot/air-detective/espionage-agent adapts well to the picture-strip technique. The Biggles saga began in *Popular Flying*, Johns's aviation magazine for adults, in 1932. Since then it seems to have been aimed at progressively younger audiences. Biggles was featured in a variety of boys' papers from the 1930s to the 1960s.

There is of course no subtlety of characterization or of relationships in Johns's original adventures. The only things that really matter are the aviation background and a sense of pace, and so long as German Fokkers and British Camels (or their more modern equivalents) are hurtling through the skies the stories continue to appeal to many children. *Biggles and the Sargasso Triangle* and *Biggles and the Golden Bird* maintain the lively pace of the early books. In Björn Karlstrom's pictures the plots move along easily without too much explanation having to be added. Each frame has been carefully considered, and interesting effects are achieved by the use of varied angles, silhouettes, close-ups and long shots.

Feasibility is suggested in the fantasy equipment that has been dreamed up in order to further the action. There is, for instance, an enormous oceanic oil rig capable of surfacing or submerging at high speed, and fitted with a laser gun that can bring down any kind of military or civil aircraft. Björn Karlstrom conveys this daunting apparatus with credibility and he does not, like some science fiction artists, fall into the trap of merely creating a cardboard-looking contraption with futuristic knobs on.

The terseness of Johns's narrative style and dialogue is captured in short, linking captions and in the speech balloons, which project an intriguing amalgam of clichés and RAF jargon, Americanese and playground slang. Biggles is still grappling with his old enemy Erich von Stalhein, the former German airforce pilot and intelligence service officer. He and Biggles, of course, are more or less contemporaries—but von Stalhein is now balding and suffering from middle-aged spread whereas Biggles appears to be just in his early thirties. Von Stalhein has changed in externals only; he is still expostulating "Schweinhund" and "Donner und Blitzen!" all over the place and is being repeatedly foiled by Biggles.

In their new format Biggles & Co are more stereotyped than ever since they are even drawn in caricature style, but that does not mean that these picture-strip adventures are totally undemanding. They are stimulating to technical imaginations, inventive and entertaining. Possibly some children who normally prefer comics to books might after enjoying these cartoons decide to tackle the original Biggles stories and go on from there.

Mary Cadogan

Lone rangers

ERIC WILSON:
Vancouver Nightmare
Illustrated by Tom McNeely
Bodley Head. £2.95. (370 30121 8)

CHRISTOBEL MATTINGLEY:
The Jetty
Illustrated by Gavin Rowe
Hodder and Stoughton. £2.95. (340 22521 1)

MARY COCKETT:
The Drowning Valley
Illustrated by Trevor Stubley
Hodder and Stoughton. £2.95. (340 22598 X)

At first sight these three novels seem to be designed for much the same readership. Each is a basically simple story, about a hundred pages long, written mainly for children between nine and eleven. Yet the books are notably different in their expectations of what children in this age group are likely to enjoy and understand.

Vancouver Nightmare, ostensibly intended to attract older readers, is the most lightweight of the three. Its hero is Tom Austen, a vaguely Tom Sawyer-like figure. He is on holiday with his grandparents in Vancouver, alert for signs of rampant criminality which is sure to flourish unchecked unless Tom's sleuthing powers are added to those of a myopic police force. For a time Tom's dark fantasies terminate in humiliating embarrassments. However, villainy cannot conceal itself for long from such sharp-eyed mark-smanship, and with a good few dangers and mistakes along the way Tom is finally instrumental in exposing a drug peddling ring.

For all its satirical fun at the expense of Tom's extravagances, this is a simple old-fashioned story of the child who outsmarts the grown-ups. Not for nothing does Tom refer admiringly to the Hardy Boys, whose adventures are much to his taste. Eric Wilson is clearly fond of their example, too, and has produced a book in much the same genre. Despite a few scenes in the seamier parts of Vancouver, there is no attempt to suggest the real anguish of drug-addiction or the real viciousness of the peddlars.

Australian children's books are sterner stuff, and *The Jetty* is no exception. The jetty of the title is the one outstanding feature and tourist attraction of a declining small-town port in South Australia, the pride and joy of all its inhabitants except the young hero Brad, who fears and loathes it. Forced by community feeling to hide his fears, he simply avoids the jetty as far as possible and hopes that the visiting government inspectors will condemn it as unsafe. When the inspectors come, Brad befriends one of them who camps in the town over the weekend, and with the tactful help of this man, a substitute figure for his own drowned father, the boy at last defeats his fears.

The rest of the town is rather less friendly to the visitors. The adults cold-shoulder the pub and obstruct the jetty, while the schoolmates vandalize the new-found friend's dinghy. It is acknowledged that the inspectors are "only doing their job", this does not protect them from spiteful persecution.

The tribulations of the loner, at odds with his society, the sour force of entrenched prejudice, are familiar and constant themes in Australian children's books, classically in Ivan Southall's *Josh*. *Jetty Brad's* lonely and troubles are sensitively rendered, but the book is half-hearted and evasive in its verdict on the delinquencies. Nevertheless the strengths we associate with good Australian writing for children are there. We respect the child reader, and are not afraid to face him honestly with the facts of injustice and misunderstanding in children and adults.

Another community is explored in Mary Cockett's *The Drowning Valley*. Hopelessly at risk, however, the community is that of a Cornish shire village of Devon a few months before it will be flooded to make way for the new lake or reservoir. Two young orphans, Thomas and Clare, make intense visits to their grandparents' farm in these final months. The old people prepare to move, to leave their ancient and doomed environment. The drama of the story lies in the situation itself. Its distinction is in its totally convincing portrayal of the feelings of the dispossessed villagers, and in their efforts to reclaim what they can from the past—even stones which will otherwise disappear for ever under the water. In this theme children become almost inevitably involved. Also, the children of nine and ten are the most profound and most completely imagined of the three stories.

Peter Hollindale

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Animals in the landscape

The Dragonfly a simply written and informative text accompanies a series of excellent photographs of these gaudy insects. We are accustomed to seeing photographs of dragonflies which reveal the splendours of their brightly marked bodies and large shimmering wings but, so delicate is the photography that these photographs show that dragonflies are also rather hairy creatures. The developmental stages are admirably clear as are the features of the head, notably the enormous multi-faceted eyes. A photograph of some ducks, one of a pool and a full-page view of a stream scene unnecessary embellishments in a twenty-five-page book.

Honeybees is an excellent little book showing all the important stages in the lives of the various members of a honeybee colony. The photographs, nearly all of them dramatic close-up views, are clear and informative, the accompanying captions succinct. Especially noteworthy are those photographs showing the contents of the bee cells, the different textures of the pollen and honey being strikingly apparent. None of the book's thirty-two pages wastes any space on pictures which are not directly connected with honeybees or beekeeping.

Aimed at children for whom books of any kind are probably a new experience *The Rabbit Book* shows a series of colour photographs chronicling the adventures of a rabbit, doing various rabbity things, mostly venturing into places where it does not belong. The text comprises a few simple sentences printed in large type, just enough to indicate what the rabbit is trying to do. All very sweet and uncomplicated and just about a bedtime story in length. The photograph of a rabbit by the side of a railway track complete with train looks suspiciously like a piece of photo-montage—but the children are not likely to lose any sleep over that.

The trouble with books about dragonflies, honeybees and rabbits is the limited nature of the subject matter. The ecological approach to natural history, by contrast, is less limiting and at the same time more natural. It can also introduce a number of surprises. *The Cornfield* well demonstrates the greater appeal of this approach. A combine harvester is followed, successively, by a thrush wielding a snail in its beak, a wood-pigeon picking up seeds, shoots growing from seeds, a fox in snow, and so on, all attractively portrayed. The skimpy captions are fleshed out at the back of the book where, with the help of outline pictures, the details are filled in very satisfactorily for the benefit of children whose curiosity is not satisfied by the skimpy captions.

The World of a Hedge is the only one of these books which is not primarily a slim collection of pretty pictures. It is also aimed at a slightly older audience and costs more. As the total area of British hedgerows and their verges are said to be twice that of British nature reserves the subject of the book needs no justification. Beginning with the history of the development of hedges, to some extent a British invention, the author then analyses the different types of hedges and explains why they are something of a luxury—the cost of maintaining them alone must be enormous—and then shows what a valuable asset they are to a densely populated country where land resources must be fully utilized. The plant life of hedgerows is well described and the reader is told how to estimate the age of the hedge by studying the plants in it: pure hawthorn hedges may be up to two centuries old, but hedges with an abundance of different plants may be much older, those richest in plant variety being possibly Saxon in origin. Apart from such obvious creatures as birds, spiders and butterflies the fauna of a hedgerow is largely to be looked for close to the ground or actually in it. Even a majority of hedgerow butterflies are commoner on the plants beneath the hedge proper.

The animal life of a hedgerow may include a great variety of species which is not surprising as nowadays there is nowhere else for many wild creatures to go. We who have destroyed their ancient forests and plains have provided them with little strips of refuge to live out their brief lives, a small recompense for them, perhaps, but one which enables us to enjoy precious and irreplaceable characteristics of the British scene. Thus this book, intelligently illustrated by Wilhelmina Mary Guyler's admirably simple pen drawings and a few photographs, is a valuable reminder that the loss of our hedgerows would not only be a severe blow to the plants and creatures forming and living in them but would impoverish us also.

PAT AND HELEN CLAY: *The Dragonfly*. A. and C. Black. £1.95. (7136 1813 2)
JOHN B. FREE: *Honeybees*. A. and C. Black. £1.95. (7136 1814 0)
HELEN PIERS: *The Rabbit Book*. Methuen. £2.50. (416 58780 1)
VANESSA LUFF: *The Cornfield*. A. and C. Black £2.50. (7136 1809 4)
TERRY JENNINGS: *The World of a Hedge*. Illustrated by Wilhelmina Mary Guyler. Faber. £3.50. (571 11179 3)

S. Peter Dance

Trailing clouds of glory

DAVID SNODIN:
A Mighty Ferment
Britain in the Age of Revolution 1750-1850
André Deutsch. £3.95. (233 96925 X)

"A mighty ferment" was Hazlitt's phrase for the decade after the French Revolution, when established beliefs in politics, economics, religion and art were challenged and overthrown. In his excellent contribution to the Mirror of Britain series of histories, David Snodin applies Hazlitt's term more widely to the century 1750-1850, during which a complacent, hierarchical England changed into a struggling, questioning nation, achieving in progress and freedom, and confident that even better things could be achieved. Static and backbound though the society of 1750 seemed, the transforming ideas were there in embryo. The first steam pumps and flying shuttles foreshadowed the industrialized world of the Victorians, the first Enclosure Acts were setting in motion the drift of population from countryside to town, while the novels of Fielding and the paintings of Hogarth broke away from Augustan formality, and turned the eye towards the natural spontaneity of the Romantics.

Quoting freely from contemporary writers, David Snodin charts the developments which took place during this period, in art, taste, literature, and the organization of society. He sums up individuals clearly—Adam Smith, Tom Paine, Wordsworth, Malthus, Wedgwood and Turner—pinpointing the contribution of each to their time. His illustrations are interesting, none more so than Philip James de Loutherbourg's "Coalbrookdale by Night", reproduced on the dust jacket, where the essence of the Romantic Movement and the Industrial Revolution combine in a picture of stark roofs and chimneys silhouetted against lurid clouds of furnace flame.

The book's length means that some things are necessarily omitted. Religious ideas are treated very briefly, with no mention of the evangelical crusades inspired by the Clapham Sect, or the romantic cult of personal holiness in the Oxford Movement, though these considerably affected the society of 1850. There is very little about childhood. David Snodin gives some account of children in mines, factories and schools, but does not discuss the newly enlightened attitude to children, springing from the Romantic Movement, which found expression in an outburst of stories and poems for children—stiffly moral though these often were—and in the first collection of fairy-tales.

Overall, however, *A Mighty Ferment—Britain in the Age of Revolution, 1750-1850* captures the feel of a surging movement, so that at the end the reader understands both why the constrictive mould of society in 1750 had to be broken, and why, looking back from 1850, the earlier century seemed like a golden age.

Angela Bull

Green thoughts

JOHN SEYMOUR:
John Seymour's Gardening Book
Illustrations by Jonathon Coudrille
J. A. Whitcombe/André Deutsch. £2.75. (233 96991 8)

John Seymour, author of *The Complete Book of Self-Sufficiency*, has emerged from his farm in Wales once more, in order to spread his knowledge and experience a little wider. *John Seymour's Gardening Book* aims to encourage town, rural and urban children to use whatever garden space might be available to them. But be warned. The book is about vegetable gardening only: the title of the book is at fault here and Mr Seymour does not tell us where all the flowers have gone.

The author notes that "one thing that grown-ups have more than some children is patience" and even an impatient child should be able to learn a lot from his clear and informative text. Mr Seymour's advice is very realistic and practical and he is occasionally witty: a weed is "any plant that is growing where we don't want it".

The book is arranged in short sections, each dealing with a separate vegetable. In the introductory pages Mr Seymour, well known for his keen advocacy of organic gardening, explains the dangers of chemical fertilizers to the soil and describes the advantages of making and using one's own compost. He also includes a short section on deep-bed gardening—all this without being either too complicated or too condescending. The illustrations by Jonathon Coudrille are generally helpful in as far as they relate to gardening matters but his busy little gnomes and urinating youths are not fit for the garden of a discriminating child—surely only grown-up gardens actually *choose* to look like this?

Michael Trend

Production lines

SARAH COX and ROBERT GOLDON:
Newspaperworker (7226 5280 1)
Potteryworker (7226 5281 X)
People at Work
Kestrel. £2.25 each.

These two books aim to show the young reader what it is like to work for a newspaper and a pottery-making firm. Both books are set in a particular place (Bristol and Stoke-on-Trent) and the acknowledgments thank specific organizations for their help. They are illustrated by dramatic black-and-white photographs depicting the daily grind. The emphasis is on reality and the formula is not unlike journalistic reporting.

The processes of production and the methods used at each stage of newspaper or pottery-making are briskly described in simple language without too many statistics. The pictures, which often take up whole pages forming the background on which the text is printed, show huge machines ("The presses tower through the newspaper building as high as a three-storey house") in rows and rows of cups; but most include real people doing their job and the atmosphere of a large mechanized factory is well conveyed.

The presentation is suitably unromantic and gritty: the prose tends to be colourless with little interest other than that of providing information. This style is more successful when the subject is how things work. Larger issues such as trade unions and women workers are dealt with in a few uncontroversial sentences. The format is ideally suited to the subject-matter and its somewhat steely-eyed view of the world is on the whole invigorating.

Lindsay Duguid

New Books for Early Autumn . . .

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Jane Duncan
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Mairi Hedderwick
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Barbara C. Freeman
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Tom Paisley
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Catherine Storr
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Christie Harris
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Subjective selections

D. L. KIRKPATRICK (Editor):
Twentieth-Century Children's Writers
Macmillan. £17.50. (333 23414 6)

"Of making many books there is no end." Neither, it seems, will there ever be an end to the torrent of books about children's literature, which floods annually from publishers on both sides of the Atlantic. *Twentieth-Century Children's Writers* is the latest, and it must surely be the bulkiest and the most expensive addition to the now considerable body of critical and biographical apparatus available to the student of children's books.

At first sight, this massive volume would seem to provide the researcher with all that he needs to know—and a great deal that he doesn't—about the writers of our century. Here, in over 1,500 closely printed pages, he will find biographies of some 600 English-language authors, complete bibliographies of their books for both children and adults, and a signed critical essay on each by one of 160 contributors. The book is prefaced with an essay by Naomi Lewis which gives an overall view of the literature of the century (it is a pity, though, that at least one of the authors she cites is not included in the book itself) and offers some pertinent observations on the nature of children's reading and the motives which prompt authors to direct their efforts towards young readers. There is an appendix which includes, for no very clear reason, representative writers of the late nineteenth century, and a supplementary essay by Anthea Bell on children's books in translation which is itself buttressed by a very select list of foreign authors whose works have appeared in English.

The choice of writers included in this volume has been based upon the recommendations of a distinguished panel of advisers and, given that the book includes information on over six hundred authors, it might then be safely assumed that few of note would have escaped the net. This is not the case. The most glaring gap in the selection lies in the period before and after the Second World War when the child's literary diet consisted of what Naomi Lewis in her introduction calls "the sliced white bread of reading". It is tempting to dismiss the books of this period, but there is, after all, some nourishment in sliced white bread and one would have hoped that a comprehensive work like *Twentieth-Century Children's Writers* might have paid more attention than it does to the popular and prolific writers of earlier years. As it is, Elsie Oxenham, Dorita Fairlie Bruce and Elinor Brent-Dyer are included but not Nancy Breary, Christine Chaundler, Dorothea Moore or Bessie Marchant, "the girls' Henty". We are given Henty himself, Westerman and Johns but not Herbert Strang, Douglas V. Duff or Eric Leyland. Frank Richards, Talbot Baines Reed and Anthony Buckeridge are included but there is no sign of Harold Avery, John Finnemore and R. A. H. Goodyear. M. E. Atkinson is here but not Elinor Lyon, M. Pardoe, Violet Needham or Marjorie Lloyd; Monica Edwards is included but not Primrose Cumming, Joanna Cannan or any of the Pullein-Thompsons.

Well, a line must be drawn somewhere, I suppose. Even in a book as large as this, some authors must be omitted and it does seem logical, therefore, to leave out the forgotten popular writers of the near past. But there are more surprising omissions. *Twentieth-Century Children's Writers* does not include the authors of some of the most enduring and distinctive characters in the literature. There is no information here about the creators of Rupert, Ameliaranne, Mumfie, the Great Brain, Uncle, Susanna of the Mounties or Pollyanna. Researchers into the lives and writings of the authors of *The Hundred and One Dalmatians*, *Jock of the Bushveld*, *Lassie Come Home* and *Young Fu of the Upper Yangtse* must look elsewhere. Dorothy Edwards is included but not Pamela Oldfield, Helen Morgan or Gene Kemp. Andre Norton and Robert Heinlein are here, but not James Blish, Alan Nourse and Hugh Walters. We are given information about Angela Banner but not about the Reverend Awdry. Evelyn Everett-Green, Amy le Feuvre and Hesba Stretton are included but not L. T. Meade, a more influential writer than any of them. Michael Foreman and John Burningham are discussed but not Graham Oakley or, astonishingly, Raymond Briggs. The book contains nothing about Ben Lucien Burman or Julius Lester, Julia Sauer or Clara Ingram Judson, Rosemary Wells or Robert Cormier. Ellen Conford or Robert Newman, Thornton Burgess or Racey Helps.

It is easy, of course, to play the game of "see who's been left out" with any reference book but it is difficult to excuse such omissions from *Twentieth-Century Children's Writers* when one considers the amount of space devoted to such obscure Canadian authors as Anne Wilkinson and Mabel Dunham, or the number of pages which list the adult works of Masefield, Belloc and Graham Greene.

The lack of consistent and authoritative editorial control becomes more evident when one considers the critical essays about each author. These articles are of much the same length, regardless of the quality of the author's achievement or the number of books under discussion. The approach of each contributor has differed, too. Some have assumed that the user of the book will already be familiar with the work of the author in question; others have provided detailed plot synopses of an author's entire output. A few contributors, particularly Joan Ward on Elizabeth Stucley and Jacqueline Brown Woody on Lucille Clifton, have been carried away on a wave of sentimental effusion; others, like Fred Inglis on Catherine Storr, Margaret Meek on Honor Arundel and Naomi Lewis on anyone, have written essays that are models of their kind.

Some writers—David McCord on E. B. White and L. Frank Baum, for instance—have done their subjects more than justice; others, like Graham Hammond on Mary Cockett and Nancy J. Schmidt on Jenny Seed, seem to have been unnecessarily harsh. Angela Brazil, Marjorie Darke and William Mayne deserve more perceptive comment than they have received here, but Sheila Ray's sympathetic study of Enid Blyton gives a masterly survey of this author's output (the bibliography consumes fifteen pages of the book) which indicates not only the qualities which have ensured her popularity but also suggests that the appeal of her books has an important part to play in the development of a child's reading skills.

It is, though, the bibliographies which are the most useful feature of *Twentieth-Century Children's Writers*. These record all the published works of each author, with details of British and American editions. Such complete bibliographies may be more than is required: do we need a list of all the adult novels of Elisabeth Beresford and Barbara Willard or a recital of all the plays directed by James Roose Evans? Could the pages occupied by the bibliographies of the adult works of J. B. S. Haldane and Richard Church have been more profitably used to record the children's books of Elizabeth Fancher, Jan Lewis and Eleanor H. Porter? I think they could, particularly when the bibliographies themselves are not quite as authoritative as the publisher claims. The new editions of Graham Greene's books with illustrations by Edward Ardizzone are not mentioned here; Ninn Bawden's *Devil by the Sea* is cited as her first children's book; only the Puffin edition of Clive King's *Stig of the Dump* is listed; and adult novels by Christianna Brand and Hesba Stretton are recorded among their works for children. Even the select list of translations cannot be entirely trusted. Joanna Reiss's books, for example, are not translations from the Dutch or from any other language.

Apart from its undoubted value to the researcher, *Twentieth-Century Children's Writers* can provide plenty of entertainment for the casual browser. The information that Ester Wier's first book was called *What Every Air Force Wife Should Know* and that Grace Hogarth and Andre Norton once collaborated on a crime novel may not be directly concerned with their children's books but does provide some light relief. As does the information that Lloyd Alexander has translated Sartre, Nan Chauncy once wrote a book on beekeeping and that Kathleen Fidler won the Moscow Film Festival Award in 1967 (we are not told why). It is interesting, too, to discover that L. Frank Baum wrote several books under the name Edith Van Dyne, and that Arthur Catherall has used the pseudonyms Margaret Ruthin and Linda Peters. And who would have thought that Richard Armstrong used to be an undertaker's labourer or that the creator of Bobby Brewster was once a hosiery buyer for Bourne and Hollingsworth?

Such information is merely incidental to the primary aim of *Twentieth-Century Children's Writers*: the documentation of the lives and writings of the principal practitioners in the field of children's literature during our century. And, despite a certain lack of consistency in the selection of entrants and an absence of editorial control over the critical contributions, the book succeeds in achieving this aim. It will be a most useful addition to the growing library of books about children's literature.

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A contrary Muse

By Lorna Sage

S SMITH (Editor):
ence and Women
Vision Press. £6.40.

is a photograph, reproduced years back in Robert Lucas's aphy of Frieda Lawrence, the title *Lawrence and* n instantly conjures up. It from left to right, Mabel Luhan, Frieda and Dorothy in a grinning huddle (presuat the ranch in Taos, New): Frieda, large, flowered, d, laugh and frowsy bun her mouth decisively stretched, a fag hanging from one corThey would look like the ches from *Macbeth*, except that are a bit too jolly. The picn has no date, so one does not whether it belongs to the when aggressive millionaire and sundorn, devoted Brett each trying to take Lawrence Frieda's hands, or to the later when Frieda returned to the to squabble over his ashes them, and mind his shrine. ay, it is a daunting re- of Lawrence's women. ting at that picture, you have to t: he didn't pick the easy ones.

s Anne Smith puts it in her ing essay in *Lawrence and* nen, "at least the battle of the s was still a valid one for Lawe, and we should probably be ed to Frieda for the fact that ...". And even before their uous meeting in 1912, the n he experimented with were all "challenges", trying for s forms of emancipation. Smith deals mainly with the graphical angle and reassembles t is now a fairly well-estab- but still mastily fascinating y: his damned, stifling love for another and her jealous possesof him: his confusion about s as an ailing, "sensitive" ("Dicky Dicky Donches plays the wenches"); his frigid friendship with female sters, and the battle between and Mrs Lawrence for his (Frieda: "the best horse "). This phase culminated in *Lovers* in which Jessie e asked to read the is cruelly done over as ", and Alice Dax and Burrows, his fleshlier loves, convincingly compressed into ers"; the novel reveals him as ering, sacrificial and dangerous man. His sense that survival was at stake enim to make ruthless use of men while seeing himself as almost passive.

claimed she did not think of *Sons and Lovers* (which really rewrote with her) but admitted that at the time she probably busy punishing him having had to leave her wife behind, and for his jealof them. Though she was her slap-happy literary critic of her comments on the novel suggest she early understood special relation between life literature. In Lawrence's work. to Edward Garnett about formlessness", she says— Why are you English en on it? Their own form smashing in almost any , but they can't come out small house." She seems to associated the anxiety about distance with "good and she may have a point. the others (Jessie Chambers sadly) felt violated and by Lawrence's fictional of them, Frieda from the ing barged her way into his processes ("I hate art, it like grammar") and fought every stage. One result of 's surely as much to do with as the First World War—Law gainfully disintegrated and form" of *Women in Love*. Read-Weekes in his essay and Metaphor" in this describes it this way: belief that conflict is the conof growth encouraged Lawto dramatize conflicting realof life and relationship in his acters so that they subject one ers' insights and his. In s crossfire of criticism, them never before." In Frieda not only got into the novels as a character (adored, loathed, caricatured, "mastered") but radically altered their shape and style. The very English plot about growing up and putting yourself together (*Sons and Lovers*, but also on a larger scale the first two generations of *The Rainbow*) falls violently apart, as Lawrence did.

It seems worthwhile to emphasize the untidiness and virulence of the relation between the fiction and the life, since most of the contributors to this volume rather take it for granted, and so leave themselves open to attack for importing irrelevant and trendy "Women's Studies" notions into an essentially literary problem. But when Lawrence becomes "literary" (Frieda watched it beginning to happen with incredulity towards the end of her long life) he will also have failed in the most decisive way. The number of books written about him by his "friends" is not just evidence of their idolatry and resentments, but of the nature of his writing. Even the awful psychic acrobatics of Mabel Dodge Luhan—"I drew myself all in to the core of my being where there is a live, plangent force lying passive... I stepped through space joining myself to the central core of Lawrence"—get uncomfortably close to the frantic inanities of his worst fiction. The question is not whether you can usefully talk about the topic of women, but how to do it. Anne Smith's biographical piece is for the most part tactful and shrewd: of the elopement and marriage with Frieda, for instance, she writes, "she did not release him from his oedipal compulsions, she only cured him of the uncomfortable guilt which attached to them", which seems right. However, there is an occasional tone of flattering commonsense that makes me uneasy—"over a long period, he lacked a healthy sense of the 'otherness' of women, and for the whole of his life he could only reconcile an intimate knowledge of a woman's mind with sexual attraction towards her". I can't work out here what a "healthy sense" would be. In one way, it sounds like a wild understatement: Lawrence's transgressions against normalcy are much more glaring and lurid than that, surely? And isn't it his capacity *not* to reconcile things that makes him impressive?

Something of the same worry attaches to Faith Pullin's essay on Lawrence's Treatment of women". It is the most waspish piece in the book, but misfires because what it is saying ("infantile", "regressive", "unable to relate to women as people") is in a sense obviously true, and yet the illuminating. Again it is a question of how (Paul's desolation at the end of *Sons and Lovers* is "infinitely greater than that that should attend the death of a parent, however beloved") and what emerges is a rather dull sense of how enlightened we all are now. Perhaps demonstrating how unhealthy and maladjusted Lawrence was still matters, as an antidote to Leavis's revision, and to his monotonously respectable presence on Lawrence's pedestal. If so, well and good—anything that helps stamp out the college-of-education pieties about organic wisdom is useful. But assuming that Lawrence is unlikely to be rehabilitated as the "vitally whole" writer of the great tradition, the priority is to redefine for ourselves his *particular* meaning and place, the more exact nature of his formlessness. Frieda gets quoted a bit too often as though she was a neutral observer, and as though she did not horribly relish their conflicts, whereas if you go back to her letters and memoirs you begin to wonder whether Lawrence may not have had good reason to think of women as something other than people.

For example, one of Frieda's most telling observations was that "in his heart of hearts I think he always dreaded women, felt that they were in the end more powerful than men" (*Not I, But the Wind...*, 1935). The gaseous goes on: "Women is so absolute and undeniable. Man moves, his spirit flies here and there, but you can't go beyond a woman." And so on. Lawrence was not alone in his world of mythic conflict. Frieda had her own titanic abstractions to pit against his, partly derived no doubt from the "erotic movement" in Germany which (as Martin Green showed in *The von Richthofen Sisters*) spawned a dire matriarchal mutant of the "new woman". Frieda seems to have taken to the role of Muse, too: Otto Gross, Freudian apostate and prophet of eroticism, wrote to her in about 1907, "I need you because you make me sure and good"; and in the 1940s Karl von Marbahr, a sweetheart she hadn't seen for more than forty years, wrote, "Now I know if I had resigned my commission and started something else, together with you, I would have amounted to something as a writer or a journalist". She had her own powerful "aura" that predated Lawrence, and survived him, though he was of course its main beneficiary, willing and unwilling. Her accounts of their famous battles make sad reading, but there is still the implication that, in several senses, he has met his match:

> I was many times frightened but never the last bit of me. Once, I remember, he had worked himself up and his hands were on my throat and he was pressing me against the wall and ground out: "I am the master, I am the master." I said: "Is that all? You may be master as much as you like, I don't care." His hands dropped away, he looked at me in astonishment and was all right.
>
> "Never the last bit of me"—generous, reckless and committed as she was, Frieda retained a private corner of herself from which to condescend. One doubts very much whether Lawrence was "all right"; in fact, it's clear she deeply damaged him, tit for tat. "She may give her life for me", says the Marchesa in *Aaron's Rod*. "But why? Only because I am *here*."

The novels of hatred, misogyny and malo togetherness—*Aaron's Rod*, *Kangaroo*, *The Plumed Serpent*—bear Frieda's imprint most unmistakably. "Don't swank" says Harriet in *Kangaroo*, "you don't live alone . . . I know how much alone you are with me always there keeping you together." And even when Kate in *The Plumed Serpent* swoons before the newly risen Mexican god-man, we are told: "from the unknown deeps". Though it is impressively and infuriatingly described, Ms Apter argues, Lawrence does here have a point about the difference between the enlightened therapists' view of sex and its "more elemental and untamable aspects"—"it is not pleasure alone that makes sex so deeply rooted in our lives". *The Hite Report* would, I imagine, confirm all Lawrence's most evil suspicions about women's unnatural nature, in its deliberate drift towards a vision of the lone, liberated, masturbatory female, who may or may not use a man for her pleasure. He would have recognized at once the attraction of the nunnery, since he himself, in his blood-brotherhood phases, felt the same pull towards the monastery, the same wearily angry revulsion against the "terrible passive games of fixed tension" between the sexes.

But what of *Lady Chatterley?* In truth, the writers of this volume seem a bit embarrassed about it. Mark Kinkead-Weekes detects an "absence of conflict and opposition", an "imaginative process based on exclusion". Mark Spilka in the book's concluding piece on "Lawrence's Hostility to Wilful Women" argues humorously and expertly that its theme is the final wisdom of weariness—"if you wait long enough, the world will do it for you", that is, time and failure will efface self-will. In the dread woman, allow a kind of lapse into the past and into biological identity (so that Lawrence can at long last identify with his father, in Mellors). "Its maleness, if not his potency, was finally sure..." despite the burst of aggression and the sodomy, which Professor Spilka sees Connie as accepting rather in the Frieda spirit of all-embracing love ("Don't you think," Frieda says in a letter, "one wants to be loved with one's littleness, one's everything of shame and all"). It is an argument that makes for a mellow ending, rather a long cry from Lady C's reputation in the 1950s and 1960s, and in the heady days of the trial. Lawrence simply no longer looks like a liberator of sexual energies, a source of strength, or even a pillar of cloud. Feminist re-readings have something to do with this, but so have the "straighter" academic critics, who have started stressing the gaps and conflicts Frieda relished. We have returned, in many ways, to the Lawrence Middleton Murry agonized over in 1931—"not the forerunner of the integration of a new man, but the perfect paradigm of the disintegration of an old one".

Lawrence and Women does not really live up to the interest of its topic, partly because the writers are self-conscious about trying to be fair, and partly because, I think, they feel a bit defensive about all this mythic heterosexuality, as though they are not sure it has much future, on the grand scale. Anne Smith's sentence sticks in the mind—"at least the battle of the sexes was still a valid one for Lawrence". Certainly in much contemporary fiction, it is not being slogs provides the goal, the horror, and the excitement. There are women writers with the battle-paints and the furious unfairness of Lawrence, though the tone that fits the bill best—Christina Stead—really belongs to the 1940s, and was out of print until very recently. The fight goes on in other modes, however, in Angela Carter's Gothic sex-change operations for example. And surely it must, unless (like Kate Millett) you contemplate with glee some sort of Amazonian imaginative community—or unless you feel confident that the old bugbear of sexual smothering (and the old vision of an erotic paradise regained) have vanished away, changed out of recognition. In that case Lawrence becomes a museum piece, an interesting fetish(list). And the novel of the solitary "I" surrounded by unreachable or unresisting "others" becomes the right metaphor. It sounds unlikely, and drab. "Without contraries is no progression" as we all know. But it's not easy, since with them there's not much progression either—especially if your contrary Muse is as stubbornly intimately alive as Frieda.

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To the Editor

Book Illustration

Sir,—John Lewis in his article "The story line" (September 15) is surely right to regard the work of the Isotype Institute in informative illustration of books as pioneering. He has however muddled the two separate though collaborating bodies of Adprint and the Isotype Institute. The Isotype Institute (the visualizers) was directed by Otto and Marie Neurath, and founded by them in 1942. Adprint Ltd (the producers), for which Walter Neurath worked, was founded in 1937 by Wolfgang Foges. Walter Neurath (who went on to start Thames and Hudson Ltd) was not related to Otto Neurath, the Viennese encyclopedist, who is now best known as a prime mover in the Vienna Circle.

ROBIN KINROSS.

Department of Typography and Graphic Communication, University of Reading, 2 Earley Gate, Whiteknights, Reading RG6 2AU.

Sir,—I am intrigued by your contributor John Lewis's definitions in his article The story line.

Your readers are told, for instance, that "the last important ventures" in adult book illustration in this country by commercial publishers "apart from the book clubs" were the OUP editions of Trollope—which we are later told have been put out of court by "the horrifying costs of printing".

Otherwise uninformed readers who take such statements for granted will be surprised to discover that The Folio Society started to publish Trollope's Barsetshire novels in an edition generously illustrated by Peter Reddick as recently as 1976, and that the set of six books will be completed in 1980. I am quite prepared to be shown that this venture is "important" when it rested in the hands of OUP, but can be safely ignored in the hands of a "book club"—assuming that a book club is what The Folio Society is—but I think John Lewis will find such demonstration uphill work! (The costs of this edition today, incidentally, vary from £4.95 for *The Warden* to £7.50 for *Dr Thorne*: figures which surely make Mr Lewis's comment about the horrifying costs of printing quite untenable.)

I hardly think a single reader persevering with this article would have been aware that The Folio Society is a publisher first and a book club second (and that only in one rather unimportant sense); that all the editions it publishes are illustrated by contemporary illustrators, including most of those Mr Lewis mentions with approval; and that, in adult book illustration, The Folio Society probably represents the last large market open to today's illustrator. For instance, one very talented artist, Charles Keeping, is now over a third of the way through a massive commission to re-illustrate the sixteen novels of Charles Dickens which will earn him, we hope, a permanent place in the history of book illustration in this country.

Doubtless Mr Lewis will say that he covered such points in remarking that the only possibilities today lie with "the private presses or the book clubs". By "the book clubs", though, most of your readers, if not all, would understand a reference to the W. H. Smith/Doubleday conglomerate, Book Club Associates—who use little illustration in the sense Mr Lewis means, and, so far as I know, commission none at all. By "private presses", your readers will understand limited editions with short runs and prices in hundreds of pounds. The Folio Society fits most uneasily under either heading, and I have the impression that Mr Lewis has only a very hazy idea of exactly what it does produce. Indeed, before he answers these comments, I think it worth extending an invitation to him to come down here to have a very much closer look!

JOHN LETTS.

Editorial Director, The Folio Society Ltd, 202 Great Suffolk Street, London SE1 1PR.

Authors and Unions

Sir,—I initiated the correspondence on the subject of the Society of Authors' strange desire to become a union. I wonder if I could ask you to publish a reply by me to some of the points which have been raised.

A writer is not an employee. He is a craftsman. He should look on his publisher as his employee, not his master. He should therefore not join organisations such as unions which are essentially intended for employees. Further, he has, or should aspire to have, a function in society different from that of an electrician. His task is to take a view, from a reasonably independent position, about what his society is, where it is going, what is wrong with it, etc. To join a union, thus his independence, since, whether or no that union affiliates to the Trade Union Congress, union membership implies a conscious judgment that society is divided into two antagonistic parts, with, of course, the union member being on the side of the employees, and obliged often to take the view of his fellow members whatever his private reservations.

Writers who take the view that they are employees should join the Writers' Guild whose spokesmen have in those columns made perfectly clear that that is how they see themselves.

It is surprising, though, to find a majority of voting members of the Society of Authors (though not, as J. G. Mavrogordato reminds us (August 25), of actual members) wishing to join a union now, since, over the past few years, union activities have been in many fields so insolvent, sectarian and pettifogging. My impression is that those adjectives apply equally well to unions more nearly concerned with literature (such as printers and journalists) as to those in major industries.

I fear that John Lehmann is right (August 18) when he says that closed shop follows unionization as night follows day. The fact that it is unlikely to be easily operated is no comfort in an absurd world, and, as Mr Lehmann says, Brian Alldiss cannot bind his successors, who might easily (if the precedent of Equity is any indication) abandon his reasonably encouraging attitude to the subject. After all, Victor Bonham-Carter makes clear (September 8) that he was partly influenced to make the recommendation to the Society of Authors that he did by the contentious legislation of 1974 which "lent force to the policy of encouraging the formation of trade unions". So he, like too many others, makes no bones about his acceptance of at least one government-inspired trend, which I hope will be reversed. The fact that the Society of Authors has apparently already sent Mr Aldiss to visit (*The Author*, Spring 1978) the Soviet Society of Authors is also scarcely an encouraging indication of their capacity for independent judgment.

HUGH THOMAS.

29 Ladbroke Grove, London W11 3BB.

'The MacDonnell'

Sir,—In the course of my review of *The MacDonnell* (July 21), I remarked rather whimsically that Shaun Herron might find himself with the Earl of Antrim, Padraig O Snodaig and the Irish Tourist Board breathing down his neck. I little thought to have him breathing down mine (Letters, September 8). May I answer him in the spirit in which he teases me, not even denying the soft impeachment that I am a historian?

He says I say Oscar Wilde was born in 1856 and corrects me to 1854: in fact, I did not give a date at all. I did try to cast a chronology to see if Wilde and "Alasdar MacDonnell" could have been contemporaries at Portora, and decided that they could not. As Mr Herron is Alasdar's inventor, I must of course accept his decision as final, now that I know that it was not made carelessly.

I, and the authorities I cited, have indeed heard of Isaac Butt and Joe Biggar, and even of Parnell, but I don't think their adventures justify fastening the notion of womanizing on the Irish parliamentary representations as a whole, which I understood Mr Herron to be doing.

It is indeed not uncommon to have people killed or maimed by horses in Ireland, but I still think it a poor literary device to get rid of Margaret Somerville this way. I add that, particularly in view of the fact that four other people are killed or maimed by, with or from horses, Mr Herron corrects me to two, yet Carrach MacDonnell, Isabella MacDonnell, Elizabeth MacDonnell and an unnamed bailiff seem to me to add up to four, so it is not hard to see in this book more than Mr Herron seems to see.

I am disarmed at his admission of the gaps in his reading: it is quite courageous to live in West Cork, write a historical novel and confess to not having read *Hungry Hill*! In fact, my remark was that he did not draw upon it: he has no need to defend himself against a charge that he did. Over Lady Margaret Somerville and Millicent Lady Kinnaird, the problem is trickier. I honestly thought that their resemblance did render the former unsuccessful as a literary creation; now that I know that Mr Herron has not read *The Rest and the Green* should I unthink it? I am sure that anyone who reads *The MacDonnell* and Iris Murdoch's book will be struck by the resemblance—even perhaps Mr Herron. As for Mr Herron's not having read *Wide Sargasso Sea*, that too surprises me. I wonder if he has read *Jane Eyre*?

A book more serious is for a historian (especially in Ireland!) to be thought of as an inventor of myths, when I say that the use of sexually uninhibited language was quite wrong for Victorian Ireland. There are an enormous number of books on the period by contemporary observers and analysts; it is common enough to find the courtesy and absence of bad language in Ireland commented upon. I take Mr Herron's request for a list of these sources to be rhetorical, for it would be a long one. There is also a good deal of evidence that "four-letter" words were not commonly used among the upper-middle classes, especially not by women. But if Mr Herron really is keen to instruct me, I would be well pleased to have his sources on scatology. My review, after all, was directed to placing a historical novel, which I enjoyed, against its historical background: Mr Herron seems to jibe at the idea of sources, but *The MacDonnell* can hardly have been written without them.

Finally, does he really have cousins called Charles Davidson? He hopes for the sake of the family reputation that I am not one of them. Without knowing what that reputation is, it seems a little ungracious at once to disclaim cousinhood—a case of being both less than kin and less than kind; but no, to release you, Sir, from the imputation that you have hawked Mr Herron's book privily round his family, I will indeed deny that I am one of them.

CHARLES DAVIDSON.

Kealkill, co Cork, Ireland.

'The Philanderer'

Sir,—Brigid Brophy makes a fair point (Commentary, September 22) by suggesting that I must have forgotten the wrestling-on-the-sofa episode in *The Apple Cart* when I described the opening scene of *The Philanderer* as the only incident Shaw borrowed for stage purposes from his own life. However I was relying on a rather terrific piece of scholarship that was battled out in *The Listener* twenty-five years ago between two of Shaw's biographers, Hesketh Pearson ("that artful skimmer on the surface of things") and St John Ervine ("that blind plunger into the depths of things").

In opposition to each other they both established that the origin of the sexual wrestling match was not to be found with Mrs Patrick Campbell during the rehearsals of *Pygmalion*, but in Chapter 11 of Shaw's second novel *The Irrational Knot* written in 1880 and published in 1905. St John Ervine suggested that Mrs Pat may have read this scene and "impishly tried it on G.B.S. himself" and Hesketh Pearson added that it was "clearly a case of life copying art", not, as with *The Philanderer*, the other way about, or, as in *The Apple Cart*, a case of art copying art.

MICHAEL HOLROYD.

85 St Marks Road, London W10.

Sir,—Brigid Brophy's piece on *The Philanderer* is, like most of her writing, satisfying. But who *should* have known whether the music played in Act 1 was "When other lips" or not.

As every schoolgirl knows, the song is from *The Bohemian Girl*, and since the notoriously unlucky "I dreamt that I dwelt . . ." is from the same work many actors and actresses have been uncomfortable about having "Other lips" in a play in case it should prove equally dangerous.

Years ago, however, when I was in rep, I shared digs with the producer and his wife who . . . woman) and I . . . for singing "I dreamt . . . in the bath. When th . . . had calmed his wife . . . that if ever again I . . . started reading "I detect . . . should change the words . . . dreamt I was scratching . . . father's balls/With a dog . . . oil and a feather . . .".

One may infer from . . . hape, that the ill-back . . . words rather than the . . . rendering of "Other lips" . . . piano only should be . . . safe.

This may allay any . . . at the National Theatre.

DENIS . . .

Clewer Rectory, 14 . . . Lane, Windsor, Berks.

Michael Polanyi

Sir,—A major part of . . . Polanyi's problem is . . . Joseph Regenstein Library . . . the University of Chicago . . . are the papers that we . . . his possession in Oxford . . . no systematic effort has . . . made so far to collect . . . pondence, manuscripts or . . . bilia from people with whom . . . in touch. The question is . . . to collect this material one . . . time when a biography . . . undertaken by Professor . . . of the University of Strath . . . in the effort to combine . . . ages of having original . . . available for scholarly . . . centre in Britain, with . . . the material by the biographer . . . ultimate deposit of copies . . . Chicago archive, we wish . . . the following request.

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DRUSILLA SCOTT

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Among this week's contributors

BRIAN BOND's books include *Liddell Hart: A Study of his Military Thought*, 1977.

PETER CLARK's *Liberals and Social Democrats* will be published later this year by the Cambridge University Press.

J. M. COCKING is the author of *Marcel Proust*, 1956.

PAUL CORNER's *Fascism in Ferrara, 1915-1925* was published in 1975.

AINSLIE EMBREE is the Associate Dean of the School of International Affairs, Columbia University.

A. J. KRAILSHEIMER's most recent book is *Armand-Jean de Rancé: Abbot of La Trappe*, 1974.

CHRISTOPHER LAWRENCE lectures in the history of medicine at University College, London.

GWYNNE LEWIS is the author of *Life in Revolutionary France*, 1972.

MALCOLM LYONS is a Lecturer in Arabic at Pembroke College, Cambridge.

PATRICK MCCARTHY is the author of *Céline*, 1975.

FRANCIS MANN's books include *The Legal Aspects of Money*, 1971, and *Studies in International Law*, 1973.

NICHOLAS MANSERGH's latest book is *The Irish Question*, 1975.

GEOFFREY MARSHALL is the . . . *Police and Government*, 1965.

PHILIP MASON's latest . . . *The Dove in Harness*, 1976 . . . *A Shaft of Sunlight*, 1978.

DAVID MITCHELL's books . . . *Women on the Warpath*, 1966 . . . *Queen Christabel*, 1977.

LEWIS NKOSI is the author of . . . and *Exile*, 1965.

LORNE SAGE is a Lecturer in . . . at the University of West . . .

C. H. SISSON's collections of . . . include *In the Trojan Horse* . . . and *Anchises*, 1976.

J. I. M. STEWART's most . . . novel, *Full Term*, was . . . this year.

ANTHONY STORR's books . . . *Human Destructiveness*, 1972 . . . *Jung*, 1976.

JONATHAN SUMPTION's *The . . . sian Crusade* was published . . . this year.

J. F. WATKINS is Professor . . . Medical Microbiology at the . . . National School of Medicine.

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Collet's

The anomic and the alienated

By Geoffrey Marshall

. . . ITICS

. . . EN HART :
. . . and Democracy
. . . Distrust in Britain and . . .
. . . Cambridge University Press.

. . . is nothing new about dis- . . . ment of politicians. "A ray- . . . ," Mr Bagley said, "thinks . . . elected because he was a . . . ster, when th' thruth iv th' . . . it he was elected because no . . . knew him. . . . If I was running . . . office, I'd change me name, an' . . . printed on me cards: 'Give . . . a chanst; he can't be worse'." . . . political scientists, ever resource- . . . ature, however, in the past . . . or so elevated the analysis . . . political dissatisfaction to the . . . of a new discipline. Social . . . —mainly American—have . . . in and offered various . . . about the relation between . . . grumbling or allged politi- . . . disenchantment and democratic . . . So one has so far proposed . . . founding of an Institute for . . . Studies, but it seems a . . . successor to Policy Studies . . . occupation for advanced . . . years.

. . . Hart's *Distrust and . . . vernce* is not a part of, but . . . serve in large measure as . . . guide to, these developments. . . . a clearly written, sceptical and . . . —possibly over-patient—un- . . . ultimate deposit of copies . . . Chicago archive, we wish . . . the following request. . . . theorists have seen in the . . . mixed distrust, alienation and . . . apathy of the citizen-voter sup- . . . for an elitist or "stratified" . . . of the political system. He . . . gives this to be mistaken on the . . . and that proponents of an ci- . . . vic culture have misconstrued . . . nature of political distrust, . . . may be both more rational . . . more valuable than they allow. . . . by a vast . . . of the . . . a swift . . . below the dis- . . . cal belt) Hart concludes that it . . . theorists who support an elitist . . . of the political system who . . . disconnect from the democratic

incomprehensible. Anomie is sometimes supposed to lead to apathy, despair, passivity and lack of direction. Some theorists have suggested that the anomic are vulnerable to anti-democratic appeals (though the argument does not suggest why sex-appeal or any other appeal sufficiently vivid and distracting would not serve equally well).

What would in principle alleviate these various complaints and conditions also tends to vary a good deal. The Durkheimian anomic man could always try suicide. Marxian alienation, not being a psychological state, could respond only to structural change in the appropriate direction. Alienated citizens could not do much good by just cheering up. Some modern social theorists have spoken of the possibility of adaptation to normative disjunction taking the form of rejection or rebellion. (It seems quite likely that anybody whose norms were disjointed would be fairly nervous, if not positively rebellious.)

If distrustful citizens are to be portrayed as anomic, withdrawn or psychically disabled it becomes clear how they may figure in and encourage various unpleasant, or elitist models of the political system. So attempts to dispel the conceptual fog are necessary and also likely to have a useful bearing on theories of democracy. The question is whether when things are seen more clearly "distrust" can be treated as the description of some identifiable phenomenon or phenomena and if so what the evidence for its existence is.

Here we reach the question of methodology and some doubts break in. A good deal of the evidence of those who have discussed whether there is mistrust, alienation, support for the political system, or threats to deference or stability comes from survey research work on political attitudes in which respondents are asked such questions as whether the political system works well, whether by and large it should be copied by others, whether government should be trusted, and whether it is responsive to the wishes of the people. In many cases these taxing and philosophical queries have been put to children or teenagers. One justification for this increasingly popular area of inquiry, incidentally, is that what children think now must be important because they are tomorrow's responsible citizens. (Equally, a great many mentally afflicted people are cured and become reflective citizens, so their present political responses could well be worth investigation and may soon get it.)

Even where attitude surveys are aimed at mature adults in more or less complete possession of their faculties many doubts about their value can be conceived. What are we to think for example of the observation of Gabriel Almond and Sidney Verba that only 46 per cent of a sample of Britons (as against 85 per cent of an American sample) expressed spontaneous pride in their political institutions? Did the 46 per cent say that spontaneous pride was what they felt or did they say they were just proud and happy, without any prompting, whenever their thoughts turned to the National Health Service or Magna Carta?. Does this reveal any truth about politics or would the figures be much the same for unsolicited boasting about the respondents' wives or their stamp collections? Do percentages in any event matter when the questions asked are vague or ambiguous, or framed in terms that are bound to be interpreted differently by different persons in the sample, especially when of different nationalities? A query about whether elected representatives are "smart" can hardly be expected to evoke the same response, for example, in Britain and America.

Much of the comparative survey material seems as if it might be plagued by difficulties of this kind. When citizens are asked whether they feel they will get an even break from "Federal Officials" or "British Government Officials" their understanding and responses will be very different. Even among British respondents some might well take "British Government Officials" to be social security officers while others have in mind senior civil servants or High Court judges or tax inspectors. Given this unclarity the 55 per cent of Britons who thought officials gave favours might as well have been 65 per cent or 75 per cent or more or less anything at all without there being any objective differences in belief or attitude.

And with what reliability can any diminution in the traditional deference of the British voter be inferred from the report that 63 per cent of a sample expressed agreement with the proposition that "some of them" (politicians) "don't seem to know what they are doing"? We can of course infer that 37 per cent of the sample, less the Don't Knows, the abstainers, the dishonest respondents and the hopelessly confused, believed either that some politicians do seem to know what they are doing, or that all of them seem to know what they are doing; or that some of them, or all of them, in fact know, despite appearances, what they are doing.

Perhaps even that degree of certainty escapes us. The trouble with attitude polls at their best is that they do not tell us what people's motives or attitudes are, or even what they think they are, but only what they say to social scientists that they think they are. Hart is too clear-minded to place much faith in the inferences drawn from many of these surveys. But almost any degree of faith would be misplaced.

Supposing therefore that we are thrown back on history, speculation and direct observation of current events and in particular voting behaviour, can we discern anything that in a clear and interesting sense could be called distrust of the political system in Britain and the United States? Here Hart's case studies and his final chapter do help us to reach a conclusion. In both countries it is undeniable that discontent and criticism have been widely perceived by politicians and others and that they correlate in time with a number of upheavals and novel developments in political institutions. American politics in the 1960s and 1970s has been marked by criticism of the Presidency, Congress and popular reaction against concentration of executive power, the widespread emergence of public-interest lobbying and an expansion of the rights of minorities.

In the United Kingdom, without much similarity in the immediate historical causes, there have been demands for wider participation, campaigns against centralization in government, complaints about secrecy and corruption, and calls for fresh institutional devices such as referenda and Bills of Rights. But the dissatisfaction, though reflected in declining support for some traditional institutions—including the major political parties—has not emerged in withdrawal, apathy or a decline in participation or political activity. Despite ups and downs, turnout in British general elections is not substantially lower than in the immediate post-war period. Nor in Britain and the United States, despite the recasting of some political party allegiances and re-jigging of institutions, has discontent with the incumbents of political office brought on any radical reaction or popular revulsion against the Parliamentary or Congressional systems.

Though Hart may not have entirely convinced himself, his book will convince those who read it with the attention it deserves that there is no clear and present danger of anything that is worth labelling political distrust. The notion has been set up by the political science journals and it can safely be left there.

Power without principle

By Jonathan Sumption

WILLIAM WALDEGRAVE :
The Binding of Leviathan
Conservatism and the Future
174pp. Hamish Hamilton. £4.95.

MAURICE COWLING (Editor) :
Conservative Essays
198pp. Cassell. £5.95.

There are two ways of looking at politics, not necessarily inconsistent. It may be looked at in terms of morality and interest; or in terms of power, and the problems of exercising power. The question of what kind of society one wishes to live in is raised by the first approach. The second approach involves a rather different question, namely, what is a government to do whose subjects hold different and conflicting opinions on the kind of society they wish to live in.

Conservatives have traditionally interested themselves exclusively in the second approach, and regarded with suspicion and contempt those who professed to hold views on the proper organization of society. In this sense William Waldegrave is a very traditional conservative. He is concerned with the authority of the state. His sombre analysis of the distribution of power in the world leads him to the conclusion that the state is the only possible guarantor of ordered and civilized existence, that the forces opposed to ordered and civilized existence are much stronger and more numerous than they were in the heyday of Victorian liberalism, and accordingly that the authority of the state must be reinforced.

But Mr Waldegrave has nothing to say about the quite different question: to what ends should that authority be used? This is not because he has forgotten to mention it but because he believes that although general attitudes to moral issues are permissible, the adherence by politicians to abstract principles is an obstruction to the proper exercise of power. It divides the nation, prevents those in power from exercising their unifying role, and leads them to faulty diagnoses by ignoring facts which cannot be reconciled with their preconceived theories. His is in fact substantially the same message as that conveyed by Sir Ian Gilmour in his recent book *Inside Right*.

There are a number of objections to it. The first is that you cannot tell the ordinary voter that it is his duty not to have abstract principles, when the entire political process is directed to enrolling him to have them and enabling him to persuade others of their correctness. Mr Waldegrave's message, like Sir Ian's, is addressed exclusively to politicians. It assumes that the rest of us will be content to leave issues of principle to be decided by politicians as they arise.

Conservatives, Mr Waldegrave believes, have "a knowledgeable instinct". They "know an evil when they see one". Their traditional objectives, which he defines as "the preservation of authority, the belief in tradition, the trust of an underlying and to all intents and purposes unchanging morality, the hostility to dogma and the fear of change", these can be relied on to produce the correct decision in the end. But these so-called objectives are in fact mere guidelines for politicians in power. They are no use for politicians out of power who are trying to persuade voters to put them in, for voters will have their own moral preferences and their own opinions on where their personal interests lie and will judge politicians in the light of them. They cannot be invited to vote for Conservatives simply on the basis that Conservatives "know an evil when they see one" unless they propose to abdicate the formulation of moral preferences to their rulers. That may well be precisely what the British electorate is inclined to do; nevertheless it is supine as well as unwise, and for a politician to suggest it is a patronizing impertinence.

The second objection is that a politician who elevates authority, tradition and existing morality into "objectives" thereby reasons himself with a measure of control over the speed of change but renounces all control over its direction. The direction of change will be determined by those who have clear views on where they want to go, precisely the kind of views on the ideal form of society which Mr Waldegrave eschews in himself and therefore cannot counter in others.

Third, Mr Waldegrave appears to believe that the Conservative Party is necessarily the best vehicle for asserting the authority of the paternalist state. That may have been so a century ago, but today the collectivist tradition has a much more coherent and experienced champion in the Labour Party. With little deference left for the traditional ruling class there is nothing to guarantee that voters who want to be ruled by sensible pragmatic chaps will choose Conservative chaps.

In truth respect for the "underlying and unchanging morality" of the nation is no substitute for making up one's own mind and if that is dogma, so be it. Quite frequently the morality of a nation will prove to be nothing more than the jarring din thrown up by discordant views. On other occasions there may be a consensus of moral opinion which a minority regards as wrong. In either case it is legitimate to use political institutions to put forward one's own views. That is what they are there for. The political arena is the proper place for the expression of national discord, not national unity.

It is when one turns to the *Conservative Essays* edited by Maurice Cowling that one realizes that the fault is not in Mr Waldegrave but in Conservatism itself. He has merely expounded it with particular lucidity.

Here are fourteen distinguished Conservatives whose common purpose is to show that the individualist and liberal tradition of Conservatism is unpolitical and un-Conservative. Yet granted that it is unpolitical and un-Conservative is it also wrong? At no point do any of them except Shirley Letwin and Peregrine Worsthorne even consider the question. Their whole objection to it is that it is out of keeping with British life and the mood of the British people and that it is dogmatic.

That it is dogmatic is true but unimportant. Any belief based on moral principle is dogmatic. My objection to murder is dogmatic. The question is whether my objection is sound, and that question must be answered by considering the nature of murder, not the manner in which I hold my opinion of it.

As for the argument that it is out of keeping with the mood of Britain, this amounts in practice to an assertion that it will not win elections for the Conservatives. It may be true, as T. E. Utley says in his elegant essay, that the British find free market economics "profoundly shocking". But to one who believes that its results are beneficial it is scarcely an objection to say that a particular group of politicians will not be in power if they adopt it. What is "politically possible" changes from time to time, and persuasion by enthusiasts is one of the things that change it.

Both these books are lucid, reflective statements of the paternalist tradition in Conservative thinking. But they are both calculated to convey the impression that Conservatism is a philosophy for a nation of sheep led by a class of politicians whom only firm belief in that they should be in power. One does not have to be a Hayekian liberal to believe that they do an injustice to their party.

WITTGENSTEIN

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In an ideal world

By J. M. Cocking

MALCOLM BOWIE :
Mallarmé and the Art of Being Difficult
207pp. Cambridge University Press. £8.50.

Malcolm Bowie tackles two of Mallarmé's most difficult poems, the "Prose pour Des Esseintes" and the "Coup de dés". His title is not meant to imply unreserved approval for obscurity, even for Mallarmé's; he writes in his concluding chapter that "the whole question of difficulty would have *looked different* " if he had concentrated upon the *vers de circonstance* or others of Mallarmé's lesser works. But in the two poems chosen, he wants us to see that "the conceptual and existential problems at issue were of a complexity sufficient to justify and at the same time to control their involved and indefinitely reconstructable verbal textures ".

The textures, then, are to be construed, not simply responded to in the kind of blurred impressionism recommended by Rémy de Gourmont at the beginning of the Mallarmé legend. The construing begins with some kind of identification of the content, some specification of what the poem refers to; but what kind of identification and what degree of specifying?

Mallarmé has attracted the attention of linguistics-oriented critics because he makes us acutely aware of the mosaic character of all language; the way in which fragments suggest a context which in turn fixes the precise meaning of the fragments. Mallarmé often makes it hard, in his later poems, to see any reciprocity at all between fragments and context. Bowie does not minimize the difficulty. He reminds us of Tolstoy's reaction to the "Prose": "This poem is not exceptional in its incomprehensibility. I have read several other poems by Mallarmé and they also had no meaning whatever." Unblinded by the dogmatism of "What is Art?", Bowie nevertheless writes more than once of the reader's "panic" at a first encounter with the two poems in question. The meaning he eventually extracts is by no means limited to a paraphrasable content; it emerges at least as much from those features of the poem's language that will not fit into a coherent, unilinear conceptual sequence.

All the same he begins with the "general argument" of the "Prose" and pays tribute to the pioneers of Mallarmé exegesis who have made some measure of agreement about the general argument possible. In reading such difficult texts, says Bowie, the context does tend to stabilize, syntax providing most of the fixative. Those possible meanings of individual fragments that the reader has considered but eventually had to exclude from the stabilized conceptual context are not thereby excluded from the poem's total meaning, Bowie contends; they hover as suggestive spirits. "Much of what is customarily called the 'suggestiveness' of poetry is the product of a wilful confusion of logical kinds." Furthermore, the context, when stabilized as firmly as the information allows, still leaves flat contradictions alive at the poem's centre. The effect of this, says Bowie, is partly paradox, confessing the tentativeness and vulnerability of all human attempts to be convinced of anything whatever, and partly a contrapuntal musicality resulting from the co-presence of independent sequences of meaning. The "Prose" is said to be like the six-voice ricercare in Bach's "Musical Offering"; and it becomes, in Bowie's subtly articulate communication of his own totalization of the poem's meaning, an emblem of the human mind as it suffers and enjoys the risks and adventures of thinking and expressing thought.

The "general argument" of the poem raises the question of Mallarmé's idealism and the wider question of the place of ideas in poetry. Here again Bowie seeks a meaning related to the conceptual but escaping from logical categories. Mallarmé's Hegelianism is minimized; his Platonism becomes a specifically poetic way of speculating in a very general philosophical context. What is the status of his *idées*? Are they structures within things, to be abstracted by the mind (Aristotle)? Are they mental realities, existing *only* in the mind (possibly the view of Socrates)? Or have they a substantial and independent reality of their own (probably the view of Plato)? Mallarmé's various allusions to his ideal world, his view of "Eden", leave the logician baffled. His "ideas" seem to be mind-generated yet subsisting objectively, independently of any individual minds. Bowie manages to suggest how the poetic meaning can escape from the logical dilemma.

As a wrestler with difficult texts, Bowie is a notable performer, aware at every step of the precariousness of the task and of what might be said to counter his own conclusions. He is particularly interesting on the interactions between sound and sense. He discounts the view that sounds have meanings in themselves—for instance, that the repeated "i" of the poem about the swan frozen in the ice can itself feel icy—and concentrates on the ways in which sound structure can affect meaning structure. For instance, repetitions of sounds in different words can provide the same sort of emphasis as repetitions of the words themselves; or they can link noun and epithet, or a set of epithets, or two ideas. Subliminal patterns of recurrent phonemes can prepare the way for the punch-line or "summative word" into which the recurrent phonemes are concentrated. These analyses are quite brilliant and informed by very wide and discerning reading in verse-dissection. They sometimes perhaps run the reader further than he will easily follow and leave him wondering just how the observations relate to the poem's meaning as he feels it himself. When can the analyst be sure he is pointing to a significant departure of sound clusters from mere chance incidence? Bowie recognizes this difficulty clearly but is not deterred from pursuing his sound relations down to the last iota.

But at no point does his analysis become merely ingenious. There can be no more exhilarating an exercise for interpretative skill than wrestling with [illegible] more enigmatic of [illegible] texts. Surely no other [illegible] managed to be at once so [illegible] and so compelling, at [illegible] readers who spontaneously [illegible] magic and sense [illegible] meaning that may yield to [illegible] Successive generations [illegible] have brought new techniques [illegible] clinches but few firm [illegible] unless it is the conclusion [illegible] there need be none. Even [illegible] literature seriously, those [illegible] by no means incapable of [illegible] The "Prose" is seen as an [illegible] precarious balance between [illegible] nition of the ineluctable [illegible] of the sensible world and [illegible] some kind of reality for the [illegible] with enough confidence [illegible] validity of the poetic means [illegible] establish a dominantly tragic [illegible] ity; the "Coup de dés" [illegible] death against doubtful [illegible] and allows us to feel the [illegible] destructiveness of the [illegible] frighteningly real if [illegible] senses final.

Bowie confesses that his [illegible] reading produces meanings [illegible] own mind finds it [illegible] sustain—that can appear [illegible] appear in a mental [illegible] cludes with a deeply [illegible] richly thought-provoking [illegible] on Mallarmé and [illegible] in modern art. He offers [illegible] and easily paraphrasable [illegible] sions, but asks questions [illegible] security and simplicity, [illegible] culty and productive [illegible] responsible and irresponsible [illegible] affirmation of value and [illegible] of uncertainty, in terms [illegible] reader who finds in himself [illegible] of assent and dissent [illegible] different parts of Mallarmé's [illegible] ings but to the values of [illegible] uncompassable. manifestations of modernism will be glad to [illegible]

The social spectacle

By A. J. Krailsheimer

ODETTE DE MOURGUES :
Two French Moralists
La Rochefoucauld and La Bruyère
190pp. Cambridge University Press. £8.50.

MADAME DE SEVIGNE :
Correspondance
Volume 3
Edited by Roger Duchêne
1904pp. Paris : Gallimard. 145fr.

The combined testimony of the letters of Mme de Sévigné, the *Maximes* of La Rochefoucauld and the *Caractères* of La Bruyère gives astonishingly varied but mutually corroborative reports of society, attitudes and behaviour in the France of Louis XIV. The *Maximes* purport to be the findings of a secular enquiry into human behaviour, and because they are so well written, in a form suggesting universal truths, this is how they now tend to be read. What Odette de Mourgues has to say about the art of the *Maximes*, and particularly about La Rochefoucauld's struggle to find words adequate for his purpose, is necessary and valuable. Where her characteristically elegant study is disappointing is in its evaluation of La Rochefoucauld's status as observer. The works of the moralists are not pure literature, and when an author claims to be observing and judging the people around him, it seems oddly perverse of the critic to omit all mention of the author's own, in this case amply documented, experience, or to admit without question (as is feasible a study of society from which all religious references have been systematically excised.

Early on Mme de Mourgues affirms, reasonably enough, that La Rochefoucauld was not a Christian moralist, and goes on "it might be rash to dismiss altogether the religious background of the *Maximes*"; in fact she uses it in a crucial discussion of what *amour propre* really means and later, speaking of the orthodox morality of the age, she writes "it was almost inevitable that he should remember the Christian teaching which had moulded it". Who reading such curious understatements could guess that the *Maximes* were composed jointly with Mme de Sablé, a neighbour of Port-Royal, and Jacques Esprit, a former Oratorian who wrote a treatise denying the possibility of pagan virtue? In our post-Christian age it is natural to read in the *Maximes* a remarkable anticipation of modern psychology, free of religious significance, but the most cursory acquaintance with seventeenth-century social history reveals the major part played by ecclesiastical matters — sermons, funerals, directors of conscience — in the life of all, believers and non-believers alike. La Rochefoucauld's deliberate omission of all references to devotion, true or false, even more than his removal of all references to God and faith, needs explanation, and was interpreted by at least some of his contemporaries as a classic illustration of the plight of man without God, implicitly inviting religious conclusions.

Similarly, Mme de Mourgues observes very pertinently that "the prison of subjectivity is more obvious in him than in any other writer . . . the solipsism of the *Maximes* seems to be carried very far". Quite so, but is it not worth adding that his failure to present a plausible picture of human relationships (his main theme) from the point of view of anyone but himself should be seen in the context of a life of intrigue, political and amorous, and of intimate friendships, platonic and otherwise, with such exceptional women as Mmes de Longueville, de Lafayette and de Sévigné? If, as Mme de Mourgues concludes, the *Maximes* really are "a grave and lonely quest for the true nature of man", it is at least possible that this is because pride cut him off from accepting others (and himself) as they really were. A. Adam, writing about La Rochefoucauld in 1954 (presumably too long ago for inclusion in Mme de Mourgues's bibliography) stressed the timidity, lucidity, and detachment of the man throughout his life so as to illuminate the *Maximes* far more clearly than Mme de Mourgues's spotlight, however brilliant, succeeds in doing.

Conversely, her study of La Bruyère constitutes an excellent introduction to this less able but scarcely less rewarding writer, even though the social and historical differences with La Rochefoucauld deserve a few lines they are not given. It is interesting that the intrusive *moi* in the *Caractères*, where the author of all diversities

Sayyid Ahmad's public school

By Ainslie T. Embree

DAVID LELYVELD :
Aligarh's First Generation
Muslim Solidarity in British India
256pp. Guildford : Princeton University Press. £16.80.

[illegible] could possibly have been the [illegible] action of cricket, David Lelyveld [illegible] at one point in this readable [illegible] important study, that it was [illegible] central to the educational [illegible] perience of Muslim boys in a [illegible] college in North India at the [illegible] of the nineteenth century? His [illegible] ver is that cricket was both a [illegible] and a reality. The purpose [illegible] the college founded at Aligarh [illegible] 1875 by Sayyid Ahmad Khan and [illegible] supporters was to ensure Indian [illegible] ulims a role in the governance [illegible] British India, and, in a double [illegible] ve, the students were learning to [illegible] the game of India's rulers. [illegible] cket stood for team spirit, for the [illegible] rcise of initiative within obedi[illegible] to a strict code of rules, and [illegible] ve all, for that quality of man[illegible] ss which, according to a parade [illegible] speakers at college ceremonies, [illegible] so sadly lacking in Indian, in [illegible] tact with British, character. [illegible] ough attention to such apparent [illegible] ts and the presentation of a [illegible] of biographical data and [illegible] ailed institutional history, Lely[illegible] has analysed a phenomenon of [illegible] damental significance for the [illegible] tory of modern South Asia, the [illegible] rth of a sense of social soli[illegible] y among Indian Muslims.

[illegible] John Strachey once said that [illegible] first and most important thing [illegible] learn about India was that there [illegible] no such entity, that it was only [illegible] political construct of the British. [illegible] similar paradox could be made [illegible] the categories "Hindus" and [illegible] Muslims" are products of Wes[illegible] conceptualization in the nine[illegible] enth century, which, on the ana[illegible] gy of the Catholic-Protestant divi[illegible] ons of European history, were used [illegible] impose order on the chaos of [illegible] dian social reality. Perhaps the [illegible] tiful example of this tend[illegible] was Sir William Hunter's book, *The Indian Musalmans*, with its sub[illegible] that raised the spectre of [illegible] Mutiny: "Are they bound [illegible] conscience to rebel against the [illegible]?" Hunter's affirmative [illegible] was based upon his inter[illegible] on of the teaching of the [illegible] regarding *jihad* and his read[illegible] of the current situation in India. [illegible] ely had the Muslims been re[illegible] by the British as the rulers [illegible], but by the 1870s statistics [illegible] ted that they were also los[illegible] ound in government employ[illegible] to the Hindus, who were, [illegible] ing to Hunter, the Muslims' [illegible] ss enemies". Smarting [illegible] their grievances, and with a [illegible] ss prescription against sub[illegible] to infidel rule, the Muslims [illegible] a standing threat to British [illegible] the wisest policy for the gov[illegible]s, Hunter argued, was to en[illegible] upper-class Muslims to come [illegible]s with British power, and, [illegible]ly through Western education [illegible] which up to this time they had [illegible]s to gain positions of influ[illegible] They would in this way dis[illegible] that the British were their [illegible] allies.

[illegible]s in the context of this [illegible]standing of the position of [illegible] Muslims that Sayyid Ahmad [illegible] one of the most remarkable [illegible] modern India, found his [illegible] role. As a religious reform[illegible] had undertaken what Lely[illegible]eld calls "a prodigious enter[illegible] of reformulating Islamic the[illegible] to make it intelligible to [illegible] nineteenth-century rationalism, but [illegible]ing impact on the historical [illegible] of the subcontinent [illegible]ough the college he founded [illegible]. In this undertaking his [illegible] was basically secular, not reli[illegible] for the college was not meant [illegible]ate his reformist ideas, but [illegible] founded to train young Mus[illegible] to become public leaders in [illegible] ite was concerned, in a [illegible] very similar to his Victorian [illegible] worries, with the uplift of [illegible] through the moral regenera[illegible] of individuals. The graduates [illegible] would restore the Muslim [illegible] to its rightful place in [illegible] leadership. For this reason [illegible] was understand the special [illegible] the *Maximes* of the [illegible] could hardly do better than [illegible] those superbly [illegible] impeccably [illegible] Duchêne.

which Sayyid Ahmad Khan drew his inspiration, religion was to be a necessary part of the social discipline of a gentleman, not, as for fanatics, a total way of life.

The mechanism for the restoration of the Muslim elite to their rightful place in the new structures of power was a privately controlled, British-style public school, with English as the medium of instruction. The most innovative feature for India in this proposal was Sayyid Ahmad Khan's insistence that the college be residential, with an architectural design that recalled both the quadrangles of the old English universities and the courtyards of a Muslim future. What Sayyid Ahmad saw most clearly, according to Lelyveld, was that to raise up a new generation of Muslim leaders a planned social environment was as important as book learning. At Aligarh, the students would be cut off from home influences, for, as Sayyid Ahmad once said with a pungency of language that recalls Luther, as long as they were at home, they would remain "ignorant, worthless, and exposed to all sorts of evil".

English was stressed, not, as it is often said, because it was the necessary prerequisite for government service, but because Sayyid Ahmad Khan was convinced, as was the great Hindu reformer before him, Ram Mohan Roy, that English would be the key unlock the knowledge of the West, but that in itself it was a means for moral uplift. In a statement that may be based on questionable linguistics, but which shows remarkable cultural insight, he argued that English was needed as a medium of instruction, not so much in the exact sciences where the idiom was technical and universal, as in what he called the "uncertain" sciences such as history and philosophy. Urdu, the language of most of the students and instructors, was unusable because of the very nature of its rhetoric, which failed to make distinction between metaphor and reality.

During his visit in the early 1870s to England, Sayyid Ahmad had been greatly attracted to Oxford, Cambridge, and the public schools, seeing in them the commitment to the values of upper-class culture and the belief in leadership as inherent in certain classes that he wanted for Muslim India. Lelyveld argues that his choice of a model was unfortunate, for in accepting it he had to abandon other values that he had previously advocated, such as the encouragement of science, empirical research, and the whole belief in dynamic change which had originally impressed him in British society. The truth is that in a curious way the values of the old British schools, or at least what Indians perceived to be their values, were suited to the cultural and social biases of the traditional Indian elites, whether Muslim or Hindu. Here, as in other spheres, there was an accidental coincidence of taste and temperament that helped to make British rule in India acceptable. The intellectual content of the curriculum at Aligarh was therefore heavily weighted towards literature, history, and Western philosophy, with science almost totally neglected. And as noted, there was a great emphasis on sports, since, as Beck, the English principal put it, if a boy did not play games, all that his BA meant was "Big Ass". The combination of curriculum and games was, in Lelyveld's phrase, "the shortest distance one had to move in choosing traits from the ruling culture".

The goal of Aligarh to train Muslims to assert their rightful claims to leadership as a dominant minority inevitably came in conflict with the aim of the Indian National Congress, which had been founded ten years after Aligarh. For the Congress, its stated task was to define the role of Indians as citizens in a nation-state, with the government subject to majority rule. The Aligarh ideology, as enunciated by Sayyid Ahmad, understood Indian political life in a fundamentally different fashion. For him, India under the British, as under the Moguls, was a conglomeration of competing and antagonistic communities held in check by a powerful government. The unity and solidarity of the Muslim community within this plural society depended upon the recognition by its members of their origin as a people, an ethnic group, or nation, not upon the possession of Islam as a common faith. Lelyveld does not make the point, but surely this was precisely the understanding of Muslim solidarity that underlay Jinnah's two-nation theory.

While Aligarh did produce leaders to share in the British imperium, it also produced leaders like the Ali brothers, Muhammad and Shaukat, who rediscovered Islam as the guiding force for a total social order. This discovery made irrelevant both Sayyid Ahmad's vision of India ruled by natural leaders and the faith of the Indian National Congress that the Indian Empire could become a unitary nation-state governed by representative institutions. But this does not mean, Lelyveld concludes, that Aligarh in its attempts to transfer social institutions and cultural values from the West was a failure; in a world of changing circumstances the college gave a generation a standing-ground on which to work out its destiny.

Frivolling about

By Philip Mason

PAT BARR and RAY DESMOND :
Simla
A Hill Station in British India
108pp. Scolar Press. £12.50.

This book consists of an illustrated essay of thirty-five pages by Pat Barr—"the story of a hill-station", a note of two pages by Ray Desmond on photography in nineteenth-century India, and eighty plates. It is thus primarily a picture-book. It covers the period from 1822 to 1903.

Miss Barr's text summarizes a number of well-known accounts of Simla—Jacquemont, Emily Eden, Russell, Bucke—and she has also used some sources previously unpublished and some little known. She has strung these reminiscences together skilfully and the reader is always tempted to read on—though not without a feeling that this kind of literary collage seems to demand from all who attempt it certain recognizable similarities of style, which appear particularly in the transition from one source to another. She is particularly strong on the nostalgia induced in refugees from the hot weather in the plains by wild roses and the call of the cuckoo.

Miss Barr has followed her sources closely in insisting on the frivolity of Simla. This slight distortion—which is common to almost all accounts of British social life in India—is inevitable, because work went on below the surface and recreation was plain to the eye of beholders; in Simla the froth should be seen in relation to the sturdiness of life in an isolated district. Of course there was some frivolity in Simla—but it was in Simla that most of the frivolity of India was concentrated. On the whole, Victorian India was rather humourless. This however is to be solemn about a book which is meant to entertain, a purpose in which it entirely succeeds.

Pat Barr's essay ends with a commendable bit at the pseudo-scientific gobbledygook of an academic account. Hill-stations, wrote her academic, were "a form of spatio-social organization peculiar to colonial urban development". Against this she sets a list of the feelings and memories of those involved—cuckoos and roses again—an irrelevant and illogical contrast perhaps, but her list of memories has meaning for people, while the other has only a pretence of meaning—and that inaccurate.

The illustrations are admirably chosen, though it would be an improvement if all were dated. The whole book makes an attractive and evocative album; it is a pity that the price puts it beyond the reach of many who would enjoy turning its pages. It would make an excellent present from a rich nephew to a favourite aunt.



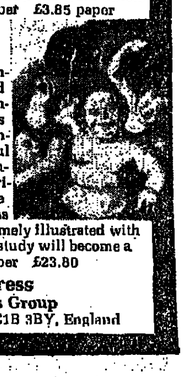


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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
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A poet in power

By Paul Corner

MICHAEL A. LEDEEN:
The First Duce
D'Annunzio at Fiume
225pp. Johns Hopkins University Press. £9.50.

Gabriele D'Annunzio's occupation of Fiume in September 1919 was a flamboyant and romantic gesture which attracted the attention of all Europe at the time and has continued to fascinate historians since. This is not surprising; it is a good story and bears retelling. For Michael Ledeen, however, it is much more. He presents the sixteen-month occupation of Fiume as one of the first examples of the "new politics" of mass manipulation. He suggests in his preface that Fiume under D'Annunzio was "a microcosm of the modern political world" and makes the even more startling claim that "an analysis of D'Annunzian Fiume goes a long way towards accounting for much of the puzzling behaviour that has characterized Western society ever since the Great War".

For Ledeen, the importance of the poet lies in the manner in which he managed to "shape the masses into a coherent political body" through a theatrical political style based on the use of religious language and imagery in a purely secular cause. It was this successful blending of the "sacred" and the "profane" into a secular liturgy which gave D'Annunzio control of the crowd's emotions and the power to transcend traditional political divisions through the creation of a spiritual unity between leader and led. Because of this political technique, it is suggested that "the poet-warrior possessed the key to modern politics per se", while the occupation of Fiume stands as "one of the watersheds of the modern world".

These are remarkable claims which clearly need a lot of support if they are to stand up. Unfortunately the body of the book fails to make them convincing. This is partly because *The First Duce* tries to be both an account of the Fiume adventure and an illustration of the "new politics". In the end it straddles the ground uneasily and does neither well. The historical account aids little which is new and is, in any case, severely limited by the restricted perspective adopted. It is confined to the political convolutions of D'Annunzio during the occupation and far too little attention is paid to the wider context of Italian politics. In particular, there is no adequate examination of the momentum which the Fiume venture derived from its place in the programme of expansion towards the Eastern Mediterranean and the Balkans long cherished by the Italian Right and given fresh impetus after the war by the collapse of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. This is a serious weakness because, if we are to make any judgment of the relationship between D'Annunzio and the people of Fiume, we really have to know the full context. Absence of this context of course permits the author to concentrate on the figure of D'Annunzio and to ascribe his success to personal qualities and novel political technique, but it leaves the reader with the suspicion that only half the story has been told and that he is in danger of falling victim to historian's sleight of hand.

Nevertheless some of the most interesting pages are those which relate to the "new politics", to the methods by which D'Annunzio inspired the population of Fiume during the difficult months of occupation. The author concentrates on D'Annunzio's use of religious language, on the religious fervour which greeted his utterances, and also on the poet's understanding that the people needed not only to listen but also to participate if their support was to be retained. Here Ledeen follows George Mosse's *The Nationalisation of the Masses* very closely in his analysis of the role of secular liturgy. Yet the many claims made for the novelty and originality of D'Annunzio's political style would be more convincing if they were more carefully substantiated. The case would be stronger if pertinent comparison had been discussed (the Russian Revolution is perhaps the most obvious example). Instead Ledeen relies too often on assertion rather than on reasoned argument. We are told, rather than shown, what is new, and the overall effect is thin.

Nor in the end is the book fully coherent about the efficacy of the secular liturgy. To be convincing, statements about the relationship between D'Annunzio and the masses require as much attention to be paid to the masses as to the leader. But here there is little examination of *why* people respond enthusiastically, nor indeed of *which* people respond. Thus, after so much emphasis has been placed on the ability of D'Annunzio to transcend traditional political differences, it comes as something of a surprise to read towards the end of the book that Fiume was, for much of 1920, deeply divided on ethnic and class lines. The "new politics" seem strangely to have evaporated.

This last point indicates perhaps the risks involved in the use of the term "masses"—necessarily vague and undifferentiated, and likely to lead to oversimplification. A classic example is provided here when it is suggested that Italian fascism was the product of "a fevered search for leaders who could inspire the newly mobilized masses" and "give meaning to the lives of the people". Here the word "masses" permits a generalization which is in reality a travesty of the events of 1920-22 and of the brutal and bloody suppression of the socialist movement which was a prelude to fascism.

It is in fact on the issue of fascism that the author seems least at home. He is clearly concerned to defend D'Annunzio from any accusation of being fascist in his attitudes, and, while this can be accepted, it is less easy to credit the judgment that "it is necessary to abandon one of the commonplaces most often repeated about the adventure, that D'Annunzio in Fiume paved the way for fascism". This conflicts oddly with the opinion expressed in the preface that "there is much truth in the view that he [D'Annunzio] was the John the Baptist of fascism".

Ideological attitudes and political positions aside, it still seems clear that the very *fact* of Fiume with its example of military sedition against the tottering of the government played a crucial role in bringing about the demise of the liberal state. It is arguable that, in the long run, the Fiuman adventure was far more subversive of the liberal state than were all the agitations of the socialists in the post-war period. In this sense at least, the "Fiuman legacy" to Italy was much more than a simple question of political style, as is suggested here.

The book contains a surprising number of minor errors, which it would be tedious to list here. Even the Italian used in the text is sometimes incorrect. Errors apart, the overriding impression remains that of colourful language and a racy and sometimes pretentious style being used to compensate for lack of any stronger material with which to support the claims advanced. Perhaps the idea was better than the execution; certainly, as it stands, *The First Duce* is very much under-researched and considerably overwritten.

With the masses

By Gwynne Lewis

DANIEL GUERIN:
Class Struggle in the First French Republic
Bourgeois and Bras Nus, 1793-1795
Translated by Ian Patterson
295pp. Pluto Press. £6.60 (paperback £3.60).

Daniel Guérin has been a controversial figure on the far left of French politics for almost half a century, always totally immersed in the politics of his age. Baptised during the era of the neo-fascist Action Française and the neo-socialist Front Populaire, confirmed in the faith during the inglorious years of Vichy, Guérin has always celebrated the "spontaneous and creative power of the masses". *La Lutte des classes sous la Première République* (*Class Struggle in the First French Republic*, in two volumes, 1946) was written to commemorate the first attempt by the oppressed to free themselves from all forms of oppression".

Guérin sympathizes with the proposition that, in politics, the small, if not beautiful, is invariably less ugly than the big, and his polemical, rather perverse study of the Terror from 1793 to 1795 is fascinating. It is rather like seeing the Revolution simultaneously through the eyes of Proudhon, Bakunin, Kropotkin, Marx and Trotsky: inevitably, the angles of vision are nothing if not original. In no other work on the Revolution is the problem of the War geared so directly to the machinery of the Terror, explaining not only the uneven rhythms of revolutionary zeal but also the intensity of the class struggle. Cambon's virgin birth, which would have pioneering attempts to tame the Revolution financially are shown to clericalism, priests being crooks in cloth"). By 1790, England had already become "one great factory flooding the world with cheap goods". The humble pikeman in Christopher Hill's army of academic redressers will, I trust, feel duly chastised to learn that the English revolution of the seventeenth century was military rather than popular . . . it did not rouse the people".

The villains of Guérin's French Revolution are the Girondins, bourgeois and centralizers like the Jacobins, but with their grubby fingers caught more firmly in the commercial and mercantile till. There is a tinge of sympathy for the idealistic Robespierre, but none for the venal, self-indulgent Danton, who is accused, together with Robespierre—a novel interpretation which should not be dismissed too lightly—of preparing the way for a perfidious peace with England and, far worse, of conceiving the famous centralizing law of 14 Frimaire Year II (December 4, 1793), "a stage in the formation of the State machinery through which the bourgeoisie was going to enslave the proletariat. Here is the centralized state with its bureaucracy and police".

The heroes are the *enragés*, the true vanguard of the proletariat, educated refugees from the bourgeois class who articulate the demands of the "as-yet-inarticulate" *bras nus*. But of (like all good revolutionaries) was to learn from their defeat. The book ends with the statement that, by 1796, Babeuf and his followers had realized "that true communism would lead to the withering away of the State", which brings us to the real hero of the book, the Paris Commune. Chaumette's Commune (well, not really, since its leading administrator was too bourgeois and anti-feminist), precursor of 1871, 1917 and . . . 1989? Perhaps. The difficulty is, as Marx must have told Bakunin on many occasions, to get anarchism to be at least as important as Lindet's work on food-supplies or Carnot's much-vaunted contribution to the war effort. The account of Robespierre's legalistic reaction to the events of Thermidor is still the most convincing I have read. It is also unflagellatory that Guérin's work helped to launch a veritable college industry dedicated to the discovery of the "sansculotte", hitherto as elusive as the Scarlet Pimpernel, now as common as the Cabbage Whites.

Unfortunately, *Class Struggle in the First French Republic* is too schematic for words, often literally so, as the translator, who must be commended for his labours, probably found to his cost: "Fascists-before-their-time" for the *jeunesse dorée*, the "not yet fully articulate pioneer of the anti-bourgeois revolution" for the *enragé*, Jacques Roux, do not inspire one with confidence. And yet confidence rings throughout the book. We are informed that, between 1793 and 1795, "mandom-class struggle made its first embryonic, but quite distinct appearance", later on than "two fractions of the Third Estate, the bourgeois [who are not defined] and the bras nus [who also lack definition, except that they were the ones who rolled up their sleeves to work], despite their common struggle against the Ancien Régime were separate from each other and composed two distinct classes with conflicting interests". The "bras nus" are, of course, the embryonic proletariat, part of the permanent revolution which no force, objective or academic, can halt.

In order to assimilate Marxism into Guérin's fundamentally anarchist interpretation we are informed that the Industrial Revolution began in France around 1789 (if the proletariat emerges from the womb of the bourgeoisie then during the Industrial Revolution any later would have suggested a virgin birth, which would have pioneering attempts to tame the Revolution financially are shown to clericalism) priests being

Victory in the home

By David Mitchell

PATRICIA BRANCA:
Women in Europe since 1750
214pp. Croom Helm. £8.95 (paperback, £3.95).

In conjunction with Richard Evans's *The Feminists* (from the same publisher), this ambitious account of women's experience in two centuries of bewildering social and technological change offers a fresh and stimulating perspective. Like Evans, Patricia Branca, an assistant professor at the Carnegie-Mellon University in Pittsburgh, has tried to survey the flood of women's studies which has poured forth in the past decade or so. Her main theme is that women's role in the family—neglected, or deplored as an obstacle to genuine emancipation by zealots who denounce the "politics of the womb"—has been at least as important as feminist clamour in achieving legislative reform and influencing public opinion.

The author's style smacks of the lecture room, but the cumulative effect of her buildunding diligence is impressive. Focusing chiefly on England and France, but with sideglances at Germany, Italy, and Scandinavia, she describes in detail how women coped with the grinding chores of the so-called "golden age" of domestic manufacture in a still largely agricultural economy; met the challenge of the big cities and galloping industrialization; invaded factories and took over a rapidly expanding service sector; and, above all, dreamt of marriage and home-making.

With each involuntarily extended family bunched together for mere survival, the golden age seems in retrospect to have been a hellish period. "Walking" over thirty miles a week at their spinning-wheels and expected to look after the livestock as well as the men, women had little energy to spare for sex and no thought of pleasure in it or marriage. Children, swaddled tightly and hung on pegs while mothers toiled were, if they survived, put to work in the fields at the age of five. The c... of "love", maternal or oth... not exist.

Small wonder that deper... the horrors—including l... employers and predatory ... men—which shocked Victo... philanthropists into ... working-class women found ... tic service and factory ... welcome alternative. The d... was mitigated by wider social ... tacts; part or even full-time ... tion was preferable to rotting ... a village concentration camp.

The Two Nations met in ... houses of middle and upper-... families. Domestics moved ... job to job, bettering themselv... soon as they were trained, ... ing the mobility, and sampl... marry "well". The Servant ... tion loomed large on the hori... bourgeois couples; but the ... Question, too, was there, ... posing itself in a form more ... ous than that of feminist propa... Dr Branca points out that impr... methods of contraception, ... tured foods, mass-produced ... better plumbing, labour-... machinery—all the technologies ... mushrooming consumer ... meant power, and liberation, ... capable, well-to-do wife. Wom... magazines whispered of ... love and self-fulfilment, mean... baby care, child-rearing, and ... wifery were best-sellers, alth... ing copy was increasingly ... the real controller of the ... and its budget.

Husbands, including ... surrendered to the ubiquitous ... sure. Equal partnership a... stage was the corollary ... "mothering", a concept ri... possibilities of commercial ... feminine exploitation, was ... Hordes of female teachers ... it in the primary classroom ... they all but monopolized. ... lists, often male, worked ... image of the wife-mistress, ... nice being an angel" ... French enthusiast in 1... don't repulse your husband ... undresses you after the ... ing like a fool. You ... spiritual qualities, but ... body is not bad either." ... years later the women's ... denod Captain in Strindberg's ... *The Father*, was to ... "And us? What about us?"

Within about eighty years ... tion in England and France ... fifteen married women left ... lity; and though formal ... agitation had played some ... this, its ideals and objectives ... distasteful to the vast majority ... women of all classes (as ... never caused to proclaim). ... the real reformers were the ... tising agencies and the ... magazines, whose slogans and ... ment struck, literally, home ... still do, despite Betty Friedan, ... maine Greer, Juliet Mitchell, ... Rowbotham and the wreckage ... the divorce courts.

Most women, whatever their ... regard it as a means ... end—marriage or ... family finances. Dr Branca ... that enfranchisement was ... a tardy and on the whole ... cisted confirmation of ... which had been won in the ... not in suffragist street processions.

It is an interesting thought: ... as the wild stampede to ... ofton almost straight from ... classroom, continues, ... reminded of Margaret ... dom, of being what the French call *un ressortissant* rather than *un sujet*. But by 1971 most of the developments alluded to had already taken place. And after 1971 this country joined the European Economic Community, a system whose characteristics is that far-reaching freedoms of movement and establishment are conferred upon the nationals of member states.

These are puzzling questions. Dr Goodwin-Gill does not discuss them; he is a lawyer who writes for lawyers, and it is in a legal context that he analyses the statutory schemes which have prevailed in Britain in the course of the present century, and the European treaties that have added new dimensions to them. Even so his book, though dealing with innumerable separate problems of varying importance, is largely illustrative of a great theme which in fact reaches far beyond the movement of persons between states.

This theme concerns the limits of administrative discretion, and constitutes the core of that comprehensive body of administrative law which slowly and painfully came into existence in England in the course of the twentieth century and which deserves to be recognized as one of the great achievements of the modern judiciary: it succeeded in keeping within acceptable bounds what Lord Chief Justice once called the "new despotism" and what may already be an old despotism. As Dr Goodwin-Gill himself says, it is the object of his book "to advance a more detailed description of discretionary powers and to show how they exist within legal limits".

The principle is not new or peculiar to the movement of persons, in which connection it is in fact least effective. The law does not know any discretion which is absolute; all discretion is subject to limits. Every exercise of a discretionary power which exceeds the limits is liable to be set aside by the courts, though the question whether and in what circumstances any such excess entitles the subject to damages is at present badly in need of clarification. Nor have the courts failed to define the limits of administrative discretion. Lack of jurisdiction, misuse of powers, bad faith, arbitrariness, lack of the requirements of natural justice—these are the principal headings which the courts have evolved and which largely correspond to the standards recognized by long-established systems of administrative law abroad (as well as by international law).

However difficult and doubtful the application of the principles to a given case may be, their existence and pervasive influence is a matter of record and should also be a matter of pride and satisfaction for the general public. In particular they extend to many, though by no means all, aspects of the movement of persons. Thus, to mention only a single example, appellate bodies, now governed by the Immigration Act of 1971, are in the United Kingdom empowered to review orders of expulsion. There exists in fact a whole structure of municipal English law that is relevant to the author's theme.

Nevertheless he is not primarily concerned with English national law. As the title of his book indicates, it is the control of the move-

The welcome and the unwelcome

By F. A. Mann

S. GOODWIN-GILL:
...ternational Law and the Move... ...t of Persons Between States
... Clarendon Press: Oxford ...ersity Press. £14.

...ide of this book gives the ...ression that the author, a legal ...er in the Office of the United ...ns High Commissioner for ...gees, proposes to refer to ... movements of people which ...e course of the past few ... have been brought about ...ass expulsions, and have ...d indescribable misery to mil... ...s in Europe, Africa and Asia. ...reader immediately wonders ...t international law can do to ...ate the fate of the unfor... ...es who fall victim to such ...t measures of persecution, ... these have proceeded on so ...e a scale and been charac... ...d by such neglect of human ... that they are outside the ken ...gal analysis.

...S. Goodwin-Gill, however, ...s about quite different mat... ...viz. the entry (or refusal of ...y) to, and the expulsion of ... from a country, mainly the ...d Kingdom and the United ...es of America; and the limits ...state action which, in both in... ...ces, the law and in particular ...ternational law imposes. An ...datory section is devoted to a ...gory of related matters, such as ...ems of nationality, passport ...ds, human rights standards ...the principle of non-discrim... ...on. These are strictly legal ...s which the author discusses ...a strictly legal point of view ...about which a legal reviewer is ...ged to write as a technician—...ically, but with much apprecia... ...and esteem.

...Yet the entry and expulsion of ...ens also concerns a wider circle ...s readers who are unlikely to ...know how the law can take care of ...selves to which they will ...ded to attribute a purely polit... ...or economic character. It is ...ing indeed to be reminded by ...Goodwin-Gill that the first Bri... ...Aliens Act restricting immigra... ...was passed in 1905 for the ...purpose of curtailing Jewish ...gration from Eastern Europe. ...was a most curious piece of ...ation: it did not apply to ...ious passengers. "Alien steer... ...passengers" were admitted ...they could produce evidence ...they had sufficient funds, or ...acquire them by work, to ...themselves and their ...dants. Even lack of funds ...as a reason for refusal to ...where the immigrant proved ...he was seeking to enter the ...only solely to avoid persecution ...mishment on religious or ...al grounds.

...ding today at the odd, but ...ly liberal scheme of the ...1905 one cannot help won... ...why before 1914 the ...of immigrants to the ...Kingdom was not much ...? Most of the Jews coming ...Eastern Europe went to the ...States, but the freedom and ...portunities that were also ...where failed to attract ...half a century later ...such frequent and desperate ...to come—Indians, Pakistanis, ...West Indians, Italians, ...Spaniards and so on.

...n 1914 the chances of mak... ...living in this country must ...seem considerably and sur... ...y lower, though it would ...an economic historian to ...the reasons. At the time ...facilities were, of course, ...y more limited and expen... ...was this so to such an ...that hardly any natives of ...tries of recent emigration ...here? Was there, notwith... ...the very liberal legisla... ...strong and open antag... ...against immigrants of ...race? If so, why and how ...lost its force? For whatever ...may say about present racial ...in this country, it has not ...long enough to keep away ...million or more immi... ...of much greater racial dis... ...than Russian or Polish ...

...when in the early 1930s a ...much smaller wave of im... ...from the Continent began ...result of Hitler's perse... ...this country's most out...

...mand, for instance, the refusal in certain circumstances, of the surrender of an alien, he is strongly influenced by a statement of the International Court of Justice in 1970, according to which there exist "obligations of a State towards the international community as a whole", which "are the concern of all States", so that "all States can be held to have a legal interest in their protection; they are obligations *erga omnes*" and "derive, for example . . . from the principles and rules concerning the basic rights of the human person, including protection from slavery and racial discrimination". To rely on, or even to attach any weight to, these words may prove an illusion. They seem to envisage something in the nature of an *actio popularis*. Is it conceivable that, always subject to any exceptions derived from treaties, those states which are known to infringe the basic rights of the human person will accept the jurisdiction of any tribunal, or allow any state not directly concerned to exercise protection, or give effect to any adverse judgment pronounced against them? The whole passage is so unreulistic and to some extent even disingenuous that lawyers, philosophers, moralists and politicians should beware of it, particularly if they remember that the Soviet and Polish, but also, among others, the British, American and French judges subscribed to it.

"Basic rights of the human person" is an elusive and much abused phrase, as Helsinki proves. And what is an obligation *erga omnes* when we remember that in 1974 a country like France, with its great legal tradition and immense contribution to international law, failed to appear in and in fact withdrew from the International Court after Australia had instituted proceedings against it in the so-called Nuclear Test case? This, surely, was one of the most devastating blows ever directed against the International Court and international law as a whole. Yet a few years earlier the French judge had not dissociated himself from the passage quoted. The incident, almost unforgivable in both its character and its consequence, emphasizes the restraint with which *a dictum such as that invoked by Dr Goodwin-Gill should be treated.*

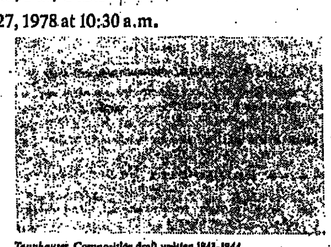
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Richard Wagner Positive photograph on glass by Pierre Petit, Paris: Trinquart 1861



Tannhäuser. Composition draft written 1843-1844 *First page of Act I.*

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The sardine syndrome

By Anthony Storr

PAUL M. INSEL and HENRY CLAY LINDGREN:
Too Close For Comfort
The Psychology of Crowding
192pp. Hemel Hempstead: Prentice-Hall International. £6.55 (paperback, £2.90).

In a world in which most nations appear to be incapable of restraining the growth of their own populations, study of the psychological and physical effects of overcrowding becomes increasingly important. The co-authors of this useful book are, respectively, a psychiatrist from Stanford and a psychologist from San Francisco State University. In a short space, and without the use of jargon, they have summarized modern research on crowding, and have provided a most valuable twelve pages of references.

Crowding is not an easy phenomenon to investigate, in that whether individuals *feel* crowded or not depends on circumstances as well as upon the actual numbers of other people who are present. Thus, we are not so likely to feel crowded if we are surrounded by a group of friends with whom we have chosen to spend an evening as we are by an unexpected press of strangers. Moreover, those whose childhood experience has accustomed them to crowded conditions suffer less stress from crowding in adult life than those who have been used to privacy.

There are also differences between people in this respect which are less dependent upon individual experience. More than one set of experiments has shown that women tolerate the close proximity of others better than do men, and are more friendly to those with whom they have been crowded together. The psychologists performing these experiments supposed that this difference between the sexes could be accounted for by the notion that, in Western society, women are encouraged to express their feelings, while men are discouraged from doing so. I do not find this explanation convincing. It seems to me more likely that the difference springs from the fact that men, on the whole, are innately more aggressive than women, and thus more likely to resent infringements of their "personal space". Studies of pathologically aggressive offenders have shown that mere proximity is often a trigger for violence, and that the envelope of "personal space" which surrounds each one of us, the penetration of which makes us feel uncomfortable, is much larger in the case of particularly aggressive people.

There are interesting cultural differences also. Latin Americans tend to stand closer to one another than do Anglo-Americans. Arabs and Mediterranean people in general tend to be less disturbed by the proximity of others than do Northerners. A Greek sociologist asserts that there is no word for "privacy" in Greek. Perhaps this is so of modern Greek; but the ancients surely used ἴδιος as distinguishing between public and private. And is it really true, as the authors assert, that there is no word for "home" in any of the Mediterranean languages, "be they Romance, Semitic or Turkish"? They define "home" as "a place where privacy can be enjoyed". In some European countries, homes are more private than they are in North America, since nearly all entertaining of one's friends is done in public places, but the authors make no reference to this cultural difference.

Although human beings show an extraordinary capacity to adapt to crowded conditions, and may, if reared in such conditions, dislike solitude and prefer to be perpetually in company, there is increasing evidence that crowded homes have bad effects. Large families, whether working-class or middle-class, tend to have a depressing effect upon mental development. As one would expect, the later-born children in a family suffer more disadvantage than their elder siblings.

Although small human beings need plenty of stimulation if they are to develop their potentials, it appears that, in large families, there is too much constantly going on for immature brains to cope with. "Prolonged overstimulation leads to insensitivity and apathy." There is no substitute for individual attention from parents if children are to develop satisfactorily; and individual attention is impossible to obtain when homes are seriously overcrowded. Nor are the effects of overcrowding purely mental. Studies of prisoners under conditions of crowding have shown an increase in physical stress as measured by blood pressure, heart rate, and frequency of physical illness.

Although one cross-cultural study of the way different peoples spend time revealed that Americans spent more time alone than any of the other eleven nationalities studied, the need for privacy is not a human requirement much emphasized in the United States or in Britain, and it is gratifying to find these authors drawing attention to it.

Psychiatrists and psychologists have laid so much stress upon "mature interpersonal relationships" as being the key to mental health that the desire to be alone has, in some circles, almost come to be regarded as pathological. There is, in human nature, a perpetual tension between two opposing drives; thus towards being close to others, and that towards being independent. In my view, people who cannot be alone are as pathological as those who cannot be anything else. We both need our fellow-men, and also need to be free of them if we are to reach our full potential. As the authors point out, privacy is essential for the higher flights of creative originality; they might have bolstered their argument by providing a list of the major European philosophers since the time of the Greeks, the majority of whom have been solitary. In his chapter on Mahomet, Gibbon wrote: "Conversation enriches the understanding, but solitude is the school of genius."

The coming of carbolic

By Christopher Lawrence

RICHARD F. FISHER:
Joseph Lister 1827-1912
351pp. Macdonald and Jane's. £7.95.

In the history of science and technology there are a handful of giants—Newton, Watt, Einstein and others—who have left their names, if not their theories, familiar to the language of common life. Hardly a single medical man has done so—perhaps Hippocrates and his putative oath, possibly Fleming, deservedly or otherwise, and maybe Joseph Lister (Pasteur was a chemist, not a physician).

The story is apparently simple. Lister was appointed Professor of Surgery in Glasgow in 1860. In the crowded surgical wards of the voluntary hospitals one in four of the patients undergoing amputation died of septicaemia or gangrene following suppuration of the wound. In 1865 Lister, who had long been interested in the phenomenon of inflammation, read Pasteur's papers which suggested that pus formation was due to the presence of micro-organisms. He began soon afterwards to treat wounds with dressings impregnated with carbolic acid. After an unpromising start the results seemed clear. In 1867 he published in *Lancet* an account of his apparent success in reducing mortality. In 1870 he introduced the carbolic spray, an integral part of the legend, though never essential to his antiseptic principle. As a student remembered:

> Unforgettable the scene . . . raised tiers of students, the tense silence, the faint odour of the carbolized steam, the sense of security in the little hissing whisper of the Lister spray,—"the unconscious caretaker" Lister himself has called it. It was always there, always whispering. . . .

The incorporation of antisepsis and later asepsis into surgery was inextricably entwined with the acceptance of the germ theory, and, more generally, with the rise of experimental medicine and the death of an older vision of the clinical art. In England it was a battle bitterly fought between two generations. The triumphant side did not forget its champion; Lister was created a baron in 1897. The losers got their rightful deserts; the armies of ignorance, they were quartered outside the walls of history.

Richard Fisher has been in search of the man in the myth and this is the first important biography of Lister since that by his nephew Rickman Godlee in 1917. To snare his elusive subject Fisher has made extensive use of unpublished material to produce an impressive account of an enigmatic figure. Lister emerges from this biography in a series of antitheses, a singleminded man always ready to confess error, a monolith of respectability and an outrager of the surgical establishment, impeccably decorous at the royal bedside and unbelievably gauche in the boardroom, rash with his colleagues and endlessly painstaking with his patients, paranoid and self-assured, imperious and humble.

Though *Joseph Lister* is a "life and times" biography, Fisher stays where his understanding is surest—close to his man. In doing so he has produced a narrative sensitive to the significance of such influences as Lister's Quaker background, his depressive interlude and the intense ties to his remarkable father. Out of an emotionally warm but singular environment emerged a youth passionately dedicated to surgery. Fisher, clearly sympathetic to psychology, not its linguistic paraphernalia, obliquely suggests that such education was a rechannelling of Lister's earlier religious ecstasy. Certainly he brought to his operating theatre the reverence of a meeting-house. At the start of the solemn sessions with "the Chief" ready to operate, a carbolic spray", Lister could only break the silence with "Is the sinner with a sad and [illegible] glance.

It is this sort of detail covered by Fisher, that gives to this paragon of Victorian virtue, the diligent server of the poor, who hoped that in heaven they might learn the meaning of gratitude. One of the last defenders of the medical profession against female marauders, he was himself married to a woman who [illegible] assisted at all his operations, their home laboratory. [illegible] we see her resisting his wish that she would not be called his "faithful scribe".

Fisher also makes a case for putting Lister in the context of contemporary medicine; opponents, for example, [illegible] they could achieve equally satisfactory operation results by means of cleanliness. Lister himself was wedded to a belief in the [illegible] power of carbolic and [illegible] resisted asepsis: he would [illegible] in the operating theatre in a coat glazed with blood.

It is the medical background that furnishes most of the [illegible] books. Paul Ekrich [illegible] Joseph; Michael Foster [illegible] appears as Forster; [illegible] ward was not a chemist. [illegible] Harvey's discovery of the [illegible] tion is relegated to the [illegible] century. More serious is the [illegible] order to avoid scholarly [illegible] tion the author or publisher [illegible] operated antiseptically [illegible] references. There are many [illegible]

From aches to agonies

By J. F. Watkins

PETER FAIRLEY:
The Conquest of Pain
272pp. Michael Joseph. £5.50.

One of the more interesting things about the human condition is that we experience pain of some degree or other for most of our lives. It is pain for instance, that tells us to change our position in the chair we are sitting in, or to hasten towards the nearest public convenience. Even the toughest man is an exquisitely sensitive creature, dominated by his fragile, quivering nerve-endings. Pain has a vital biological function which is to induce us to avoid injury. If I touch a hot iron, I quickly withdraw my hand. But why then does my finger go on hurting far more than it did during the instant it was in contact with the iron? Reflections like these rush to our minds as soon as we contemplate pain.

Peter Fairley was led to contemplate pain as a result of an injury he incurred playing cricket, that violent and extremely dangerous game. His fractured finger, as it were, pointed the way, first, to Chipping Norton, where the Reverend Edward Stone discovered the beneficial effects of salicylic acid (the native principle of aspirin) in 1756, and thence to an exploration of every method of relieving or abolishing pain known to the human race. The result is a compendium of anecdotes of varying lengths about pain, some notable sufferers, and the people who have helped, not to conquer pain (for it is so far unconquered, despite the title of this book), but to alleviate its worst excesses.

The literary style is jocular and hearty television journalese: there is rather too much of "Tue time, sa-and-so; the place such-and-such" for my taste, but the book is entertaining, instructive, and reasonably accurate. It was a mistake to include lengthy extracts from scientific papers, such as those of P. D. Wall and his colleagues on the gate theory of pain perception. These extracts are fully comprehensible only to professional neurophysiologists, who will already have studied them if they are interested in the problem of pain. The author himself says that we can skip these passages. Their inclusion lends a stuffy, pretentious atmosphere to what is otherwise an informative, jolly book. Furthermore, Mr Fairley is quite capable of presenting these complex scientific ideas in a more popular form—that, after all, is his professional function.

This book will be enjoyed as an extended gossip about pain. We are told, for instance, why professional footballers respond to mild knocks by writhing about in agony for the few minutes before application of the miraculous sponge, while injured rugger players can happily go on, flailing their shattered limbs like clubs. Once again we can muse over the fact that the French lost at Waterloo because of Napoleon's piles, and not because of Wellington's genius. Nelson, it seems, was in great pain on many occasions, not only as a result of his more obvious wounds. In 1786 he ordered seventy-two gallons of rum to be made ready to pickle his body, so poor was his condition.

Sir Walter Scott wrote *The Bride of Lammermoor* under the influence of opium taken to relieve pain, from which he suffered from crippling migraine. The full story of aspirin is told, including the fact that the Bayer [illegible] todlan of Enemy Property at the end of the Great War [illegible] ("but it stole) the name from the German Bayer Company as [illegible] the victor's spoils. An [illegible] pharmacist blew himself [illegible] later nearly died of [illegible] his search for a new way of [illegible] aspirin in 1914. He succeeded, winning the government [illegible] £20,000 and gave the world [illegible]

The extraordinary [illegible] anaesthesia are parodied [illegible] Humphry Davy was given to [illegible] ing nitrous oxide, which [illegible] a delight both intoxicating and [illegible] Then, too uncritically, we are [illegible] the quacks: the yogis, scientologists, radionic box operators, [illegible] dreary procession of [illegible] compoops who gravitate [illegible] superstition of others.

The last chapter raises the [illegible] bility that it may be possible [illegible] suppress pain by an effort of [illegible] This would be a marvellous [illegible] ment, which would provide [illegible] opportunities for [illegible] appointed instructors in the [illegible] the other hand, could [illegible] be taught at all?

In *The Psychology of the Unconscious* (400pp, Internationale Universities Press. $22.50) [illegible] analyses of patients suffering [illegible] narcissistic disorders [illegible] All the contributors have [illegible] in close association with [illegible] psychoanalyst Heinz Kohut, [illegible] book is largely a response [illegible] request from readers for [illegible] material to illustrate the [illegible] raised by Kohut's books. [illegible] reported case raises different [illegible] lems, and the presentation is [illegible] structured to bring out [illegible] aspects, after discussion among [illegible] contributors. Introductory [illegible] cluding chapters by the [illegible] Arnold Goldberg discuss [illegible] themes in the case-histories [illegible] their relation to Kohut's [illegible] "If only" Dr Goldberg [illegible] a letter of Freud's, "one could [illegible] it clearly intelligible that [illegible] assertions are taken from [illegible] ence . . . but not cut out of [illegible] cloth or conjured up at [illegible] desk".

The Arab contribution

By Malcolm Lyons

MANFRED ULLMANN:
Islamic Medicine
151pp. Edinburgh University Press. £3.50.

E. G. Browne, in his *Arabian Medicine*, noted that the Arabs' own contribution to this field could only be determined by one who knew Greek, Latin, Syriac and Persian, "and if possible, Sanskrit", with "a knowledge of, or at least an interest in, Medicine; abundant leisure; voracious and omnivorous reading; and great enthusiasm and industry". Of the academic qualifications of this admirable Crichton most, if not all, are held by Manfred Ullmann. Although he is not a doctor, his earlier work in this field, *Die Medizin im Islam*, is a contribution of the highest value and his present book supplies what is in effect an exposition of material gathered in its predecessor.

Ullmann, "in line with the spirit of contemporary research", refuses to embark on a "history of medicine. This leaves him free to establish a framework of his own, based, it appears, on availability of evidence and on what he considers of most value in the subject. Browne described Islamic medicine as "based on a rudimentary Anatomy, an absolete Physiology and a fantastic Pathology". The Ullmann, as to Browne, its most obvious importance lies in its role as a transmitter of Greek tradition. It may be that future research will credit it with more originality, in practice if not in theory, but at the moment Ullmann's view cannot be challenged and it is in his account of the presentation and transmission of Greek ideas that he is at his best. His work is reliable, wide-ranging, succinct and of value to all students of the subject.

Greek theories were incorporated into encyclopedic systems presented by authors such as al-Razi and Ibn Sina. Ullmann improves on Browne by arranging competent studies of a number of these systems under the various branches of medicine. The only disappointment lies in what the book does not cover. Ullmann quotes his "terms of reference" to justify the omission of any discussion of "surgery and hospital institutions and questions like the doctor's social standing, the doctor-patient relationship or medical teaching", but as he does not tell us what these terms are, we cannot judge the relevance of the point to an insertion of a section on "Medicine and the Occult". It may be that lack of information was taken as a determining factor, but we do have evidence on such things as endemic and epidemic diseases, prophylactic and popular medicine, the availability of medical treatment, etc. that could give a better rounded picture. As it is, what we have is a work of sound scholarship which perhaps fittingly does not end but merely breaks off. The research still to be done will be aided in no small degree by Ullmann's contribution.

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The DHSS Library, as a whole, consists of the main Library at Alexander Fleming House, Elephant and Castle, London SE1; 4 sub-libraries specialising in health building, NHS supplies, drugs and social security respectively; and 3 legal branch libraries.

The postholder will be primarily based at the main Library. Duties will include one or more of the following: cataloguing; ordering and bibliographical control of publications; abstracting and reference and enquiry work; and supervising the legal branch libraries.

Application forms (to be returned no later than 20 October, 1978) may be obtained from N. T. Holman, DHSS, SE4, Ivybridge House, 1-5 Adam Street, London WC2N 6AB (Tel.: 01-217 6722/6125).

Bedfordshire County Library
School Library Service

School Librarians

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians for the following posts at schools in Bedford.

Hastingsbury School

Opened just after reorganisation in 1974 this upper school and community college has established a positive attitude towards the library and developing resource centre. The successful applicant will be expected to foster and develop the existing close links with the school and local community and bring vision and enthusiasm to future development of existing provision.

John Bunyan Upper School

Opened four years ago the purpose-built library and resource centre has been developed to meet the needs of a multi-cultural school community. The library is already being fully used by both pupils and staff. The successful applicant will have the opportunity of extending existing services to pupils and developing further use of services available to teachers both within the school and through the County Library Services.

The successful applicants will be appointed to the staff of the County Library Service and will be members of a team of professional librarians in High and Upper Schools in the County. Full support and training facilities are available within the School Library Service.

Salary: Librarians Career Grade AP3-5 £3,732-£5,073 (inclusive of Phase I supplement).

Progression beyond £4,146 and £4,632 dependent upon responsibility and experience.

Further details and application form from Nigel Slack, Bedfordshire County Library, County Hall, Bedford. Tel. Bedford 58181, Ext. 38.

Bedfordshire
COUNTY COUNCIL

Nottinghamshire County Council
Leisure Services
Libraries

Assistant Librarian

Qualified Librarian is required for the above post in the Mansfield district. The successful applicant (male or female) will be responsible for the Mansfield Woodhouse Library. In addition there will also be an involvement in the running of three other smaller Libraries within the area for which Mansfield Woodhouse acts as the Headquarters.

The post offers an excellent opportunity to become fully involved in all aspects of providing a Public Library Service to an interesting and varied urban area. Salary will be within the range £2,856-£4,146 p.a. inclusive (minimum of £3,732 p.a. inclusive for Chartered Librarians). Generous assistance will be given with the expenses incurred in moving house in accordance with the Authority's Scheme.

Further details are available from Mrs. Pat Shelton, at the address below (telephone Nottingham 866555, ext. 261). Applications, including full personal and career details and the names of two referees, should reach the Director of Leisure Services at Trent Bridge House, Fox Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham, by 13 October, 1978, at the latest.

LIBRARIAN

Tewkesbury Library

A.P.3 £3420-£3834 plus supp £312 per annum

Details and application forms from County Librarian, Shire Hall, Quayside Wing, Gloucester GL1 2HY (s.a.e. required).

Closing date 14 days from date of publication.

Gloucestershire County Library

ST. HELENS METROPOLITAN
BOROUGH COUNCIL

BRANCH LIBRARIAN

Applications are invited from professionally qualified librarians for this post at Branch Librarian, Haydock East Library, St. Helens. The salary is within Librarian's Grade (£2,823-£4,146) chartered librarians commencing at £3,732 (inclusive of Supplement).

Further details are available from the Director of Libraries, Museum and Arts, Central Library, Gamble Institute, Victoria Square, St. Helens, and applications should be returned to the Personnel Officer, Town Hall, St. Helens by 13th October, 1978.

FALKIRK
DISTRICT COUNCIL
DEPARTMENT
OF LIBRARIES
AND MUSEUMS

LIBRARIAN
BIBLIOGRAPHIC
AND REFERENCE
SERVICES SECTION

£3,621-£4,461
plus £813 supplement

A vacancy exists for a Librarian to become part of a team of three including a Senior Librarian to run Bibliographic and Reference Services for Falkirk District Libraries. The job is a demanding one calling for experience, initiative, drive and, above all, energy. Further details and application forms are available from the Personnel Section, Falkirk District Council, Municipal Buildings, Falkirk, and these should be returned on or before Friday, 13th October, 1978.

James P. H. Peter
Chief Executive Officer

Amended Advertisement

CHESTERFIELD
COLLEGES
OF ART
& TECHNOLOGY

CHARTERED LIBRARIAN

required for post of assistant Librarian in charge of the resource centre of the colleges' library.

Further particulars and application forms from Chief Administrative Officer, College of Technology, Chesterfield, to whom completed forms should be returned by first post on WEDNESDAY, 11th OCTOBER, 1978.

ST. ANDREWS
UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

TEMPORARY SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT

The Library wishes to appoint a Supervisor to organise and direct a team of young people engaged on retrospective conversion of catalogue entries to machine-readable form, under the Government's Work Experience Scheme. The appointment will be for one year, at a salary in the range £3,660-£4,130 (under review). The post would suit those who have recently left a library school under the terms of the Scheme, candidates must currently be on the unemployment register.

Applications, quoting the names of two referees, should be sent to the Librarian, University Library, St. Andrews, Fife, KY16 9TR, to arrive not later than 6th October, 1978.

University of London
British Postgraduate Medical Federation
CARDIOTHORACIC INSTITUTE

LIBRARIAN

Applications are invited from Associates of the Library Association for the post of Librarian-in-charge of an established medical reference library serving the teaching and research staff and postgraduates of the Institute and its associated hospital, the National Heart Hospital. The Library specialises in cardiology books and journals and has a small teaching aids section. Salary scale £3,883-£5,601 + £450 London Weighting. Detailed applications including a curriculum vitae, and the names of three referees should be sent to the Hospital Secretary, Cardiothoracic Institute, 27 Beaumont Street, London W1N 2DX (Tel: 01-486 3043) to arrive not later than October 16 (a job description is available on request).

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM

MANUSCRIPTS CLASSIFICATION & CATALOGUING

A Research Assistant is required for the Museum's Department of Printed Books and Manuscripts at Greenwich, to be involved in a new programme of classification to the Universal Decimal system. Duties include descriptive cataloguing, responsibility for the location of printed material and assistance with the Section's financial accounts.

Candidates must have, or expect to obtain by January, 1979, a recognised Library qualification and preferably some library experience. Knowledge of, or interest in, Maritime history desirable. A degree in a relevant subject advantageous.

Salary: as RA Grade I £4,376-£5,270 or RA Grade II £3,110-£4,090. Level of appointment and starting salary according to age, qualifications and experience. Non-contributory pension scheme.

For further details and an application form (to be returned by 23 October, 1978) write to Civil Service Commission, Alencon Link, Basingstoke, Hants, RG21 1JB, or telephone Basingstoke (0256) 68551 (answering service operates outside office hours). Please quote ref. G(43)382.

Bedfordshire County Library
School Library Service

Temporary School Librarian

Stopsley High School

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians for temporary vacancies at two Luton High Schools to organise and run their School Libraries which have been very well used. These are temporary appointments, for six months in the first instance.
Chartered Librarians' Salary, AP3-5 £3,732 to £5,037 (inclusive of phase I supplement).
Further particulars and application form from Nigel Black, Bedfordshire County Library, County Hall, Bedford, Bedford 58181, ext. 36.
Closing date October 13, 1978.

Bedfordshire
County Council

City of Sheffield
City Libraries

Senior Assistant Librarian/Mobile Librarian

AP2/3-£3,279-£4,146 (including supplement)

Applications are invited from qualified librarians for a vacancy in the City Libraries lending sector. The successful applicant will be appointed either as Mobile Librarian-in-Charge or Senior Assistant in a branch library according to interest and aptitude.

Further details and application forms to be returned by 11th October, from the Director of Libraries, Central Library, Surrey Street, Sheffield, S1 1XZ.

VOLUNTARY ACTION LEWISHAM
INFORMATION DEVELOPMENT OFFICER

This is a new post to develop VAL's information services to the many voluntary and community groups in Lewisham. It involves collecting information, preparing material for publications, producing regular newsheets, etc. and developing new methods of meeting information needs. Applicants should have an interest in community development, the ability to write well and, preferably, some skills in design and preparation of printed material.
Salary: £4,017 to £4,431 incl.
Details and application form from: Pat Ryan, 01-699 4343 Ext. 328.
VAL, 120, Rushey Green, Catford, London, SE6 4HQ
Closing date: Friday, 20th October '78.

The Law Society Library

Cataloguer

Applications are invited from suitably qualified librarians for the post of Cataloguer. The object of this appointment, which will be on a one-year contract basis with the option of extension if necessary, is to bring up to date the Library's Card Catalogue (Author Subject) and to complete the recording of the stock of some 65,000 volumes.

This appointment would be suitable for candidates awaiting the Part II examination results or for a librarian wishing to complete the period of approved librarian service prior to being admitted as a Chartered Librarian.

Commencing salary within the range £3,500-£3,800; 5-day week; 9.00 am-5.00 pm; four weeks' annual holiday; staff restaurant.

Written applications, stating age, qualifications and experience should be addressed to: The Secretary-General, The Law Society, 113 Chancery Lane, London, WC2A 1PL.

BRITISH LIBRARY, REFERENCE DIVISION

TEMPORARY RESEARCH ASSISTANT POST

IN THE DEPARTMENT OF PRINTED BOOKS

A vacancy exists for a temporary cataloguer required for a maximum period of six months in the Hispanic/Italian Section to help with the cataloguing of modern Spanish and Portuguese books.

Applicants should preferably have completed a librarianship course. It is essential to have a knowledge of AACR cataloguing and some knowledge of PRECIS subject indexing would be helpful. A working knowledge of Spanish up to at least 'A' level standard is required.

Salary at an annual rate of £3,304-£4,880 according to age and experience.

For further details and application forms which should be returned by 13th October, 1978, please contact Mr. H. W. Adkins, The British Library, Central Administration, Sheraton House, Great Chanel Street, London W1B 4BH. Telephone 636 1544 ext. 616.

BL The British Library

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oxford polytechnic

Subject Librarian

Social Science

(Salary AP 4/5 £4,245-£5,073)

Applications are invited for the post of Subject Librarian in the Polytechnic Library with responsibility for the Social Sciences.

Candidates must be Chartered Librarians; qualifications and a specific interest in this field would be an advantage.

Further details and application forms available from the Librarian, Oxford Polytechnic, Oxford, OX3 0BP.

WOLVERHAMPTON PUBLIC LIBRARIES

CENTRAL LENDING LIBRARIAN

AP5, £4,773 to £5,073 (including supplement)

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians for this Challenging post in a busy central library.

Candidates should have appropriate experience of modern lending library practice, a knowledge of modern management techniques and a professional and personal interest in the Public Library Service. Experience of the Plessey Computerised Issue system is desirable.

Further particulars and application forms (to be returned by October 13, 1978) from the Assistant Chief Libraries (Administration), Central Library, Snow Hill, Wolverhampton WV1 3AX.

LUTON COLLEGE
of Higher Education

Senior Library Assistant (LC 46)

Applications are invited from qualified librarians to act as a subject-specialist and to share in the management of a busy College library.

Salary on AP3 £3,732 to £4,146 per annum (inclusive).

Application forms and further details from Chief Administrative Officer, LCHE, Park Square, Luton. Tel: 34111. Closing date 1 October, 1978.

BEDFORDSHIRE EDUCATION SERVICE

METROPOLITAN BOROUGH OF
Rochdale
Libraries Department

LOCAL STUDIES LIBRARIAN

AP.5 £4,773/£5,073

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians with suitable experience for this newly created post. The successful candidate will be expected to coordinate the acquisition, preservation and exploitation of all types of material in the local history collection in the three areas of the Borough, having particular responsibility for the routine organization, management and operation of the local studies service provided by the Rochdale Area.

Assistance with removal and other expenses and housing accommodation may be available in appropriate cases.

Application forms and further details available (by quoting Ref. No. B.986) from the Chief Personnel Officer, 106 Drake Street, Rochdale OL16 1XG, to whom they should be returned by 13th October, 1978.

Assistant Librarian

National Scale for Librarians

£3,108-£4,431 Inc. London Weighting

Applications are invited from qualified Librarians to work initially in the Lending Libraries. Point on scale subject to qualifications and experience.
Application form and further details from: Central Administrative Offices, Hall Place, Bourne Road, Bexley, Kent.
Closing Date: 13 October, 1978.

Bexley London Borough

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT
LIBRARIES DIVISION

CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN

AP4, £3,933-£4,320 plus £285 London Weighting or £312 Salary Supplement.

Chartered Librarian required in busy, modern Branch Library.

Application forms and further details obtainable from Borough Librarian, Central Library, St. Nicholas Way, Sutton, Surrey SM1 1EA. Tel. 01-661 5026.
Closing date, 13th October, 1978.

LONDON BOROUGH OF
SUTTON

Dorset County Council
County Library Service

Librarian-in-Charge

Parkstone Group (Central Area)
(Post LB 35)

Must be Chartered Librarians preferably with public library experience.
Salary within Grade AP4, £4,245 minimum by increments to £4,632 (inclusive of supplement).
Application forms, returnable by 13 October, and further details from County Librarian, Colliton Park, Dorchester, DT1 1XJ. (Please quote Post Number.)

PUBLISHING

Oxford University Press

1478 1978

An opportunity occurs for a young writer to collaborate with two experienced workers on an Oxford Companion. The successful candidate is likely to be between 25 and 30, to have had some work published (non-fiction), to be interested in books, and to be capable of sustained effort. The undertaking is likely to take three years; and the successful candidate will need to live in East Hampshire.
Please apply to Mr Hugo Brunner, Oxford University Press, Walton Street, Oxford OX2 6DP.

PUBLISHING

SECRETARY IN PUBLISHING

Penguin Books have a vacancy for a Shorthand or Audio Secretary to work with one of our Editors at Victoria.

Fast accurate typing and an ability to work under pressure is essential.

The starting salary would be £3045 p.a. plus an annual bonus of £117.

Other benefits of working for this friendly modern company are £2.50 p.w. luncheon vouchers and 4 weeks holiday.

Please apply with a detailed c.v. to Jeni Latham, Personnel Department, Penguin Books Ltd., Bath Road, Harmondsworth, Middx. UB7 0DA.

PENGUIN BOOKS LTD.

LIBRARIANS

LONDON BOROUGH OF HACKNEY

LIBRARY SERVICES DIVISION

BRANCH CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN
(3 posts)

PO5 £4,107 to £4,881 p.a. inc.

Applications are invited from fully qualified LIBRARIANS for the posts which require a degree of responsibility involving the...
...include visits to schools and playgroups.
Applications from registered disabled persons will be considered.
Application forms available from the Head of Personnel and Management Services, Town Hall, Mare Street, Hackney, E8 1EA (tel. 01-986 4272) (24 hour answering service) to be returned by 20th October 1978.

LONDON BOROUGH OF HARROW

CHIEF EXECUTIVE'S OFFICE

LIBRARY SERVICES DIVISION

LIBRARY ASSISTANT
AP1 to AP3 at £2,574 to £3,714 p.a. (inc.)

Applications are invited for the above appointment within the reference section of the Central Library and District Library. Applicants should have a good standard of education and preferably some experience or qualification in librarianship.
Application forms available from the Borough Personnel and Management Services, Town Hall, Station Road, Harrow, Middx. (tel. no. 01-863 5611 ext. 2030) (24 hour answering service) to be returned by 6th October, 1978.

DONCASTER METROPOLITAN BOROUGH COUNCIL

EDUCATION SERVICES

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN £2,511 to £3,519 plus supplement
Qualified Assistants for Chartered Librarians.

For the Institute of Education, mainly the University of Hull, with responsibility for the Education Library and for assisting readers on an academic library level. Experience in librarianship and teaching would be required to do some work with children in library situations on occasions. Some travel expenses in appropriate cases.

Application forms and further particulars from the County Librarian, Central Library, Waterdale, Doncaster DN1 3JA. Closing date 20th October.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON
HAULD INSTITUTE OF ARTS

Library will be available from October 1978 for the following post:
ASSISTANT in the Library of the Institute of Education to assist in the work of the Cataloguing Section.
Salary £2,511 to £3,519 per annum.
Closing date 27th October.
There is no official application form. Applications should be sent to Librarian, Institute of Education, 20 Bedford Way, London WC1H 0AL.

UNIVERSITY OF WARWICK

LIBRARY ASSISTANT
(Ref. B/AT/78)

The University is to establish a Library Branch in Coventry to provide a service to the Health Service staff in the City and to assist in the training of medical students. The Library will be open to the public and will be situated in the Clinical Sciences Building on the site of the new Walsgrave Hospital.
Applications are invited for the post of Library Assistant who will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the Library. Applicants should have a good general education and preferably some experience of working in a library.
Salary £2,511 to £3,519 per annum according to age and experience.
Application forms and further details from the Personnel Officer, University of Warwick, Coventry CV4 7AL. Telephone Coventry 24011 ext. 2223. Closing date 20th October 1978.

MOLLINGTON-SAMSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL
DIRECTOR OF EDUCATION
CENTRAL LIBRARIES

Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Librarian (Children's Services) in the Central Libraries. Applicants should be graduates with a recognised professional qualification in librarianship. Salary according to age, qualifications and experience on the scale £3,018 to £3,669, plus £450 London Allowance. Four weeks' leave a year.

Applications, with curriculum vitae and the names of two referees should be sent within one week of the appearance of this advertisement to the Librarian-in-Charge, Library of Political and Economic Science, 10 Portugal Street, London WC2A 2HD. No application form is issued.

BRITISH LIBRARY OF POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC SCIENCE
10 Portugal Street
London WC2A 2HD

Applications are invited for a post of ENGLISH LIBRARY ASSISTANT (Grade A) in the Cataloguing Department. Library experience essential; professional qualifications desirable. Salary according to age, qualifications and experience on the scale £3,018 to £3,669, plus £450 London Allowance. Four weeks' leave a year.

Applications, with curriculum vitae and the names of two referees should be sent within one week of the appearance of this advertisement to the Librarian-in-Charge, Library of Political and Economic Science, 10 Portugal Street, London WC2A 2HD. No application form is issued.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE LIBRARIES

PETERBOROUGH DIVISION

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN A/S.4 £3,480 to £4,320 plus £312 supplement) per annum

APPLICATIONS are invited from CHARTERED LIBRARIANS. The person appointed will be based at the new Orton District Library which opens early in the New Year. This joint use library for both the population of Orton (25,000) and Orton Longueville Community School (school roll 1,100 pupils) adjoins the Orton Sports Centre and Leisure and Sports Complex and will be the information centre for this township formed under the Peterborough New Town Extension Scheme.
Further details and application forms are available from the Assistant County Librarian, Peterborough Divisional Library, Broadway, Peterborough, PE1 1RX (phone 56566, to whom applications must be returned by 13th October, 1978.

DE LA SALLE COLLEGE OF HIGHER EDUCATION

Hopwood Hall, Middleton, Manchester

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

Qualified LIBRARIAN required for the above post. Salary according to qualifications and experience.
Further particulars and application form from The Principal, De La Salle College of Higher Education, Hopwood Hall, Middleton, Manchester M24 4XP.
The college library has a book stock of 60,000, about 10,000 of which are in the school services section. The person appointed will be expected to deputise for the Librarian-in-Charge and to assist in most libraries of this size. Experience with the expected to be competent in most areas of library work, readers' services, administration, cataloguing and classification.
Closing date for applications October 16, 1978.

NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE POLYTECHNIC

LIBRARY

TRAVELLING WORKSHOPS EXPERIMENT

RESEARCH OFFICER

Required until January 30, 1979, to work for the Travelling Workshops Experiment. The post is for a British Library funded research project concerned with the provision of instruction-in-information skills for students in higher education. The post will involve evaluating the revision of packages of teaching and learning materials prepared by the T.W.E. Applicants should be competent in the use of educational research and evaluation techniques.
Salary (Research Lecturer II, £4,161 to £5,685 per annum.
Further particulars and application forms, returnable by Thursday, 19th October, 1978, may be obtained by sending a stamped addressed foolscap envelope to the Staffing Officer, Newcastle upon Tyne Polytechnic, Ellison Building, Newcastle upon Tyne NE1 8ST.

CHESHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

LIBRARIAN
A.P. 1/2, £3,018 to £3,669 p.a.
Required at Warrington Library.
Applications should be sent to the TOWN LIBRARIAN, Museum Buildings, Bold Street, Warrington, giving the following qualifying information: Name, Age, Education, Hospitals.
Application forms and further details are obtainable from the Director of Libraries, Museums and Arts, Museums, 93 Hoole Road, Hoole, Chester CH2 3NJ.
Closing date, 13th October.

SCHOOL OF ORIENTAL AND AFRICAN STUDIES
(UNIVERSITY OF LONDON)

LIBRARY ASSISTANTS
(£3,534-£5,037 or £3,054-£5,037)

Permanent and pensionable vacancies at (1) CATALOGUING ASSISTANT (2) ASSISTANT for general library duties.

Library experience qualifications desirable. Typing ability and/or knowledge of an oriental language an advantage. Details of work and commencing salary according to qualifications and experience.
Details and application forms from the Secretary to the Librarian, SOAS, Malet Street, WC1E 7HP (01-637 2388 ext. 241). Closing date October 15th, 1978.

AUCTIONS

Sotheby's
Sotheby Parke Bernet & Co.

34-35 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON W1A 2AA
Telephone 01-493 8080 Telegrams Abinitio London
HODGSON'S ROOMS, 115 CHANCERY LANE, LONDON WC2A 1PX Telephone 01-405 7235

MONDAY, 2nd OCTOBER
and following day at 11 a.m.
at New Bond Street

Printed Books

The property of the Bradle of Bradie (removed from Bradie Castle), His Grace the Duke of Northumberland, K.G., Desmond Flower, Esq., and other owners, comprising English and Continental literature and history of the 15th to the 19th century, including Sir Francis Bacon, *Historia vitae e mortis*, 1623; Roger Bacon, *Opus Majus*, 1733; Gibbon, *The decline and fall of the Roman Empire*, 6 vol., first editions, 1776-88; Hogarth, *Works*, 1822; [Powell], *Humane industry*, 1661; Law, *Het groote tafereel der dwaasheid*, 1720; Gainsborough, *Engravings from the works*, n.d.; a collection of 18th century English novels; topography and travel, including Hakewill, *A picturesque tour of Italy*, 1820; Neale, *Views of Seats*, 11 vol., 1822-29; Spencer, *The complete English Traveller*, 1771; Le Roy, *Les ruines des plus beaux Monuments de la Grece*, 1758; Rudder, *A new history of Gloucestershire*, 1779; Ogilby & Bowen, *Britannia depicted*, 1720; Anson, *A voyage round the world*, 1748; Aikin, *A description of the country . . . around Manchester*, 1795; Beattie, *The Tunnie*, n.d.; Moll, *A system of geography*, 1701; Brice, *A geographical dictionary*, (c. 1780); Cary, *Survey of the high roads from London*, 1790; Montresor, *A plan of . . . New York* [1776]; natural history and sporting books.

Catalogue 75p

MONDAY, 9th OCTOBER
at 11 a.m. and 2.30 p.m.
at New Bond Street

Fine Oriental Miniatures, Manuscripts, Qajar Paintings and Lacquer

the property of the Comtesse d'Escayrac, Colonel G. S. H. Dicker, S. Ray, Esq., and other owners, including Persian and Arabic calligraphy and illumination from the 14th to the 19th century; Persian miniatures and drawings including a portrait of Fath Ali Shah by Muhammad Hassau dated A.D. 1818, and a portrait of Mirza Muhammad Khan by 'Abbas Quli dated A.D. 1825; a fine Qajar painting of Abbas Mirza by Abdullah Khan dated A.D. 1807, and a portrait of a girl musician attributed to Muhammad Qa'ani, c. 1840; Iranian, Hellenistic, Persian, Arabic and Turkish manuscripts including a Turkish anthology with court portraits, dated A.D. 1588, and a mid-16th century Quran with five illuminated Mamluk leaves dated A.D. 1307; Persian lacquer mirror-cases, caskets, and penboxes including an important documented penbox painted in 1847 by the Painter Lameer, and completed by Jala'ir in A.D. 1853; Mughal miniatures from the 17th to the 19th century including a portrait of an officer, Mughal, c. 1650, Deccani, Central Indian and Rajasthani miniatures from the 15th to the 19th century including a fine equestrian portrait, Sawar, c. 1700; Pahari miniatures from the 17th to the 19th century including a portrait of Maharaja Ugat Sen, Suket, c. 1850; an illustration to the Ramayana, Mankot, c. 1700.

Illustrated Catalogue £4.50

THURSDAY, 12th OCTOBER
and following day at 1 p.m.
at Hodgson's Rooms

Art Reference Books

the property of various owners, including *Book Auction Records*, 35 vol, 1906-73; Nixon's *Broxbourne Library*, 1956; *Imprint*, 9 vol, 1913; *Signature*, 26 vol, 1935-54; *Book Collector*, vol 1-20, 1952-71; Hobson's *English Bindings*, 1940; Humphrey's *Illuminated Books of the Middle Ages*, 1849; Nagler's *Die Monogrammisten*, 5 vol, Munich and Leipzig, 1863-1919; Wood's *Typographia Advertiser*, 6 vol in 1, 1862-68; Lucas' *Catalogue of the Sassoon Chinese Ivories*, 3 vol, 1950; Bolton's *Architecture of Robert and James Adam*, 2 vol, 1922; Cresswell and others, *The Mosques of Egypt*, 2 vol, Giza, 1949; Krom and van Erp's *Barabudur*, 5 vol, The Hague, 1927-31; *Le Monde Illustre*, 3 vol, Paris, 1878-81; *Le Tour du Monde*, 40 vol, Paris, n.d.; Hobson's *Catalogue of the Leonard Gow Collection of Chinese Porcelain*, 1931; Hofstede de Groot's *Hollandischen Maler*, 10 vol, Esslingen and Paris, 1907-28; Lugt's *Les Marques de Collections de Dessins et d'Estampes*, 2 vol, The Hague, 1956; *Survey of Japanese Prints*, 17 vol, Tokyo, 1974-75; and other works relating to bibliography, architecture and furniture, costume and textiles, ceramics and glass, numismatics, paintings, prints and drawings, and works of art, etc.

Catalogue 75p

MONDAY, 16th OCTOBER
at 10.30 a.m.
at New Bond Street

Autograph Letters, Literary Manuscripts and Historical Documents

including letters and manuscripts, by Rupert Brooke, Browning, Burns, Thomas Campbell, Wilkie Collins, De Quincey, Dickens, Disraeli, Dodgson, T. S. Eliot, Hazlitt, Kipling, Landor, Masefield, Moore, Scott, Southey, Sterne, Swinburne, Tennyson, Tolkien, Waugh, Wodehouse and Wordsworth; by Charles II, James II, William III, Mary II, George II, III and IV, Victoria, Edward VII, George V, Edward VIII, and Elizabeth II; by Gordon, Speke, Stanley, Florence Nightingale; Eisenhower, Nixon, Churchill, Montgomery, Eden, Kitchener, Roberts; Wesley; Darwin; Marlborough; Kate Greenaway, Haydon and Ruskin; letters and manuscripts relating to Berkshire, Birmingham, Bradford, Buckinghamshire; Cambridge, Cheshire, Devon, Eton, Guernsey, Ireland, Isle of Wight, Jersey, Kent, Norfolk, St Bartholomew's Hospital, Scotland, Somerset, Wales and Yorkshire; to Heraldry, the Gunpowder Plot, the Cromwell Family, Quakers, the Orders of the Bath and Thistle; to Iceland, Canada, America, the West Indies, Africa, India, Ceylon and Australia; a series of albums and a section of postal history.

Catalogue 50p

TUESDAY, 17th OCTOBER
at 11 a.m.
at New Bond Street

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Closing date October 13th, 1978.

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Application form (enclose B.A.E.I.) and further particulars and clarification from the Senior Administrative Officer at the College, and should be returned to him by 13th October, 1978.